BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL 1939

1/-

CARL SHREVE

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
THEODORA BENSON
RALPH STOCK
JOANNA CANNAN
GARNETT RADCLIFFE
F. MATANIA, R.I.

In this Issue—
SPECIAL SPRING
MOTOR SECTION

Carrying on the Main tradition

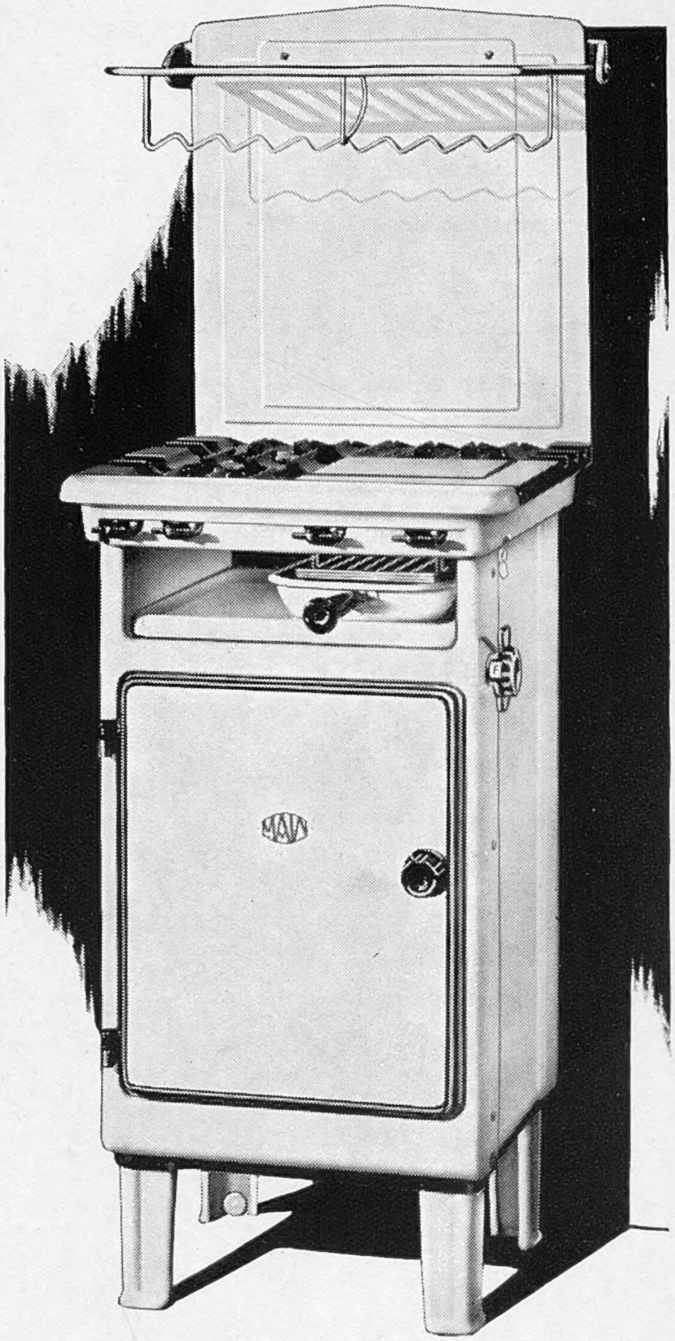
Easier to clean
More compact
Faster heating
Added economy

A NEW quality cooker, streamlined for smooth appearance and easy cleaning. The standard external finish is dapple enamel with black hob. Deluxe finish is ivory and black. The hotplate tap handles, Mainstat head and oven door knob are of bakelite; visible screws and metal parts are chromium plated.

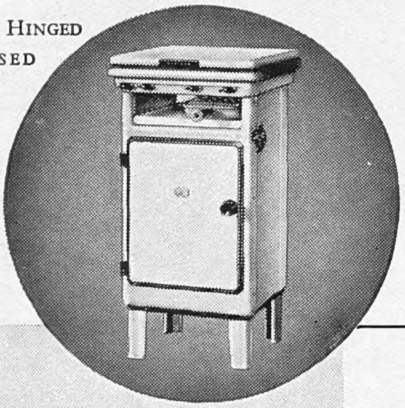
The hotplate is entirely new in design with high efficiency boiling burners and griller. Three pints of water can be boiled in 6 minutes, and bread toasted in 45 seconds per side. In place of loose bars a complete hob is fitted and it can be lifted off for cleaning.

The oven is of the balanced-flue type which has been so successful in recent Main Cookers. The bottom is closed, restricting the possibility of excess air reducing the oven efficiency or of draughts affecting the flames, and a "cool zone" is provided for custards and the like without reducing the cooking space.

The cooker can be had with either a hinged cover which closes over the hotplate, or standard plate racks; alternatively a small pattern splash plate can be fitted. Another good idea is to fit a "P.R." Hot Closet to the cooker or an adjacent wall for heating plates and keeping food hot. Many other improvements, such as a "slam or snap" door catch that allows the door to be closed without using the hands, and an anti-rocking device on the stand legs, make this new Main outstanding amongst cookers.



SHOWING THE HINGED COVER CLOSED OVER THE HOTPLATE



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Address ....

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R. & A. MAIN LIMITED, (Dept. 40)
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MAIN

Gas Cookers

"MAINSTAT" OVEN-HEAT CONTROLLED

The Symbol of Loveliness that Lasts

STEADY ON SAILOR . . . . *it's a Londonus model from* **JOHN LEWIS** *and* **PETER JONES**
AND COMPANY, LIMITED

The well-cut slacks and middy jacket are in "Tested-Quality" Sharkskin made with

Courtaulds Rayon

WOMEN'S IDEA of a CAR FOR WOMEN

WE have just read through some hundreds of letters in our testimonial file from women who run Vauxhall Tens, to find out just what qualities appeal to them most.

First on the list is Performance—they are all fascinated by the lively acceleration, particularly as, in the Vauxhall Ten, it is combined with 40 m.p.g. economy. Next is Suspension—women owners, more so than men, appreciate the smooth gliding ride of Vauxhall Independent Springing. Then comes Driving ease—they like the convenience of controlled Synchromesh gears and the light, accurate controls. And finally Appearance—although they all have a good word for the smart, simple lines of the Vauxhall Ten, they seem more taken by the roominess, wide doors and sensible luggage accommodation.

Vauxhall Independent Springing changes riding into gliding even on surfaces like this track leading to Watkin's path, on Snowdon.

The new
VAUXHALL '10'

The 40-miles-per-gallon 10-four

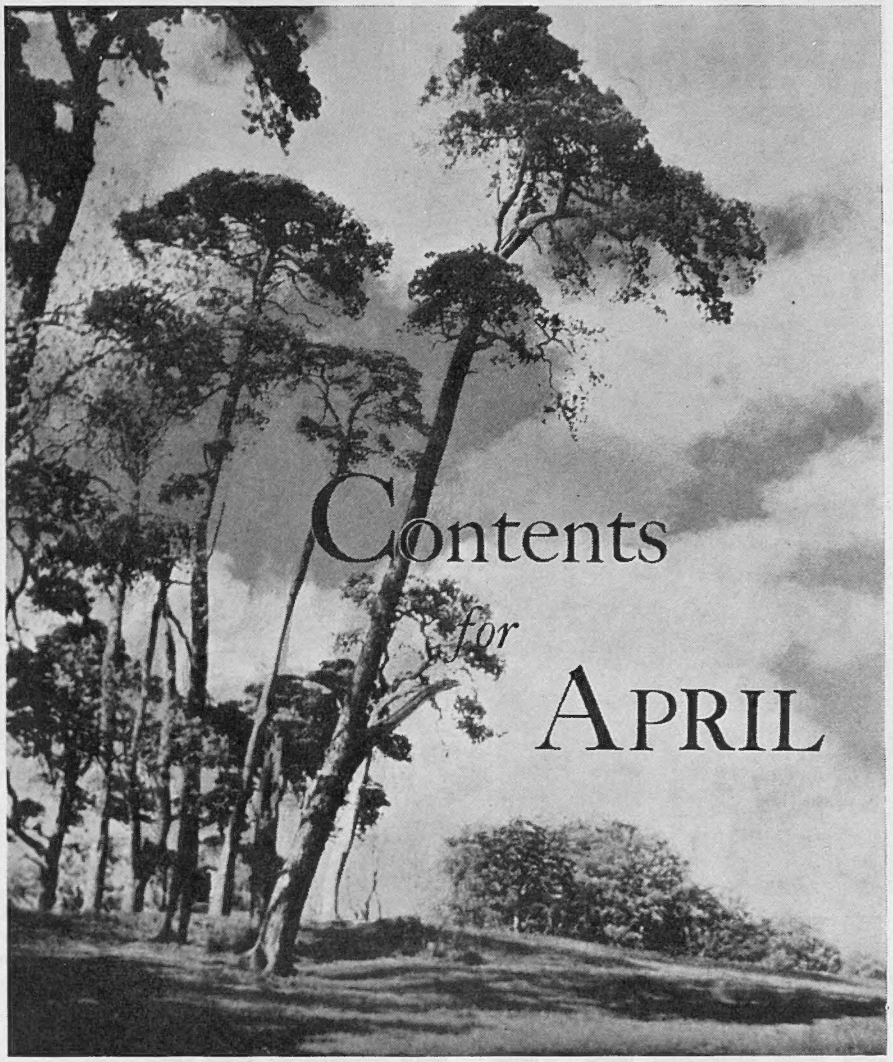
STANDARD SALOON £163.
DE LUXE SALOON £175. COUPÉ £188

Would you like to know more about this car for women?—a post-card will bring you the catalogue. Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, Beds.

If you prefer a larger car, there is the Vauxhall "12" at £189, the "14" at £230 and the "25" from £345.

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 18, No. 4. APRIL, 1939



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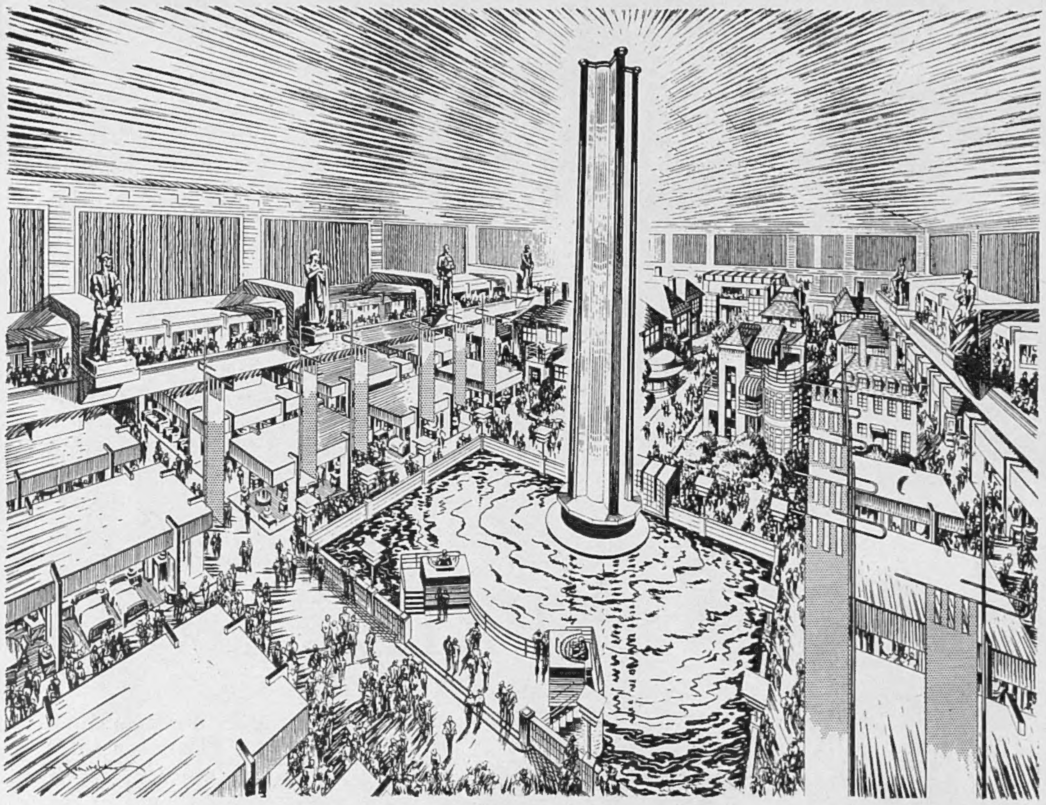
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 150. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

Daily Mail

IDEAL HOME



EXHIBITION

EARLS COURT

APRIL 11th to MAY 6th

ADMISSION 2/4 (Inc. Tax) After 6 p.m. 1/2

Forget every other Exhibition you have ever visited—forget even the thrills of past Ideal Home Exhibitions—and expect something NEW.

Expect spectacular setting of breath-taking boldness. Expect zest and colour and gaiety in every square yard of the biggest and most comprehensive Ideal Home Exhibition yet opened.

Expect the pleasure that is yours where Art, Science and Industry have poured out their treasures for your favour.

SEE AND HEAR THE KALEIDAKON

With Quentin MacLean three times daily. The biggest and most thrilling musical instrument in the world.

●

THE ATLANTIC HOME OF THE KING AND QUEEN

Their Majesties' Quarters on H.M.S. *Repulse*.

●

THE ROMANCE OF A ROOM

The fascinating story of an English family told in the changes the years brought to a lovely old room.

●

A JUNGLE IN A WATER DROP!

The Micro-Zoo—for the first time in Europe—shows you the teeming life in a drop of water magnified a thousand-fold. A peep into an unseen world where minute organisms battle for life.

●

"JUST FOR JENNIFER"

A FASHION FANTASY
by
ESTHER McCRACKEN
(*Author of "Quiet Wedding"*)
A Fashion Show that is really new.

●

THE ALL-EUROPE HOUSE

All Europe in the perfection of a little home within the reach of every purse. A mansion in miniature with commonsense its keystone.

●

GRACIOUS GARDENS

Bigger and better than ever before are this year's Ideal Home Exhibition Gardens with a £100 Prize Garden as a centrepiece of special interest.

●

ROOMS WHERE CUPID REIGNED

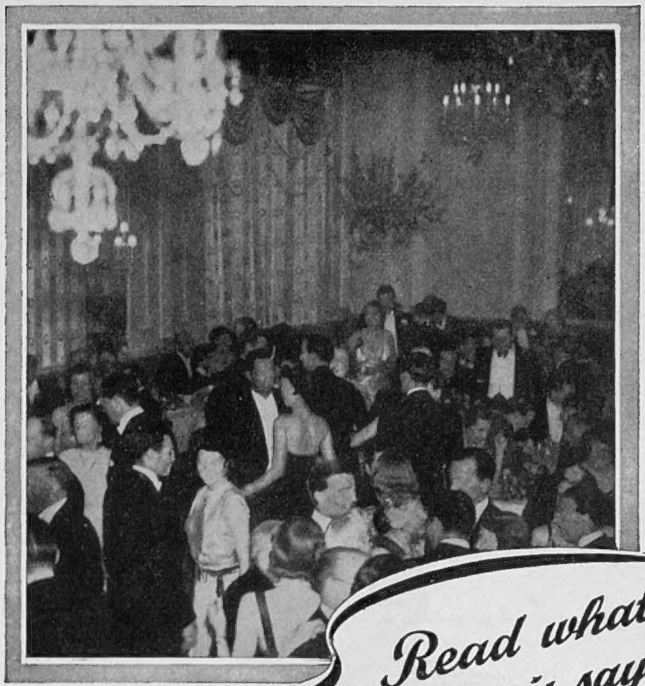
Here you shall see age-old love stories brought to life—linger by the scenes where Cupid held sway and brought rulers to their knees before beauty's throne.

●

The above are a few—there are many others—of the attractions of the 1939 Ideal Home Exhibition.

In addition there are 500 pavilions in which all that is best and most beautiful n home-making is displayed for your delight.

SPRING BEGINS AT BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST SHOW!



The best corsets the world can buy are within the reach of almost everyone

Read what Edith Norris says about corset economy

'The luxury corset of the world is "Le Gant" but that does not mean that a "Le Gant" is not within the reach of women of moderate means. To pay from 4—12 guineas for a Foundation garment is probably not within the budget of the majority of women; but the principles of making as applied to "Le Gant" are carried out through the whole range—to a garment as low priced as 21/-.'

Here is economy

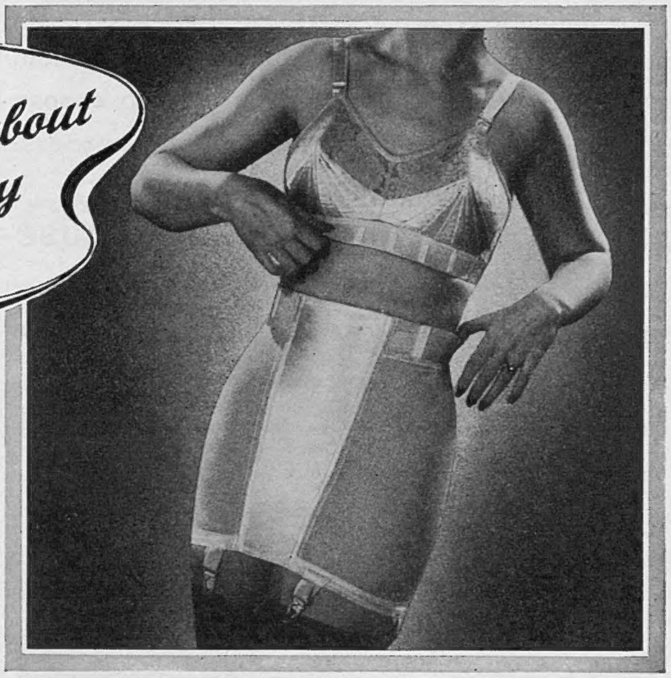
'To wear a "Le Gant" is true and luxurious economy! A "Le Gant" will outlast two—three—even four ordinary foundations of popular make. It should be possible for any woman to budget for say two "Le Gant" foundations a year and be left with the knowledge that these two garments will give supremely satisfactory service during the three hundred and sixty-five days.'

A Fitted Corset

'The secret of "Le Gant" supremacy is FIT. It is certain when buying a "Le Gant" that *you* will receive a garment that will comfortably mould *your* figure, just as if it were made for you. If you examine the diagram of "Le Gant" Alphabet Bras, for instance, you will note how cleverly the range has been graded so as to cover all figures including the abnormal bust. And this principle applies to girdles and corselettes as well.'

They wash!

'All "Le Gant" garments are washable. This is sufficient proof that the quality of the material is of the very finest. Washing does not affect in any way their fit—and they can be washed again and again . . .'



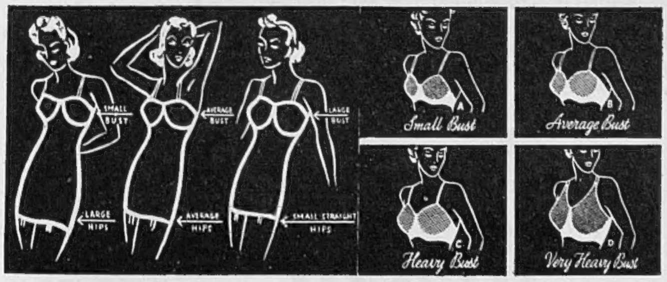
Above shows the "Sta-Up-Top" and "Sta-Down-Band" principle which prevents completely any tendency to roll over; obtainable only in "Le Gant"

Figure Characteristics

'It is true that women's figures vary to a considerable degree yet at the same time retain certain average characteristics that allow for corset fitting. "Le Gant" have pioneered in the study of such characteristics and have supplied a scientific solution to the problem.'

'A glance at the other diagram on this page shows how when you go to a "Le Gant" stockist, the fitter can choose a foundation that will not suffer from any of the defects of the average corset as regards FIT. It is here that the economy shows itself. A fitted garment lasts! But in addition you have lifelong comfort, the lovely satisfaction of a moulded figure and of showing off your clothes to perfection. And the cost is merely that of two "Le Gant" creations a year—the luxury Foundation garments of the world.'

Edith Norris,
"Le Gant" Stylist



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Please fill in coupon and we will send you by return the "Le Gant" brochure which gives all details of the complete range of "Le Gant".

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Please send brochure of "Le Gant" Foundation Garments.
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Your Name ....
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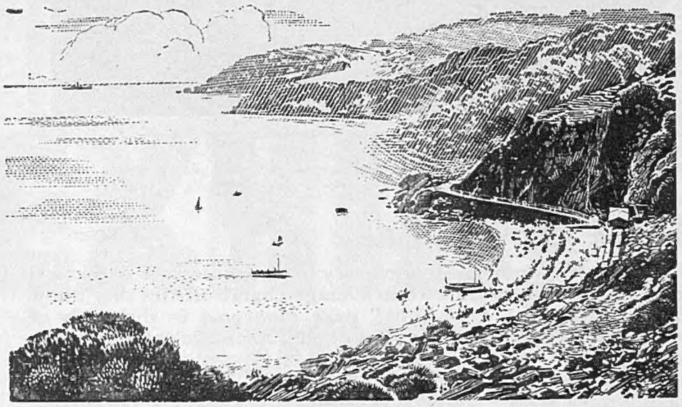
in the Golden West

Cornwall, Devon, Somerset and Dorset—those lovely western counties—exercise an irresistible charm and fascination. They call you again this year to choose your holiday resort within their borders.

EARLY HOLIDAYS ARE BEST, BECAUSE

- **The countryside is never fresher than in early Summer**
- **The extra hours of daylight are extra hours of health**
- **You do not add to the late summer overcrowding**
- **You have the advantage of cheaper accommodation**
- **Early travel is comfortable travel**



BEFORE YOU GO

Buy "Holiday Haunts 1939" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

Cheap "Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

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105/9 Oxford Street

172 New Bond St W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 1158. Fur felt with tall crown and bowler brim. In all fashionable colours, 21/9. Agencies everywhere. Write for illustrated catalogue

for FACE and HANDS

If your skin has become dull and roughened through exposure to wintry weather, you can quickly restore its youthful velvety smoothness. The soothing, penetrating and stimulating properties of Larola—finest of all skin tonics—and Larola Soap, provide all that you need to ensure a flawless complexion and soft, white hands. Larola Soap, made to an exclusive formula, is highly beneficial to the delicate skin tissues—ideal for both toilet and nursery use. *Write for free copy of the Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty".*

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle

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Boxes of 3 Tablets
2/-
Single Tablets
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From Chemists and Stores or Post Free U.K. direct from:
M. BEETHAM & SON
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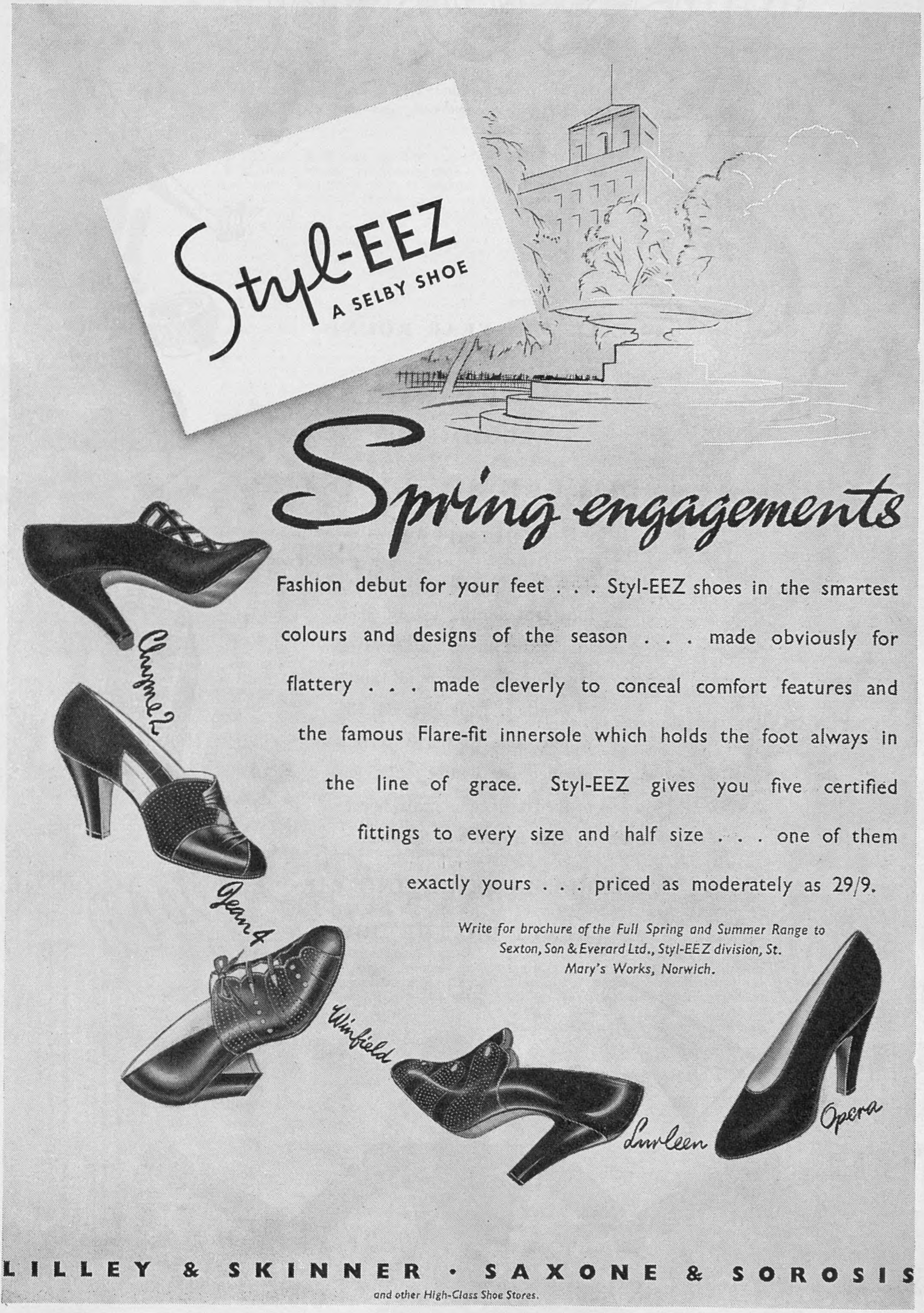


Spring engagements

Fashion debut for your feet . . . Styl-EEZ shoes in the smartest colours and designs of the season . . . made obviously for flattery . . . made cleverly to conceal comfort features and the famous Flare-fit innersole which holds the foot always in the line of grace. Styl-EEZ gives you five certified fittings to every size and half size . . . one of them exactly yours . . . priced as moderately as 29/9.

Write for brochure of the Full Spring and Summer Range to Sexton, Son & Everard Ltd., Styl-EEZ division, St. Mary's Works, Norwich.

LILLEY & SKINNER · SAXONE & SOROSIS

and other High-Class Shoe Stores.

SHELL LUBRICATING OIL

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

HUMBER

RECOMMEND

DOUBLE SHELL OIL

EXCLUSIVELY

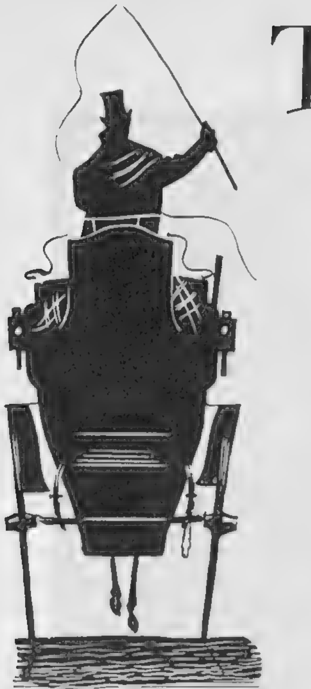
This recommendation follows fourteen months' use of Shell lubricating oils by thousands of Humber owners in all kinds of weather. DOUBLE SHELL, which was formerly recommended for winter only, has proved itself equal to the higher temperatures of Summer.

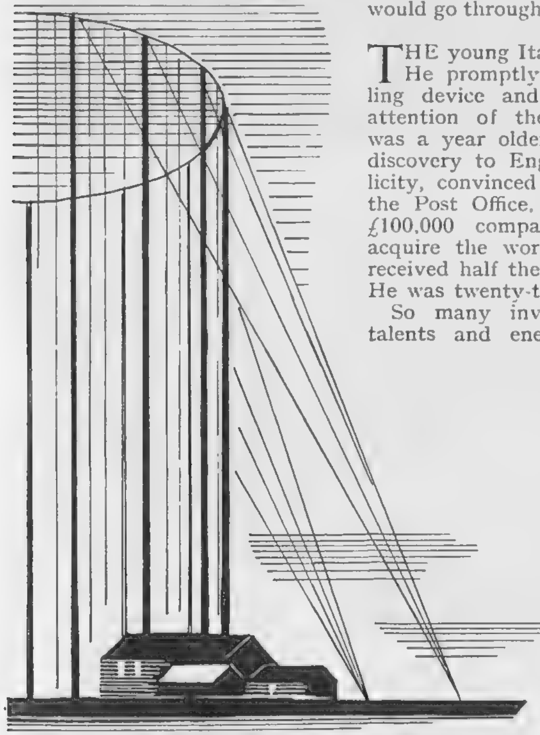
SHELL LUBRICATING OIL
STAYS ON THE JOB

Lynton Lamb del *R.J.Beedham Sc.*

They Made Our World

The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories





THE idea had been ripening slowly in men's minds for a long time—that there was some way of making sound travel through the air as ripples travel over the surface of a pond when a stone is thrown in.

Two hundred years ago electrical impulses were transmitted without wires through water. In 1868 an inventive Chicago dentist named Loomis sent a wireless signal over eighteen miles with kites linked by a wire to a galvanometer on ground; and patented the device. A year earlier, Clerk-Maxwell, the Cambridge physicist, had predicted by mathematics the existence of ether waves. In the 'eighties, the young German scientist, Hertz, had constructed an apparatus which discharged electro-magnetic waves into space: i.e., made a ripple in the ether. By 1890, the Frenchman, Branly, had invented the coherer, and in 1891 Telsa was patenting his tuning inventions by the dozen.

A score of scientists and inventors in half a dozen countries were getting close to wireless when, one day in September, 1896, Guglielmo Marconi, twenty-two-year-old son of a prosperous Italian gentleman-farmer who had married an Irish wife, experimented on his father's estate with the Hertzian waves, which he had learned all about at Bologna University.

An ardent amateur of electricity, he was trying to find out how far the waves would carry a signal through the air. Suddenly, he made a discovery. The waves reaching his receiver were also affecting a second receiver on the other side of a hill. Now, Hertzian waves have only a limited penetration. But these waves, if not going over the hill, were going through it: and if they would go through a hill, they would go through anything.

THE young Italian was no dreamer. He promptly patented his signalling device and brought it to the attention of the world. Before he was a year older he had carried his discovery to England, achieved publicity, convinced scientists, interested the Post Office, secured backing. A £100,000 company was formed to acquire the world patents. Marconi received half the capital and £15,000. He was twenty-three.

So many inventors scatter their talents and energies. Marconi had only one brain-child: wireless. He stuck to it, cherished it, nourished it, grew with it. His famous master patent, No. 7777, of 1900, secured his claims, and his patent properties.

But wireless developed slowly. It was not until 1901 that Marconi stood on Signal Point, Newfoundland, and heard the three faint clicks, "S" in Morse code, which indicated that his transmission station in Cornwall had sent the first wireless across the Atlantic; and it was another year before they got a clear sentence across.

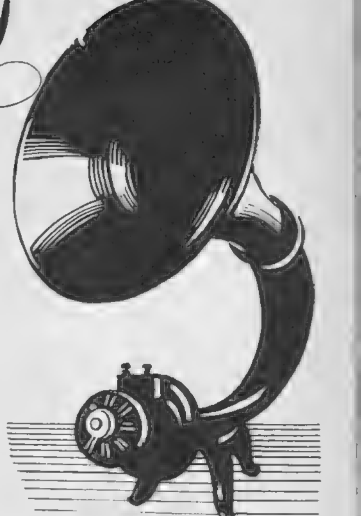
It took two great liner disasters to awaken governments, and make radio compulsory on all passenger-carrying ships.

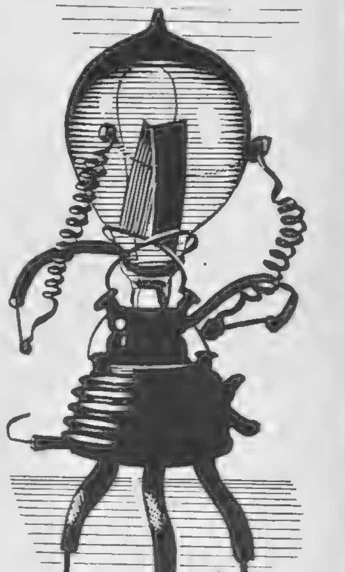
Wireless communication over the oceans was not completely dependable until the Great War forced the pace.

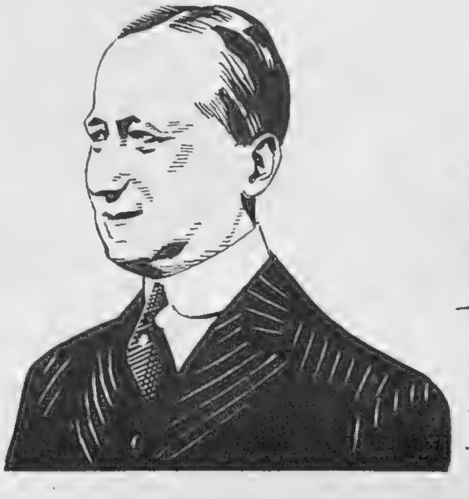
Even then wireless functioned in a specialised field until an American enterprise, twenty years ago, saw the possibilities of utilising wireless waves for broadcasting. From that point wireless merged with the everyday life of mankind in countries of advanced civilisation.

NOW the whole world has been brought within the network of radio communication, on land, sea, and in the air. In only seventeen years the youngest of the great industries has attained astounding proportions and acquired a vast social significance. But it is still young. Sight by radio—television—is in swaddling clothes. Many more wonders of wireless are here or on the way. Radio is being used to control machinery, operate pilotless airplanes and warships, open doors at a command, flash X-ray photographs across the earth for an opinion to be given by a specialist inside five minutes. Eventually we shall carry a receiving and transmitting set about with us as we now carry a watch, and anybody who has our individual signal number will be able to get us, and we them.

And Marconi? He is dead. But April 25 is "Marconi Day" in the marine wireless services everywhere. The fifty nations comprising the Comité International Radio Maritime have thus assured the immortality of the name of the man who gave wireless to the world.







GUGLIELMO MARCONI

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE

JU TICE
FOR E LAND!
JUSTICE
LAND

The vast army of Mr. Barns, the farmer, visits town for a march from Tower Hill to Westminster to air its grievances

Ralph Stock

Visits a West Country farmer and relates his story in words and pictures

ALLOW me to introduce to you the Barns family They are people of importance though they have no notion of it. They only know that they have a small farm and a life as precarious as most in a precarious age.

Time was when the Barns knew where they stood. They stood with both feet planted firmly on the land they loved. If they raised a pig, they washed him, currycombed him, took him to market and disposed of him on the hoof—or, rather, foot—for the highest price he would fetch at auction, and that was that. The same applied to the rest of their produce. Farm labour was skilled and content with a modest but satisfying living. The only thing to grumble at in those days was the weather. To-day—but listen to Mr. Barns:

"Things is in a proper mess, far as I can see. What with all these Bacon and Milk and Poultry Boards, Livestock Commissions and one thing and another, each of 'em telling us the price we can sell at, and what form to fill up when we *have* sold, a man needs a secretary instead of a farm hand these days. Then look at labour. You can't get it for a farm. The girls would sooner starve in silk stockings in town, and the lads prefer pumping petrol into cars to pumping milk into a pail. You can't blame 'em, either. In town you've only got to know one job and do it for eight hours. On a farm you've got to know forty, and do 'em at all hours of the day and night."

There was so much obvious truth in this that I ventured to ask what was going to be the end of it all: what would bring people and prosperity back to the land.

Mr. Barns did not know.

But the theorist did. I met him in the skittle alley of the village inn.

"War!" he almost shouted, and delivered a ball that sent seven pins crashing to earth. "War—or a Dictator. Wait till the bombs start falling on the cities. Wait till the food's running short, and Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the foreigner are too far away to dump their surplus goods over here as they're doing now. Then the farmer will come into his own. He'll be begged to farm: paid high prices to farm, and he'll have to do it because he's the only one who knows how."

Mr. Barns bowled with slow deliberation, then looked up.

"We don't want no wars nor dictators," he said quietly.

"You don't know what's good for you!" thundered the theorist. "What's life to-day but a pitched battle, anyway? What else is going to raise your prices but something or someone that isn't scared stiff of offending the Empire and the foreign importer? The trouble with you farmers is that you don't know anything but farming. . . . You don't get together, and if you do get together you don't know what to do . . . You let vested interests and the

(*Continued on page* 13)

The domain of the small farmer. He works as hard in winter as in summer

Photographs by Ralph Stock

The small farmer and his wife still face their world of the out-of-doors with courage and hope

Old Mr. Barns is puzzled. To him a crossword problem is nothing compared with the complications of filling up a Government sales form

The farm Cinderella gazes into the fire, no doubt dreaming of silk stockings and cinemas instead of muddy boots

Left: The thatcher, master of a dying but necessary art, demonstrates that thatching is not as easy as it looks

Mr. Barns has no objection to the hunt, provided it pays for any damage—although there are some who put barbed wire in their hedges

Mrs. Barns's work is never done. But this is a labour of love

Photographs by Ralph Stock

Right: A pony foal from the moors regards the hunting world with indifference

Old Mr. Barns bowls in the skittle alley with more energy than skill. This is his method of letting off steam

parasitical middleman steal your profits. You can have all your marches from Tower Hill to Westminster with a brass band and straws in your hair, and what does the townie say? 'Farmers? I didn't know there were any left. Funny-looking things, aren't they?' And what does the politician say about you representatives of one of the largest industries in the country? 'We must appease them somehow, or there may be trouble in the future when we need them. Mr. Jones, you will say something soothing but sufficiently vague not to commit us or offend in important quarters.' I tell you, you don't know your own importance—you don't know you're alive. You don't know——"

But at this point the assembled company transferred its attention to the bar parlour, beer, and the vagaries of a pin-table game—where Mr. Barns had his revenge for the skittle defeat.

THE next morning at breakfast, Mr. Barns told me he had been up half the night with a cow that had had twins. Now, according to legend, the curious thing about twin calves is that if they are both bulls all is well. Even if they are both heifers, Nature takes its normal course. But if one is a bull and one a heifer, neither of them is able to breed. Such is the general belief amongst the older school of farmer, in spite of exceptions.

I was making further enquiries about this phenomenon when Jim, the hand, came in to report that some sheep were missing. It was on account of the snowdrifts "up to the moor," ten feet of it in places.

We and a dog tumbled into a minute and muddy car, and were soon climbing out of the green valley mottled with early spring sunshine, up and still up to where icy mist enshrouded us and snow banks hemmed us in.

Our first emergency case was a mother who had had twins while stuck fast in a snowdrift during the night. She welcomed us with every sign of delight, and like the true mother seemed not to care what happened to *her* provided her offspring received proper attention—which they did from Jim, who knows everything about everything. We then went back to the welcome valley with an ambulance full of sheep, lambs, dog and frozen mankind.

Jim wanted to know if I would care to make another trip. I would not. Even an errand of mercy could not lure me back to those desolate regions.

Instead, I interviewed the thatcher. He had just arrived to repair the barn roof—his own handiwork of twenty years ago. Yes, well laid thatch has been known to remain waterproof longer than that, and being warm in winter and cool in summer is an infinitely healthier roofing for man and beast than any other. Here was another person of importance, the master of a dying art, for it takes five years to become a good thatcher. I could well believe it.

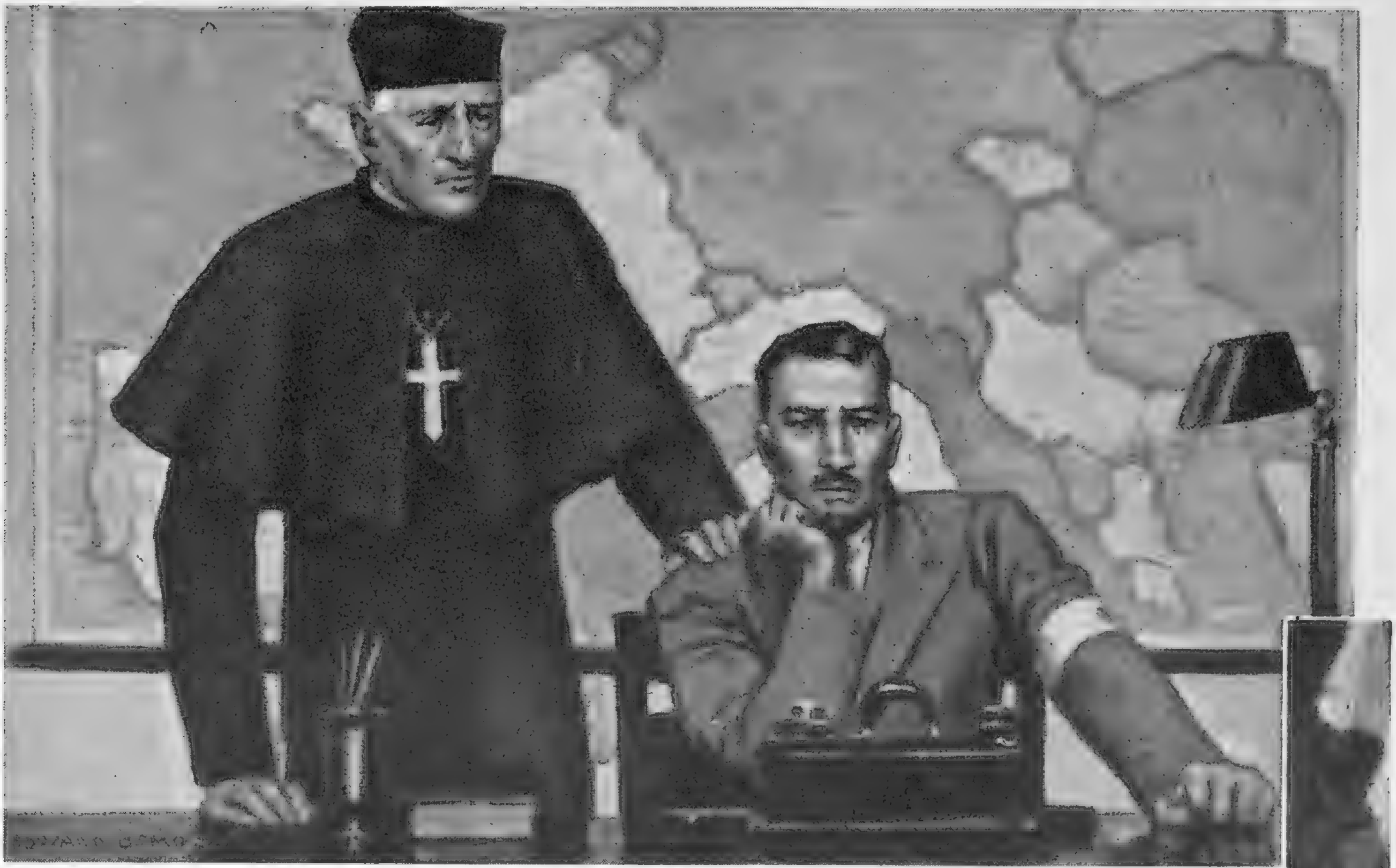
"You take these spars," said the thatcher, indicating some carefully hewn sticks, "and weave them into the——" Something unpronounceable

(*Continued on page* 121)

But in the bar parlour on the pin table, old Mr. Barns gets his own back, and some more. Is it beginner's luck?

Brother and sister twins who, according to legend, are denied the family life. Such is the genuine belief amongst older farmers, in spite of exceptions

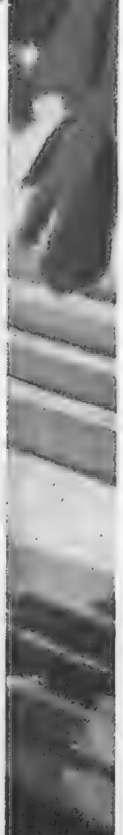
Twins born in the mist and snow of the moors, but each capable of producing twins themselves—in the future. The mother is a sturdy horned ewe



Death of a Dictator

How a speech that should have shaken the world became a pæan of peace

By Alan Kennington



THE linden trees outside the long Chancellery windows were in full leaf now, the Shepherd could watch them shine like amber in the sunshine every time he looked up from his desk. Once or twice he frowned for a moment abstractedly with a sudden nostalgic memory of that street in the mountain village across the border so many years ago. Why should he be reminded suddenly of a bell-tower in a white church and chimes ringing the Angelus. He wondered if in his present tired state that insidious talk of Father Victor's might not be getting through, to wake the inflexible childish memories that would always be there.

He touched a bell, and Hanz came in. That, as always, brought back another memory. He looked at Hanz's fighting jowl and hot blue eyes, and saw again Hanz throw himself in front of him in that first inglorious *putsch* five years ago. Now Hanz was resplendent in the silver and black of The Circle, with a car of his own and a flat in the Silbergasse. So far had he raised Hanz since then. . . . But then, they said of him that he never forgot any one, stupid or not, who blindly followed his star.

Hanz saluted now, working his thick red neck round awkwardly inside the high collar and grinning as he always grinned. The Shepherd's pale tired face relaxed briefly into an answering smile. In private there were no formalities between them, they were sprung from the same stock and had gone up together.

"Any one waiting?"

"Father Victor again."

The pale face looked suddenly more tired. He whispered: "God! Why can't he leave me alone? Now of all times in the world——"

"Let me throw the black crow out. There's your own decree, no mixing in State affairs."

The other passed his hand wearily across his forehead.

"No; I'll see him. I don't think you've known me run away from anything yet, not even Holy Church. . ." He glanced out of the window again. "Look at the sun on those leaves. . . . Remember the quarry behind Holzberg, and us cracking the chestnuts there?"

"Yes, indeed. But we've come a hell of a long way since then." He guffawed. "You play the same game with countries now."

"Yes. We've come a long way since then. You, I, this people. Yet I wonder—yet sometimes I wonder, Hanz, whether getting anywhere isn't just going round in a circle. As regards happiness. There was a story I read once like that, that in life you raced to a board labelled 'Winning-post,' and when you got there and turned the board round, there was 'Starting-point' on the back."

Hanz shuffled his feet uneasily, uncertain whether he was supposed to laugh or not.

"You're the greatest man in Europe, in the world," he said. "Even the outland papers say that. They know you'll stand up to 'em over this business now. And smash 'em if it does come to a fight. 'Our brethren shall be free.' They've certainly learnt there's truth in that by now."

The whole face altered on that. Fatigue and abstraction was wiped out instantly, like a sponge passed over a slate. The lines of the jaw tightened, the famous thick eyebrows and pointed beard assumed again their resolute rake. It was like the effect of a bugle call, like a light switched on suddenly.

"FATHER Victor's there with him now"

"'Our brethren shall be free,'" he repeated softly. "Yes. There shall be no more temporising this time. All other things, of this world and the next, must give way to that. Send Father Victor in and tell the sentry that on no account are we to be disturbed. And when Kaspar comes in, send him directly to me."

KASPAR then was under the chestnut trees, frowning down into Ilse's smoke-blue eyes. He called them smoke blue, the colour of the fur of a blue Persian cat, though sometimes they were the green of the Baltic fiords. He removed solemnly one or two pink blossoms that had fallen on to her smooth brown hair.

By instinct and training now they glanced round them always before they talked. This time they had the park to themselves, there was not even a keeper in sight. There was an hour yet before the shop closed, and those at leisure were trying on gas-masks or practising air-raid drill. The only sound now was the distant roaring of some animal in the Tiergarten across the park.

Ilse murmured: "It's so silent and peaceful, this. Not even a plane. Who'd guess a million men were in camp within six miles of here——"

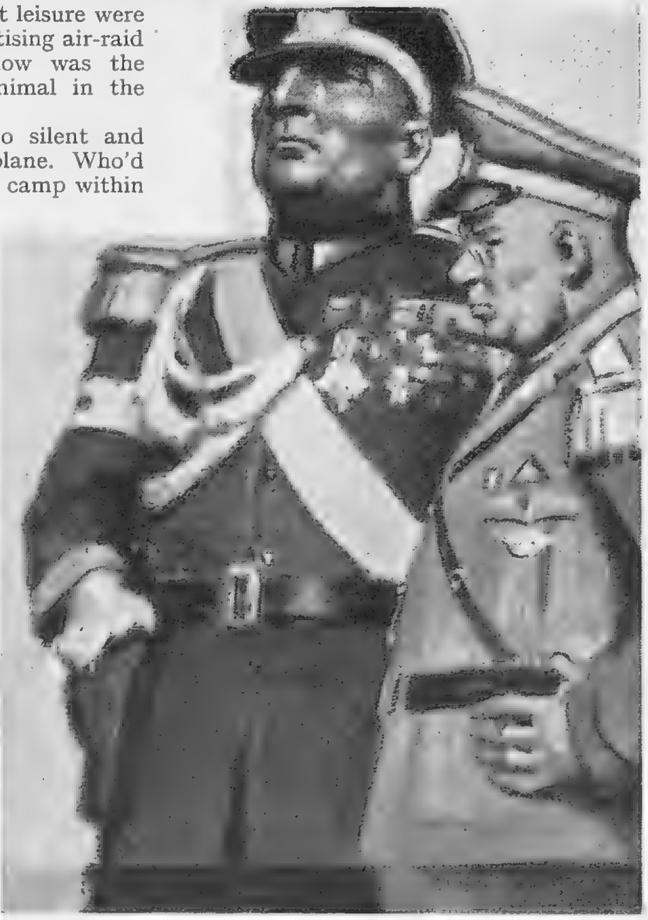
"The enemy would. And do. Ah, God——"

"Tell me, dearest."

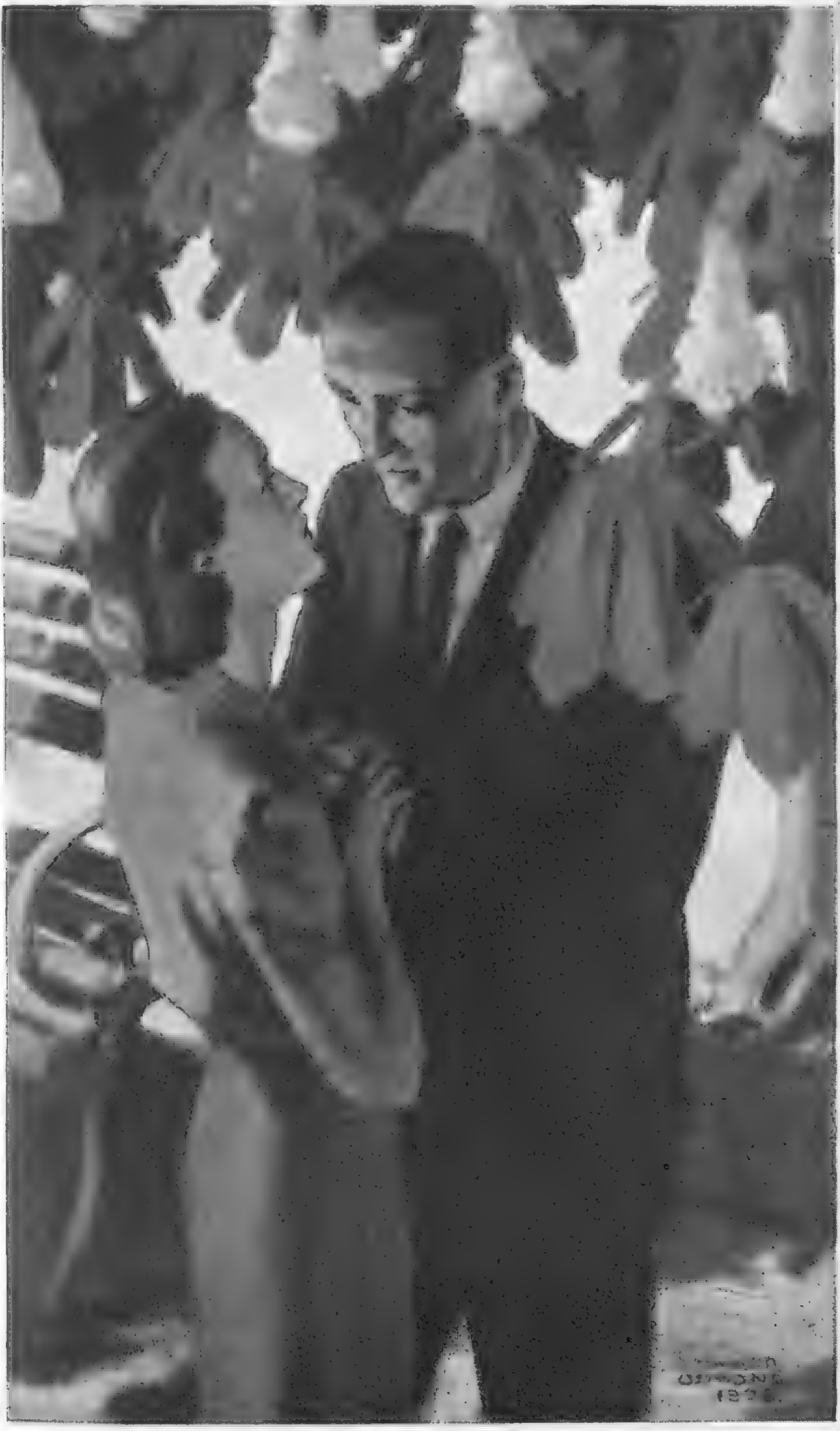
"You know. You know very well. It's like being in a dream, a nightmare that one's in a car sliding inch by inch to the edge of a cliff. A week, five days maybe, and it's starting all over again."

"They may give way about the frontier."

"No. I think they'd like to. But they can't now and ever hold up their heads again."



THAT would only mean handing over to Steuben and Goltz



HER face chilled for a moment suddenly as she looked at him

"Then perhaps He——" (Funny, she thought, how you could sometimes sense the capital letter as though it were God.)

"Has he ever given way yet? One's got to go forward to follow a star. . . ." He pulled a blossom to pieces between his fingers. "I admire him so much, that's the hell of it. Seeing him every day like that, taking down from dictation, polishing a speech for him—I'd dare any one to help admiring him. He's selfless. And he's sincere. It's not his fault if his dream turns into a nightmare. If his star beckons him on to destroy our world."

"But there must—there must be something one of you can do. Somebody near him must have the courage to say what we all of us know, to tell him that even if he wins, it's the end of Europe and us."

"It's not a question of courage, dear. We could tell him, we could all of us tell him, but it would do no good. His mind's made up, and once that's happened, it's a command for him, written in fire on the sky. Outside and beyond even him. He's a mystic, you see. Once, right at the beginning, I think he was ready to consider holding his hand. But then Steuben and Goltz got his ear, and I fancy they turned the scale. I can't really even blame them. After all, bombing and propaganda—they'll be the key men in this sort of war."

"So there's no hope now——?"

"I don't think so, Ilse. At least, there's nothing that I can do."

"And no one's going to say anything more, even at this last minute?"

"Yes. One man. Father Victor was going to see him to-day."

"Father Victor? But the Church now——"

"I know. But he was a Catholic once. And more than that, he was a peasant once."

She stared out across the dappled grass. She said absently, with something of the simplicity of a child. "Then please God be with him now." She turned and caught his hand. "Kaspar, what will they do with you?"

"Me? I shall be safe enough. I shall just go on working at the Chancellery, safe, in the bomb-proof shelter there."

"You mean that they consider you are indispensable?"

"Yes. I'm indispensable. I can't even die."

She looked at him, frowningly. "You're a queer, secretive person, Kaspar. I've always felt that—that there's some part of you that I've never been shown. I love you and you love me, and yet half of you doesn't belong to me. I don't think it ever will. There is a mystery about you, Kaspar, a queer sort of aura, almost of guilt, as if you were burdened with a secret you wanted to tell me but daren't."

Her face chilled for a moment suddenly as she looked at him. "Swear this to me, Kaspar. Swear you're not one of the Secret Police."

"God, no. I swear that. . . . What makes you think there's a mystery about me?"

"Many things, some material, some otherwise. The queer times you have to go to the Chancellery. The days and weeks you're away sometimes. The nights when I know you're here in the city, but aren't in your flat. The queer, faraway, ashamed kind of look you wear sometimes after you've been away. Oh, I know you love me, that there's nobody else. I know this is political. But do you know what I've wondered sometimes? I've wondered if you weren't one of the executioners."

He got up and stood there looking down at her.

Illustrations by

Edward Osmond

"I wish you weren't so sensitive, Ilse. To atmosphere, I mean. I won't lie to you, but I can't tell you anything more. Some day I hope to tell you, but you've got to trust me till then. Will you try to do that?"

"I'll try, Kaspar. But I think you must tell me before I marry you. As things are we must come to our marriage through a terrible gate. We shall each need all that the other can give. There can be no secrets between us two then . . . You have to go now?"

"Yes. I must go at once."

"Back to the Chancellery?"

"Soon. I have to meet Reinmar first."

REINMAR had thought of this, the perfect rendezvous, the mechanical-car sideshow in the Luna Park. They could sit side by side here wedged together with no one remarking that, the deafening noise all round them drowning every word completely a foot beyond the side of the car. There could be no dictaphones installed secretly here.

Reinmar was plucking nervously at his short grey beard when Kaspar arrived. His high, intellectual forehead was damp with sweat. They climbed into the small red car, bulged out like a tub, and set off. Reinmar stared straight ahead with a fixed smile on his face.

"Well?" he said in the normal tone of conversation. "Anything more?"

"Not yet. Father Victor's there with him now."

"With five days to go. . . . God! That's a slender hope."

"I agree. But it is a hope. And the only one, short of violence."

"Any chance of an electrician getting in, do you think, a live wire somewhere?"

"I doubt it."

"So do I. He's too well served. That damned Hanz. . . . I never thought any one could spot that loosened bolt on the steering-rod. That cost us our best man, Gerst simply didn't care about life after his wife came back in a cigar-box from the concentration camp. . . . No, I don't believe we could get a man within a hundred yards of him now. Except yourself."

"Yes, I could do it. I could do it from the back with that gold dirk the Youth League gave him last week. But you know what I think and have always thought, that his death won't save us from war. That would only mean handing over to Steuben and Goltz."

"I'm afraid you're right. The only thing that can save us now is a change in the man himself. And that means a miracle. Is there the slightest chance, do you think, of Father Victor working it?"

"More than we may think. The Shepherd's tired now, tired in body and soul. His powers of resistance are very much lessened now, I know that when I see him stare out at the linden trees. He's swinging back for a moment then to the fundamentals of his faith ; superstition, and the reckoning to come. That may be Father Victor's chance. I think we should do nothing for six hours at least to endanger that chance."

The attendant was bawling : "Any more for the cars? Any more for the cars?"

"One more round?" said Reinmar.

"Yes. Then I must go."

He heard Reinmar's teeth grit suddenly. "All the same, I wish you'd use that dagger when you get back. It would be so easy for you, he trusts you implicitly."

"It wouldn't do any good. I tell you. Do you really think things would be better with Steuben and Goltz?"

Reinmar glanced sideways at him curiously. "You're a queer fellow. I believe you've an odd sort of secret admiration for him."

"I have. And it's not particularly secret. I can't hate him. I only hate what he stands for, and the people immediately under him. I admire the man himself, he's a zealot, completely honest and fanatically brave. His cross is that he lacks education and so, a sense of proportion. His fault is that if the end is right, he doesn't mind how dirty the means. As witness Steuben and Goltz."

"There's one other thing," said Reinmar slowly. "I don't want to say this, but I have to say it, because I'm a friend of yours. And because I trust you, whatever any one says——"

"Meaning that some people don't——"

"Yes. Armand and Lubitsch for two. Oh, there's nothing specific, you understand. They just happen to wonder where those mysterious trips of yours take you, what goes on on those unexplained absences of yours. And, more than that, what your real work at the Chancellery is. You're not of the Shepherd's entourage, officially you're just one more secretary. But every one knows you're something a great deal more than that."

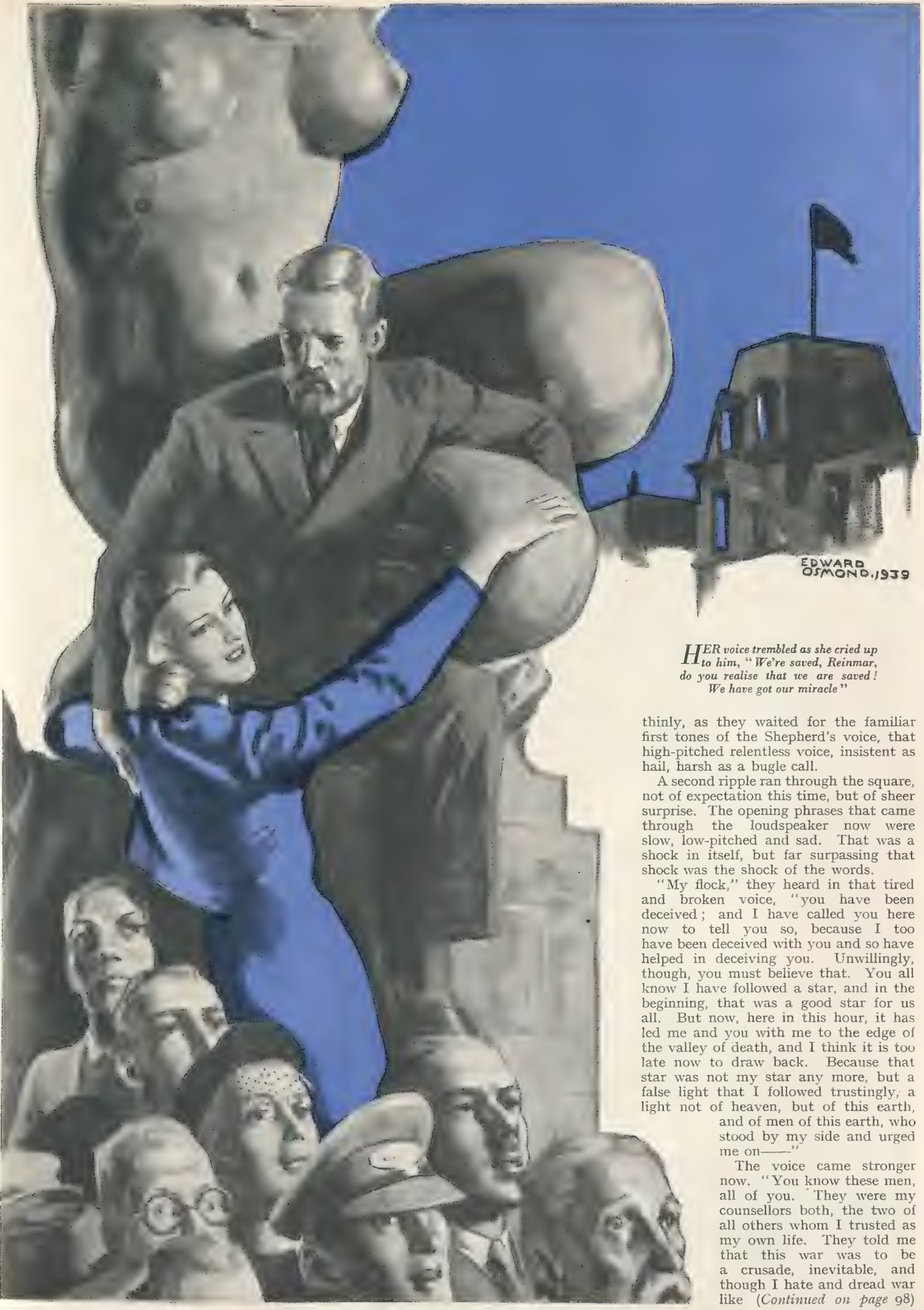
Kaspar gazed for a moment at a shrieking woman in a swing-boat before he said at last, with a remote quality to his voice : "Queer. Ilse has just been wondering the same thing. But there's nothing to tell her or you or the others. I can only give you my word that in no way at all have I ever gone back on what you know I believe."

The car slowed, and he glanced at his watch. "I've got to go now. At once. Listen, I'll try to slip out to the Automat at half-past twelve. I may know then how Father Victor has fared."

THE Victory Square was a sea of faces, one monstrous bed of pink and upturned flowers. Reinmar, wedged against the plinth of a statue, used his height to gaze up and over the heads near him, towards that tiny dot beside the microphone on the far-away balcony. Waiting now for the speech to begin, he thought suddenly of that conversation with Kaspar four days ago. Four days was a lifetime away, he was astonished now to realise how much hope he had felt even then. This crowd was here now, it supposed, for the official declaration of war.

The crowd's mood was curious ; as an atomical unit, a millionth part of it, he was in tune to that. There was nothing bellicose or truculent about it, but he had not expected that. But queerly enough, so far as he could tell from the muttered comments around him, there was not the expected mood, either, of patient resignation, of sheep trusting blindly in the one man they had nicknamed so well. There was no enthusiasm here for war, but there was also something more than apathy. It felt, from the restless rustle that ran through it now, as if there might be the beginnings here of a state of flux. As if that queer and unpredictable quality, the corporate soul of a mob, that concentrated crowd essence which the Shepherd himself used for a spell, might be ready here and now to be swayed, suddenly and mightily, to some new and unexpected resolve of its own.

The great stone goddess above him had a loud-speaker slung round her neck and he heard from that the crackles preliminary to the speech. A hush fell over all the crowd, he could see the ripple run through them like wind through a field of corn. The wail of a child cut the silence



HER voice trembled as she cried up to him, "We're saved, Reinmar, do you realise that we are saved! We have got our miracle"

thinly, as they waited for the familiar first tones of the Shepherd's voice, that high-pitched relentless voice, insistent as hail, harsh as a bugle call.

A second ripple ran through the square, not of expectation this time, but of sheer surprise. The opening phrases that came through the loudspeaker now were slow, low-pitched and sad. That was a shock in itself, but far surpassing that shock was the shock of the words.

"My flock," they heard in that tired and broken voice, "you have been deceived; and I have called you here now to tell you so, because I too have been deceived with you and so have helped in deceiving you. Unwillingly, though, you must believe that. You all know I have followed a star, and in the beginning, that was a good star for us all. But now, here in this hour, it has led me and you with me to the edge of the valley of death, and I think it is too late now to draw back. Because that star was not my star any more, but a false light that I followed trustingly, a light not of heaven, but of this earth, and of men of this earth, who stood by my side and urged me on——"

The voice came stronger now. "You know these men, all of you. They were my counsellors both, the two of all others whom I trusted as my own life. They told me that this war was to be a crusade, inevitable, and though I hate and dread war like

(*Continued on page* 98)

Science Looks at Love

By C. Patrick Thompson

PROSERPINE has left her husband, the pale dark-haired King of the Shades, and come up for her six months' stay with mother Demeter. So the butterflies are spreading those gold-powdered wings that flew Psyche, hand in hand with Eros, to Olympus and deathless love. Lovers on river banks are beginning to hear again the faint sweet song of Orpheus, as he floats down to join his lost Eurydice. and over the sun-dappled meadows, the rivers, the forests, and the seashore, race the shadows of the chariot in which Idas flees before Apollo, his rival for the love of Marpessa, who must choose between them.

More plainly, spring has come; and, with it, the busy season for parsons and registrars, and all the officials, merchants, agents, salesmen, and other citizens affected by that major human activity which comes under the heading : "Love and marriage."

Nothing particularly new about this. It is a regular seasonal phenomenon. Government departments and local authorities take cognisance of it in statistical returns, reports, and comparative tables. One learns from such important State documents as the Registrar-General's Statistical Review of Births, Deaths and Marriages and Certain Specified Infectious Diseases (believe it or not, that is the title), that during 1939, about 355,000 love affairs will take 710,000 men and women in this island into life's greatest, often its most enthralling, and not infrequently its most dangerous adventure. One can be equally certain that other love affairs will take into the divorce court a large proportion of the 5,000 people who will break their marriages this year.

LOVE—that is, the love that leads to marriage—has a rhythm of its own. It swings high and low, relative to the population, over a cycle of years. But the seasonal rhythm never alters. There are never

CLYTE
PSYCHE
DEMETER

more marriages in autumn than in the summer. Marriages in the spring are double those of the first quarter of the year—for 1938, 51,906 against 101,785. The biggest single day of all is a spring day: more people get married at Easter than at any other time of the year. The rush is astonishing.

A new interest, however, has been injected now by publication of the results of some researches by Dr. William J. Kerr, head of the Department of Medicine of the University of California.

Dr. Kerr has been investigating the nature of love. Ovid did it too, but from another angle. Dr. Kerr, probing the human being in love, has found out what happens to blood, brain, nervous system, etcetera, under the peculiar stresses set up by what poets call "the tender passion." He has ascertained the effect on the lungs and other organs. Apparently he is not yet quite sure whether an organic disturbance affects the nervous system, or an emotional disturbance affects the organs. Put another way round, science is unable yet to say whether one can or cannot help falling deeply, hopelessly, in love.

The scientists must find this very trying. For it appears that if one just works oneself into a hopelessly-in-love state, a cure for love can be devised which should function faster and more effectively than a cold cure. On the other hand, if this mysterious force strikes some sensitive persons, so that they lose control, and must succumb to it, why, there is just nothing to be done. One might as well throw a love cure out of the window.

A love cure is anyway a modern invention—or need. The gods of the old world had no remedy for love. When Eros, the laughing, mischievous son of Aphrodite, shot his gold-tipped arrow, the thing was done. The gods themselves had no way of healing the pierced heart. Love came like a dose of 'flu, and had to run its course. That course often led to suffering, and death. Neither Romeo nor Juliet survived the mortal wounds of their love.

THE old romantics who gave us the great love myths and legends, the immortal love stories of the world, wondered about the nature of love. But when they investigated it, what they sought was a philtre, or spell, to induce love.

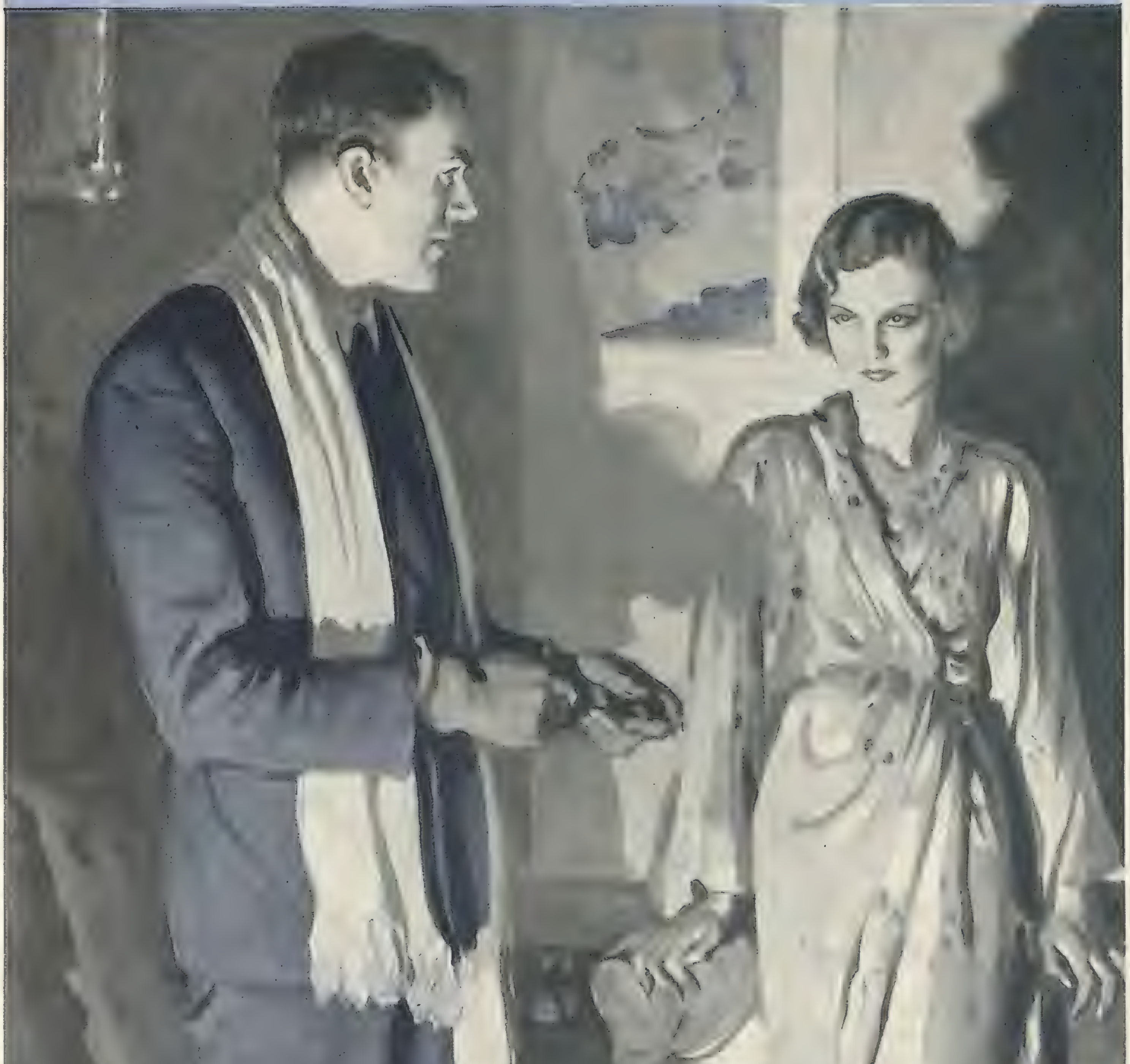
The big trade was in love philtres, not in love cures. We owe to the love philtre the undying romance of Tristram and Isolde. They drank an enchanted potion which rendered them permanently in love, although Isolde was destined to be the king's bride, and Tristram must die of his love. It did not occur to any of the many poets who retold the old tale to write in a sequel in which Tristram went on a quest for a potion to cure him of his passion.

Still, a love cure must have its uses. Its discovery, and timely application or injection, would several times have changed world history, and perhaps the destinies of mankind.

Consider Mark Antony. He fell in love with Cleopatra. That in itself was not necessarily tragic. He might have lived to sigh over fragrant memories in his old age, like one of those elderly rips who, at this season, buy themselves a (*Continued on page 129*)

EURYDICE
APOLLO

The Courage of Mrs. Allen



SHE thought how incredibly handsome he was, standing there on the hearthrug, looking at her with his engaging and candid smile

SHE wore a black frock as befitted the occasion. It had long, tight sleeves and a little train that gave her added height, and she wore with it a white velvet rose accentuating the channel of her breasts.

She was a slim and not unregal figure in the straight, classical lines of her black frock, her hair coiled low on her neck and her face wearing its pale mask of composure—or was it sadness?

Apart from her pallor, noticeable in anyone who has lived in the East for some time, there was nothing to tell of the ordeal she had been through, nothing except, perhaps, her eyes. But then, they were unusual eyes, unusual that is, for her type of face. For while the rest of her face seemed half asleep, the mouth composed in its faintly coloured bow, her eyes were anything but asleep. Green and almond-shaped, they seemed to glow with a brilliance alien to her. It was as though, from the tips of her white hands, her languid body, all the life had been drained to shine out of her eyes.

Newspaper reporters had not failed to comment on her eyes in their descriptions of her. A young and imaginative one

A domestic tragedy with a Chinese setting

By Daphne K. Forster

had even tried to draw an analogy between the fact that she had lived for many years in China, and the curious slant of her green eyes, with some reference as to the mystery of the East and her having steeped herself in it.

His paper was very popular with women.

Another had spoken of her Niobe-like grief. But for the rest, the accounts confined themselves for the most part to eulogies on her courage. In headlines it had been blazoned: THE COURAGE OF MRS. ALLEN.

There had appeared a photograph, unearthed from the vicarage where she was born, of herself as a skinny and precocious-looking child of ten, hugging a doll, another, as a young bride going out to China, recent ones of her arrival in England with her little son. And even now, in this hall where they had met to pay her honour, photographers' flashlights greeted her.

This, she told herself, was what it meant to be lionised.

A portly lady in ice-blue satin was pressing her hand, treating her as though she were her own special protegée, introducing her to other women as portly, to men who shook her hand with a sort of self-conscious embarrassment, to gaunt and stringy-looking females, a frail little spinster who asked falteringly after her "small son."

They passed in a procession before her, all those who, because of their missionary, or political interest in China, had come to meet her.

The portly lady in ice-blue satin was president of an association connected with refugee work in China and had arranged the dinner party, had even issued on the invitation cards that Mrs. Allen was to be the guest of honour.

There were to be speeches — many of them — votes of thanks, and a special vote of appreciation for the guest of the evening.

The lady in ice-blue satin was thoroughly enjoying herself. She was used to this sort of thing. Presiding at association dinners was as the breath of life to her. She took it in her gargantuan stride: Dorcas societies and debates on the future of unmarried mothers, and an association for refugee work in China. They were all one to her.

EVER since the tragic murder of Dr. Allen by brigands in the Tientsin district, after his wife and he had held them off with guns for hours, of the more tragic fate of his wife who, when her husband was shot before her eyes, managed to escape with her small son, with the help of an amah, and after terrible privation reach the coast, and so to safety and England, the president of the association for refugee work in China, had determined to meet the heroic widow of Dr. Allen.

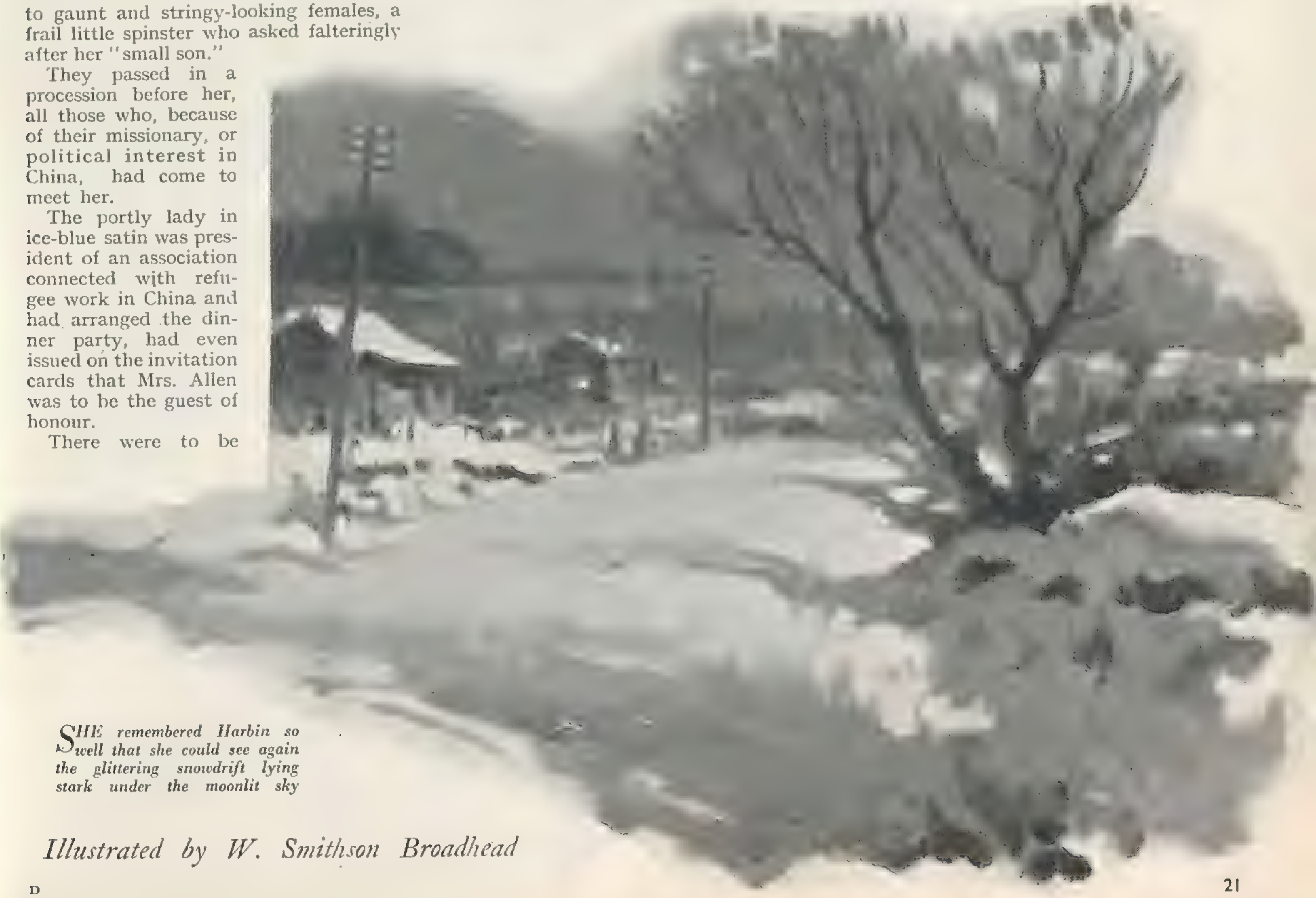
The incident had taken place at a time when the bombardment of Shanghai was on every one's tongue and the thought of a British woman in such a plight, had aroused profoundest national sympathy.

Bit by bit the whole tragic story had trickled through; because, for days after the finding, by a missionary, of Dr. Allen's body in his ransacked bungalow, the fear was that Mrs. Allen and her child had met with a worse fate. The missionary's report, that Dr. Allen had been in no way butchered, but that his death was due to a straightforward bullet through the head, led to fears that the brigands' treatment of the doctor's wife and child might not have been as kind.

It had been within a day of the brigands' raid and departure, that Dr. Allen's body had been found and buried with the reverence due to a brave man. Of Mrs. Allen and her child, there was not a sign. The state of the bungalow gave no clue as to them or their whereabouts.

IN the Suffolk village where Mrs. Allen was born, those who had known her, mourned her as dead. Not that she had many friends. A sensitive, retiring girl, she had been more at home with horses and dogs than with people. When still in her teens she had gone to London and later came the news that she was marrying a doctor and leaving with him for his work in China. But with her name in all the newspapers, those who merely knew her by sight, professed to intimate friendships.

Then came the news that she and her child were alive and well, sent by a commercial traveller, travelling for a firm in Hong Kong, who had heard of a white woman and child making their way down the river with a Chinese family in a *sampan*, and waiting at the next landing-stage met Mrs. Allen in person.



SHE remembered Harbin so well that she could see again the glittering snowdrift lying stark under the moonlit sky

Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead

He was the first to talk of her courage, of the way she had brushed aside the perils and discomforts of her journey, as though (he hinted) they were nothing to what had gone before. Yet even of that she spoke simply, relating in the barest of words the news that was soon flashed across the world : of how brigands had besieged their home one afternoon, and she and her husband, miles away from the missionary school and hospital, had, from behind barricaded shutters, held the brigands at bay with revolvers.

Then there had come an unexpected onslaught. The brigands entered and shot her husband. They would have shot her and the child, but their chief had intervened. Unlike the rest of his gang of desperados, he was a chivalrous fellow—a giant of a Mongolian—more intent on loot than on murder. Shorn of her revolver, she was harmless, and he let her and the child go free, knowing that any help she might be able to procure, would be too late to interfere with his plans, as the nearest missionary outpost was miles away. The men, intent on their pillage, let him have his way.

Carrying her two-year-old son, all through the night she had stumbled on, till dawn found her near a village. From there she made her way to the river and the Chinese family in the *sampan*. She had no money, but the Chinese had banked on a future reward, once the white lady reached European civilisation and her own people.

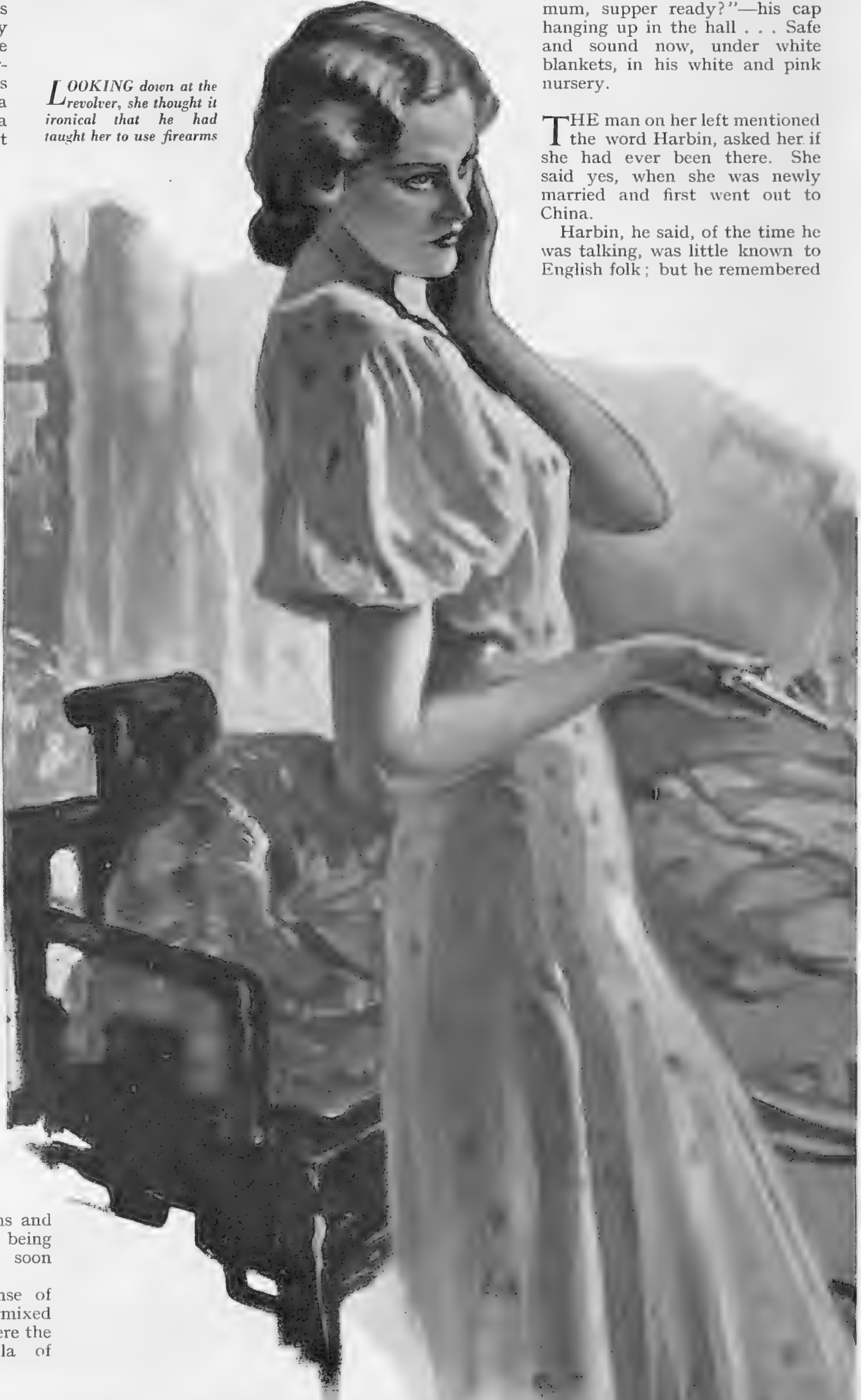
It was the commercial traveller who told her of the missionary's finding, and burial of, her husband.

That was the tragic story of Mrs. Allen, standing now by the side of the portly woman in ice-blue satin, being introduced to the people who had come formally to meet her. Mrs. Allen, with her pale mask of face in which, from under drooping lids, only the eyes seemed alive.

THE table was decorated with roses and chrysanthemums. The latter had caused a dispute among the entertainment committee, for where some thought chrysanthemums appropriate, there were some who felt their connection with China to be something that good form should avoid as being too poignant a memory-link. But, as the chrysanthemum - advocates very wisely pointed out, considering the whole idea of the dinner-party and its guest of honour was in connection with China and nowhere else, why should there be this mawkish sentiment over chrysanthemums? The opponents had made sarcastic retorts as to dressing the waiters as mandarins, and decorating the room with paintings of dragons and brightly coloured lanterns; but being in the minority, they were soon silenced.

And so, down the long expanse of dining-table, in crystal bowls, intermixed with roses and maidenhair ferns, were the curled yellow and white corolla of chrysanthemums. Looking through the neatly-printed menus, the subscribers hoped they were going to see something for their subscriptions.

Mrs. Allen sampled her cantalupe melon. The man on her left had started a tale of his experiences in the Boxer War, talking with familiarity of "Chinese Gordon." It was going to be a long tale and she was grateful. It meant she needn't try to make "small talk." She knew, from experience, that his reminiscences would occupy the greater part of dinner.



LOOKING down at the revolver, she thought it ironical that he had taught her to use firearms

Besides which, people were very kind : they expected her manner to be distrait, rather than attentive.

She thought of her little son at home, fast asleep under white blankets, in his pink and white nursery. The small house she had rented in Highgate, with its strip of garden, box-hedge and monkey-puzzle tree, was just the kind of home she had always wanted. She saw her son growing up in it—going to school with his satchel of books —bringing in his friends—a strong young lad in his teens : "Hullo, mum, supper ready?"—his cap hanging up in the hall . . . Safe and sound now, under white blankets, in his white and pink nursery.

THE man on her left mentioned the word Harbin, asked her if she had ever been there. She said yes, when she was newly married and first went out to China.

Harbin, he said, of the time he was talking, was little known to English folk ; but he remembered the cold—by jove, he remembered the cold!

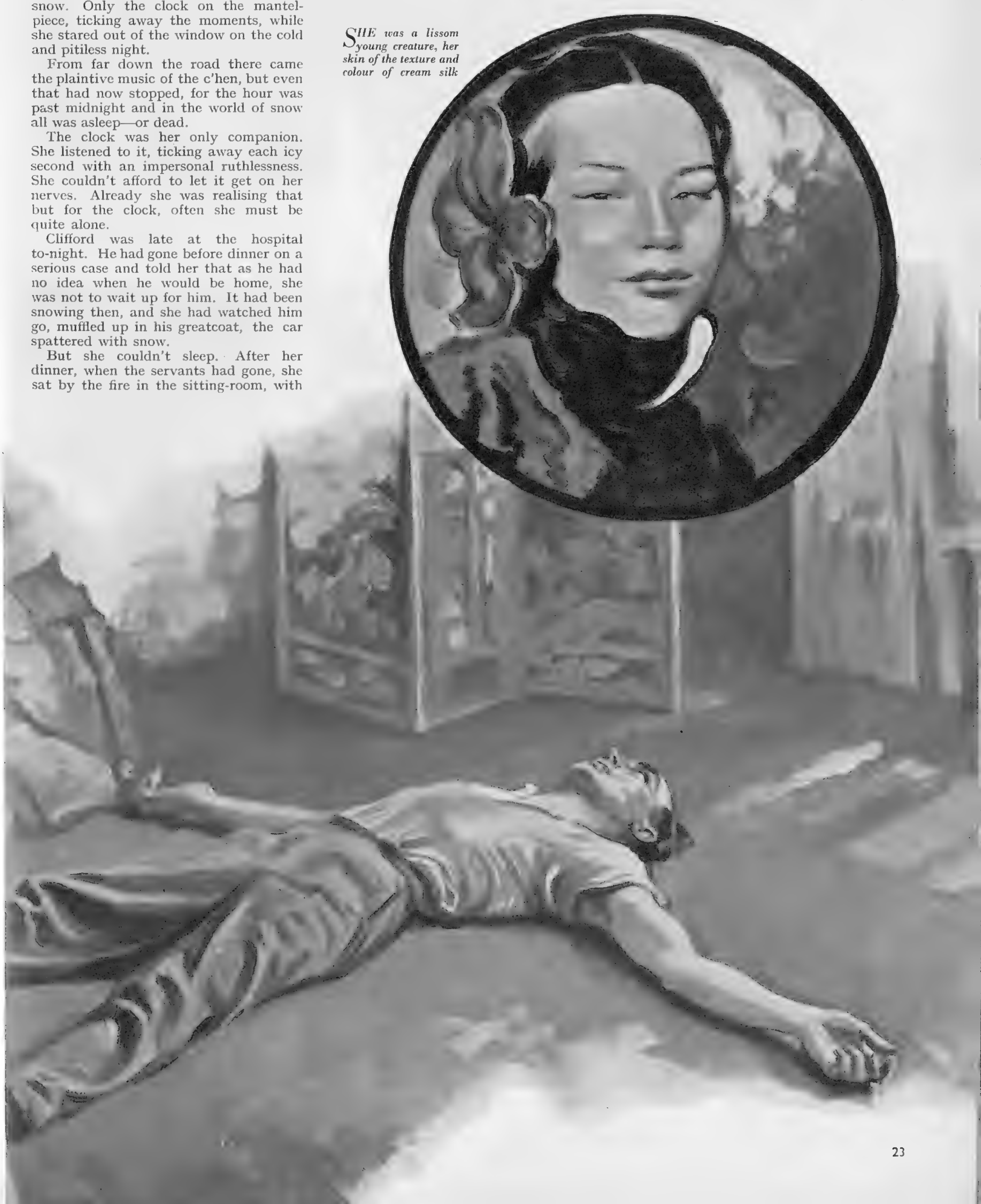
So did she. She remembered it so well that she could see again the glittering snowdrifts lying stark under the moonlit sky. A city of the dead—that's what she, in her youthful imagination, had thought of it, with every sound muffled in that lone and icy world of snow. Only the clock on the mantelpiece, ticking away the moments, while she stared out of the window on the cold and pitiless night.

From far down the road there came the plaintive music of the c'hen, but even that had now stopped, for the hour was past midnight and in the world of snow all was asleep—or dead.

The clock was her only companion. She listened to it, ticking away each icy second with an impersonal ruthlessness. She couldn't afford to let it get on her nerves. Already she was realising that but for the clock, often she must be quite alone.

Clifford was late at the hospital to-night. He had gone before dinner on a serious case and told her that as he had no idea when he would be home, she was not to wait up for him. It had been snowing then, and she had watched him go, muffled up in his greatcoat, the car spattered with snow.

But she couldn't sleep. After her dinner, when the servants had gone, she sat by the fire in the sitting-room, with a book. The music of the c'hen broke in on her reading and laying down the book, she thought of England and her marriage six months ago. Then she thought of Clifford, fighting to save a life at the hospital. Clifford was a brilliant doctor, they all said, and she was proud to be his wife. She had not yet got over the miracle of a man of the world, as Clifford was, falling in love with and marrying her. Often she suffered agonies, thinking that perhaps she was letting her husband down, that, for the social life of Harbin she was too gauche, needed more poise. It was a lonely life, too, for Clifford was often away like this, and to be near the hospital, they had taken (*Continued on page* 100)



SHE was a lissom young creature, her skin of the texture and colour of cream silk

Ann Morriss, the latest Cinderella of the screen, who was given a screen test on a Friday, signed a contract with M-G-M on Saturday, assigned to the leading rôle in *The Chaser* on Monday, playing opposite Dennis O'Keefe. She is seen being congratulated by Director L. Marin and Dennis O'Keefe. Now we show you her first day in the M-G-M studios

IS
IS GATE
W M.G.M
ION CA

1 7 a.m. found Ann Morriss checking in with Officer Hollinger at the front gate of M-G-M studios. No one can gain admittance to the studios unless properly identified

2 From the front gate, Ann was ushered to the Casting Department, where Mr. Fred Datig gave her good advice and showed her pictures of now famous stars when they were struggling to reach the top in the same manner as Ann

First Day in a Studio

A Camera Record of a Newcomer's Experiences when making her Film Début

6 Ann then pays a visit to Jack Dawn, the make-up artist, who points out the defects as well as the good points of Ann's face before applying a light make-up for the test that was soon to follow

7 Dressed in a beautiful white gown, Ann is now on the test set. Test director, Fred Wilcox, can be seen in silhouette in lower left-hand corner

10 Coming down the "Golden Stairs," so named as every M-G-M star has walked up these stairs to draw pay cheques

11 Ulrich Busch and Charles Chic show Ann how they estimate the cost of each production. This report is made up so that they know instantly how much each sequence costs

12 Curious about cameras and lenses, Ann visits John Arnold, head of the camera department, who explains how the different lenses are used for close-up, long shots and medium shots

3 Leaving the casting office, Ann was met by Carey Wilson, writer, narrator and producer, who is also seen giving her good advice before her final camera tests in the afternoon. He gave her the four " don'ts " one of which is don't overact

4 Carey Wilson then took Ann to Lillian Burns, head dramatic coach, who taught her the correct diction for the screen as well as the way to walk correctly. This was achieved by putting a book on her head and relaxing as she walked

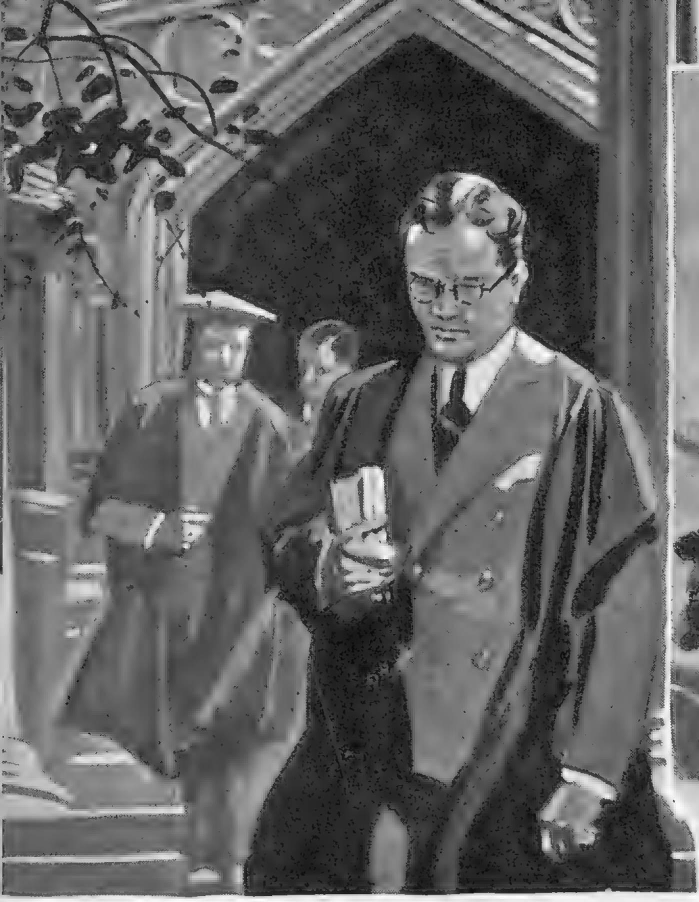
5 Jeanne, famous gown designer for the stars, then gave Ann the thrill of her life by letting her try on a few of the thousands of beautiful dresses found in the wardrobe department. She is shown wearing a beautiful black dress

8 The test over, Ann finds comfort in words from Ilona Massey, new singing star from Vienna, while they enjoy lunch together in the M-G-M commissary

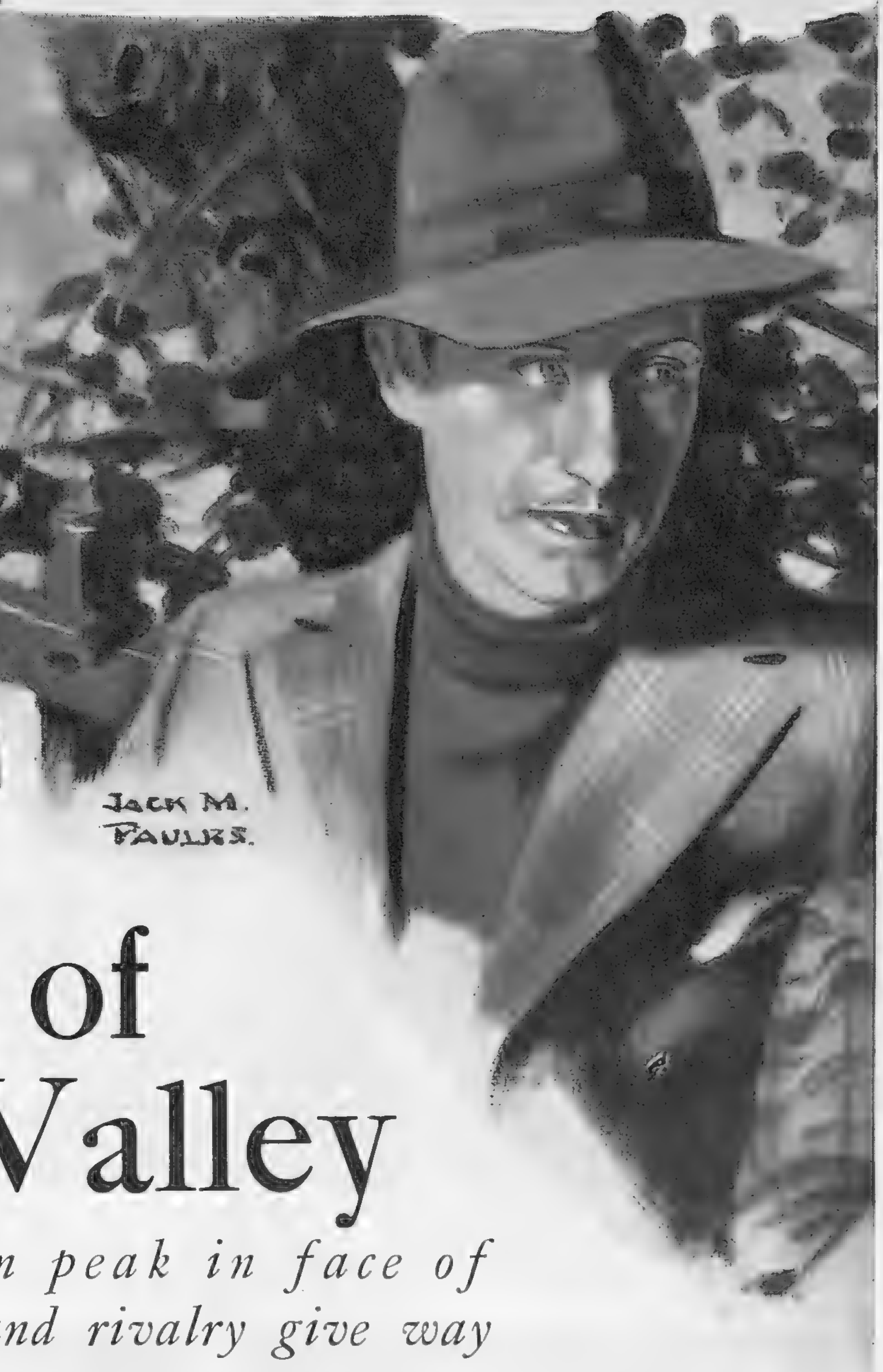
9 After her test and lunch, Ann decides to see what makes a studio run. She is seen going over detailed book-keeping reports with W. K. Craig, who is in charge of the Accounting Department

13 Ann is next shown by Ulrich Busch the production schedule which gives the exact location of each company working, as well as the planned schedule for the rest of the week

14 The end of a perfect day. Ann, always a great admirer of Clark Gable from afar, is now actually visiting him. Introduced to him on the set when he was playing *Too Hot To Handle*, he immediately asked her to tour around the studios in his car



TEMPEST had a stuffy job, he was a master at Cranchester


JACK M. FAULKS.

Love is of the Valley

On mountain peak in face of danger, love and rivalry give way to comradeship and understanding

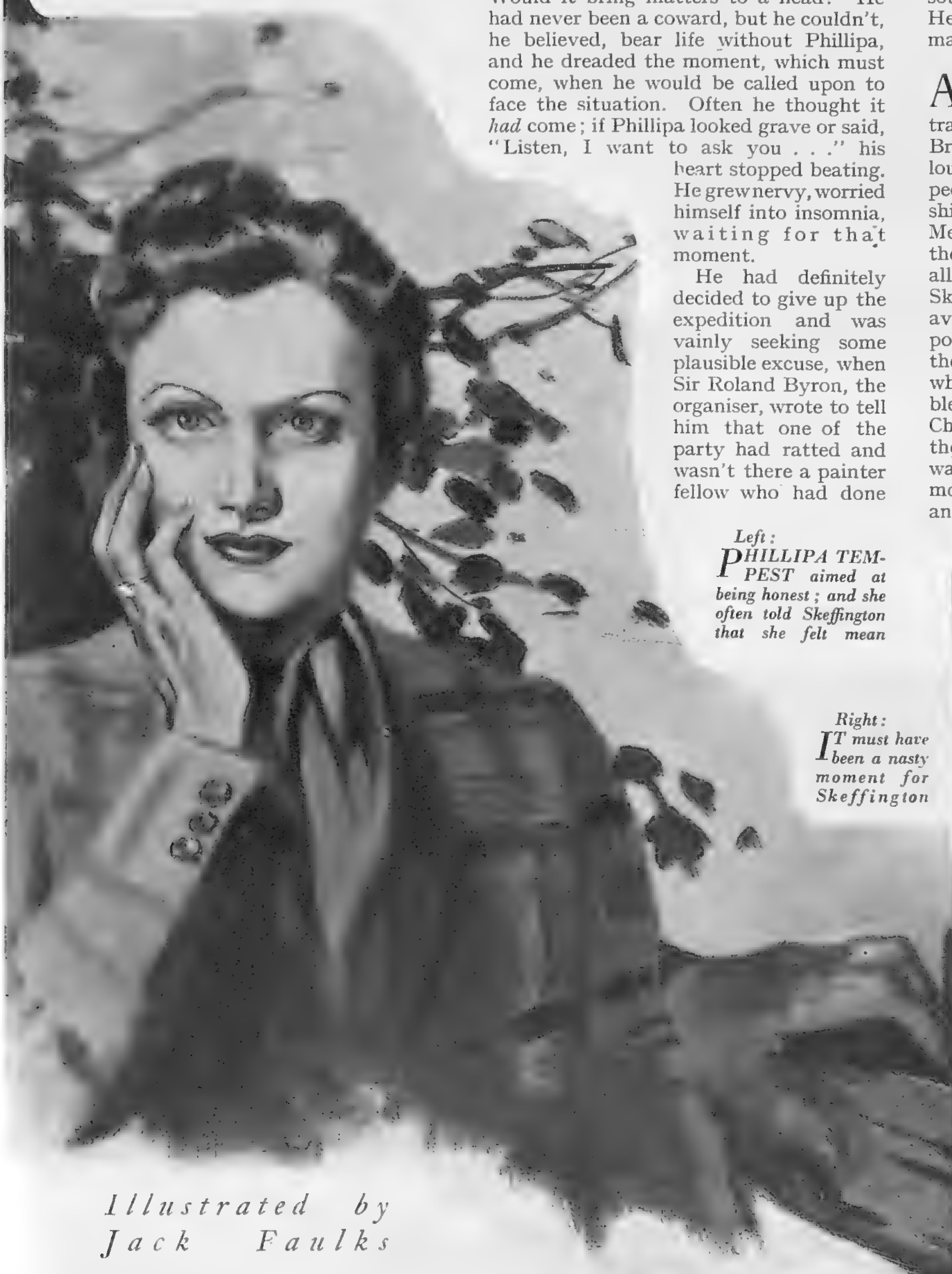
By Joanna Cannan

TEMPEST knew that his wife and Skeffington were in love with one another, but Tempest's wife and Skeffington didn't know that Tempest knew. In spite of her appearance, which, though attractive to most men, would have gone against her had she applied for a job as a policewoman or a school matron, Phillipa Tempest aimed at being honest; and she often told Skeffington that she felt mean. Skeffington was a decent fellow and he felt mean too: Tempest had been his friend long before he had set eyes on Tempest's wife. Let's make a clean breast of it, Skeffington and Phillipa were always saying, but the days and the weeks went by and still they hesitated. David had 'flu . . . we'll wait till he's better. David was worried . . . we'll wait till term's over. David had been so sweet. . . . You couldn't do that to him round Christmas . . . David was going to the Himalayas and goodness knew what might happen. . . .

In point of fact, Tempest was a hard man to confess to. Without being silent, he was uncommunicative; neither his wife nor Skeffington could predict whether, when apprised of the position, he would seize a horsewhip, offer Phillipa her freedom, laugh, burst into tears, shoot himself, or Skeffington, or all three of them. One can understand why Phillipa had fallen in love with Skeffington, who was as open as the day and an adept in expressing himself. Men prefer mystery, but a woman likes to know where she is; she doesn't feel safe, living with a man she can't fathom.

Tempest was unfathomable because he had had an unhappy childhood. Continually blamed for things he couldn't help—for being clumsy, a boy, an expense, dark-haired, shorter than his cousin, Jim—he had surrounded himself with barbed wire entanglements and Phillipa hadn't broken through them; she was summer in his heart and that was all. One can understand, however, that to Tempest, dumb and dull behind his entanglements, she was more than she could ever be to Skeffington, affinities though they were.

Tempest had a stuffy job. He was a master at Cranchester, always worrying over measles, masters' meetings and immorality. Skeffington lived in Cranchester, but had, thank heaven, no connection with the school. He was a painter and he lived with his mother, the artistic and rather racy widow of Cranchester's former dean. They lived in a gem of a house just outside the cathedral close, but, unlike most of the inhabitants of Cranchester, they did not allow the cathedral bells or the soporific climate to lull them into the belief that nothing happened outside Cranchester. They frequently went to London, where they saw new plays and new films, discovered new painters and attended the sherry parties of the intelligentsia Skeffington, therefore, knew who was who and what was what, in contrast to Tempest, who gaped if you mentioned Komisarjevsky, Marie Laurencin or René Clair.



Left: *PHILLIPA TEMPEST aimed at being honest; and she often told Skeffington that she felt mean*

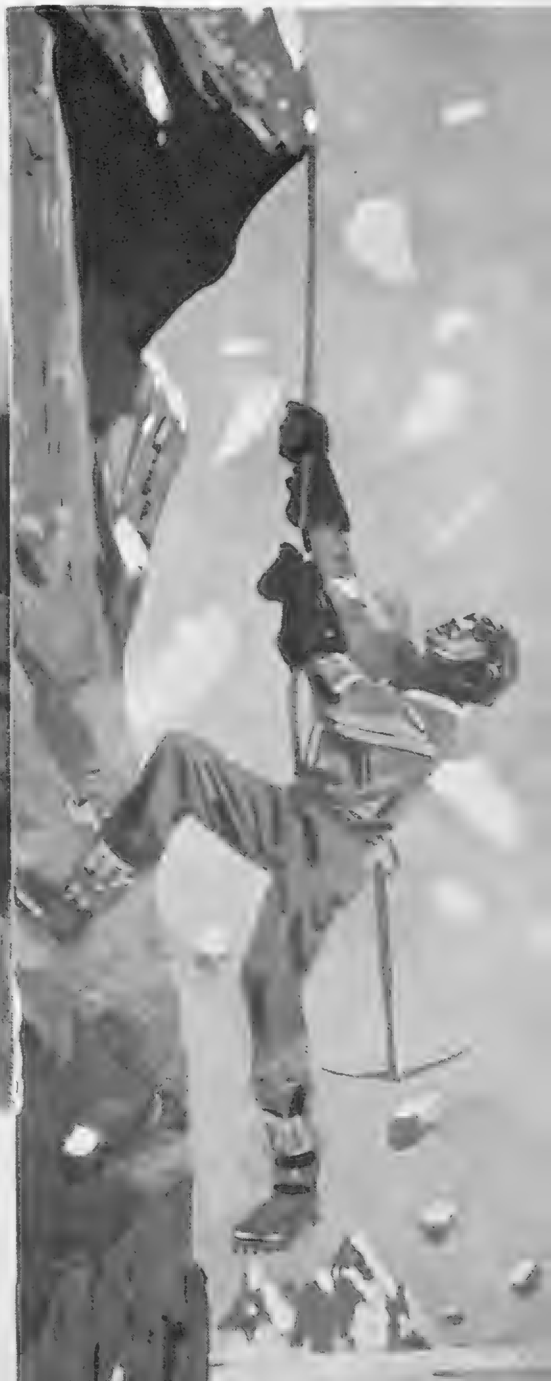
Illustrated by Jack Faulks

Skeffington was no dilettante. He was a very good painter and had reached the stage of receiving commissions for portraits of retiring heads of houses and conversation pieces of headmasters' families and their pets. His hobby was mountaineering and, before Tempest's marriage, the two men had climbed together in Cumberland. Tempest had twice been a member of Everest expeditions, and shortly before he had discovered that his wife and Skeffington were in love with one another, he had accepted the leadership of a small Himalayan expedition, the objective of which was not Everest, but a peak only slightly inferior in height—Chowojunga. He had been desperately keen on the expedition—probably his last, for he was getting on towards forty; and for weeks he had lain awake at nights wondering what effect his absence would have on Phillipa and Skeffington. Would it bring matters to a head? He had never been a coward, but he couldn't, he believed, bear life without Phillipa, and he dreaded the moment, which must come, when he would be called upon to face the situation. Often he thought it *had* come; if Phillipa looked grave or said, "Listen, I want to ask you . . ." his heart stopped beating. He grew nervy, worried himself into insomnia, waiting for that moment.

He had definitely decided to give up the expedition and was vainly seeking some plausible excuse, when Sir Roland Byron, the organiser, wrote to tell him that one of the party had ratted and wasn't there a painter fellow who had done something rather brilliant on Great Gable? With joy in his heart, Tempest wrote back that there was Skeffington, and Skeffington was approached and, after consulting with Phillipa, he accepted. As Phillipa, rather tearful and begging Skeffington to take care of himself, had eventually agreed, they wouldn't have had much of a time, they'd have felt meaner than ever, enjoying themselves while goodness knew what was happening to David in the Himalayas.

Tempest was to travel to India with his party, and Skeffington, who had a vice-chancellor to finish, was to join them at Darjeeling, where a week or ten days would be spent enlisting porters and packing stores and baggage. Tempest knew what Skeffington was like when he was working to time and he didn't worry about those last few days, especially as Phillipa had arranged that, after seeing him off, she would travel straight from London to her own people in Edinburgh. For the first time in weeks, Tempest slept soundly, could eat without indigestion. He was safe for the present and anything may happen in the Himalayas.

ANYTHING may happen in the Himalayas. The engine of the Southampton train said that; the ship's engines said it. Brooding by himself in a corner of the lounge and later on deck, while other people danced and played games, and the ship ploughed her way through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, Tempest thought of all the things that might happen to Skeffington in the Himalayas. There were avalanches; there were boulders perilously poised in ice gullies; under soft snow lay the deep blue-green crevasses; the curled white cornices melted and slithered; clouds blew up and from the rock ridge of Chowojunga it was a sheer drop of eight thousand feet into Nepal. Skeffington was a brilliant climber, but he was no mountaineer. He was young, impetuous, and a bit (*Continued on page* 104)



Right: *IT must have been a nasty moment for Skeffington*

THE entrance hall at Broadcasting House. Attracts attention by its pleasant appearance, especially if the large and handsome vases are filled with flowers

The B.B.C. Calls it a Day

By C. Whitaker-Wilson

WHAT the B.B.C. calls a day *is* a day; they mean it literally up at Broadcasting House. At all events, anything left over is not worth considering. I have borrowed one of their lists of studio allocations—one referring to December 30 last, as a matter of fact; but it is typical of the list for to-day or to-morrow. The first thing on it is the name of an organist, down for an hour's practice on the organ in the Concert Hall at 6.45 a.m. for an Empire broadcast at eight o'clock.

While he was preparing his programme—fortunately well below the street level—there would be a good deal of noise practically everywhere in the building; hammering chiefly. This is all maintenance work. Anything that has gone wrong during the previous day has been reported and is being put right. Such work has to be done before eight o'clock, when the first Empire transmission is due to begin, because it is obviously undesirable for noises of that description to be heard in Australasia and the Far East. Even the women cleaners, of whom there are over a hundred, must clean what they can (and leave the rest) before the staff begins to arrive at half-past nine. Miles of steps are washed every morning, but the operation begins at seven.

THE post arrives. The B.B.C. never gets off with less than 100,000 letters a year

These early Empire transmissions are generally recordings (made on magnetised steel tape) of previous programmes; otherwise it would indeed be difficult to send to the antipodes an *In Town To-night* programme at eight on a Monday morning, or the Music Hall at the same hour on Wednesday, to be received in Australia at six in the evening.

A view of the Telephone Switchboard

At nine-thirty the entrance hall is a scene of liveliness. Hundreds of people arrive at once and require to be taken to various floors, and the lifts are busy. As the staff passes through the entrance hall they are probably attracted by its pleasant appearance, especially if the large and handsome vases have been freshly filled with flowers. On days that happens Mrs. Webbsmith must have been along to Covent Garden soon after four-thirty. I have often meant to ask her whether she *gets* up or *sits* up for that little jaunt!

IN the meantime, the postman has called in. That, I fear, is only a figure of speech, for there is nothing of the ordinary delivery of a couple of postcards, a bill, and an advertisement about it. The thing is done in style. A Post Office van arrives full of sacks of letters. Also, it may chance that some big pianist is giving a recital later in the day and that he insists on playing on his own piano. Nobody will blame him for that, and (*Continued on page* 98)

AT work in the Recorded Programmes Section. Superimposing music on speech. The operator in the foreground has the speech record. The one in the background has the music record

On left:

PART of the Gramophone Library, where something like over 40,000 gramophone records are stored ready for use

The Songs *they* Sang

Some famous old-time melodies

By Harry J. Greenwall

A LITTLE French *sergent* in the Chasseurs Alpins stood on the steps of the French Embassy in the Pariserplatz in Berlin, a cigarette stuck to his lower lip. He faced a small crowd of milling Germans who were trying to get jobs in France—and the ink hardly dry on the Armistice document. The little man—a mere boy actually—Sergent Jamet, did not know how to show these people who really won the war. Something had to be done, and Jamet did it. He struck an attitude and he sang to these surprised Germans the real French marching song of the period—*Madelon :*

Quand Madelon verse à boire

which Rose Amy had sung from the stage of the Casino de Paris during the days when Paris was raked by " Big Bertha " shells. War and song are sisters. Somewhere in London there is a former journalist named George Curnock who, in August '14 went to Boulogne to look for the British Army. He found it, and he found it singing, and he wrote a story about it. Curnock carries a silver cigarette-case which was given him because he made the world " Tipperary conscious."

THE American Army had masses of songs of its own, not the well-known " Over There," that rousing ditty composed by George Cohan which I personally never heard the Army sing, but something like this :

Your Uncle Sam
He 's got the Infantry,
He 's got the Cavalry,
He 's got Artillery,
And when, by gosh !
We all go to Germany,
God help Kaiser Bill !

To which the British replied, you may remember :

O, Kaiser Bill,
He ain't what he used ter be,
Ain't what he used ter be,
Ain't what he used ter be
FOUR years ago.

The British and the Americans shared a parody of a music-hall ditty which the ever-green Florrie Forde was singing when the B.E.F. sailed :

Keep your head down, Allemand,
Keep your head down, Allemand.
Last night, in the pale moonlight,
We saw yer,
We saw yer.
When you were mending broken wire
We opened rapid fire,
If you want to see your father in the Fatherland,
Keep your head DOWN, Allemand !

To those who may have forgotten, I would say that the original Florrie Forde version was : " Hold your hand out, naughty boy."

The French had comparatively few war-time songs, but the " Madelon " I have mentioned was a grand marching tune and compensated. There was one other I remember. The *poilu* called his bayonet " Rosalie," and there was a song which began :

O Rosalie
Elle est si gentille,

but the remainder I regret to say I do not remember.

I DO not think that in England we ever heard many of the songs of the American Army. None of them had jazz tunes, although the period was the first few years of jazzmania. I rather wish I had kept a record of the American Army's songs, because they reflected in great measure the mental attitude of the average American citizen soldier towards the " War in Europe." There was an atmosphere of caustic wit. For propaganda purposes the French had made great play with the name of Lafayette, who fought with Washington against the English. One line from one of the American war-time songs was : " We 've paid our debt to Lafayette ; who the hell do we owe now ? "

One of the very best American Army's marching songs was called " The Last Long Mile," and it went something like this :

It 's not the pack you carry on your back,
Nor the Springfield on your shoulder ;
It 's not the crust of France's dirty dust
Which makes you feel your bones are growing older.
It 's not the socks of sister
Which raise a blooming blister :
It 's the last long mile !

Then, of course, the American Army had its famous song, " The Battle of Paree " :

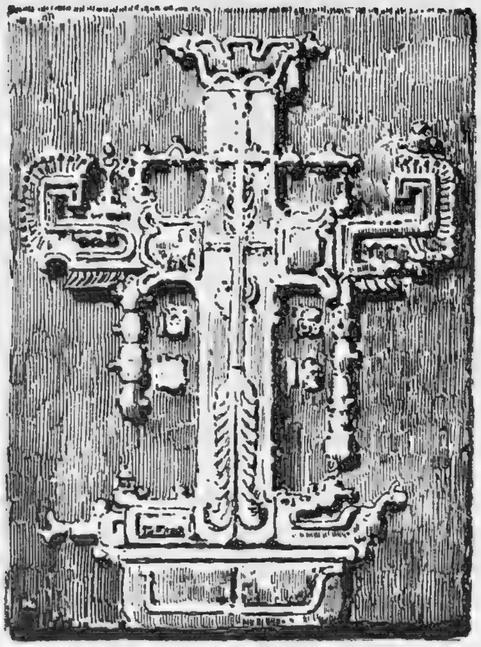
O the Battle of Paree,
It 's making a mug outta me.
Beaucoup rum,
The stuff that makes you dumb.
. . . .
If you want to see
The Statue of Libertee
Stay away from the Battle of Paree.

Who wrote these songs I really do not know, any more than I know who wrote

[Continued on page 122.

The French had comparatively few war-time songs, but the Madelon was a grand marching tune.

Old Tales



The Mexican cross, representing the tree of life

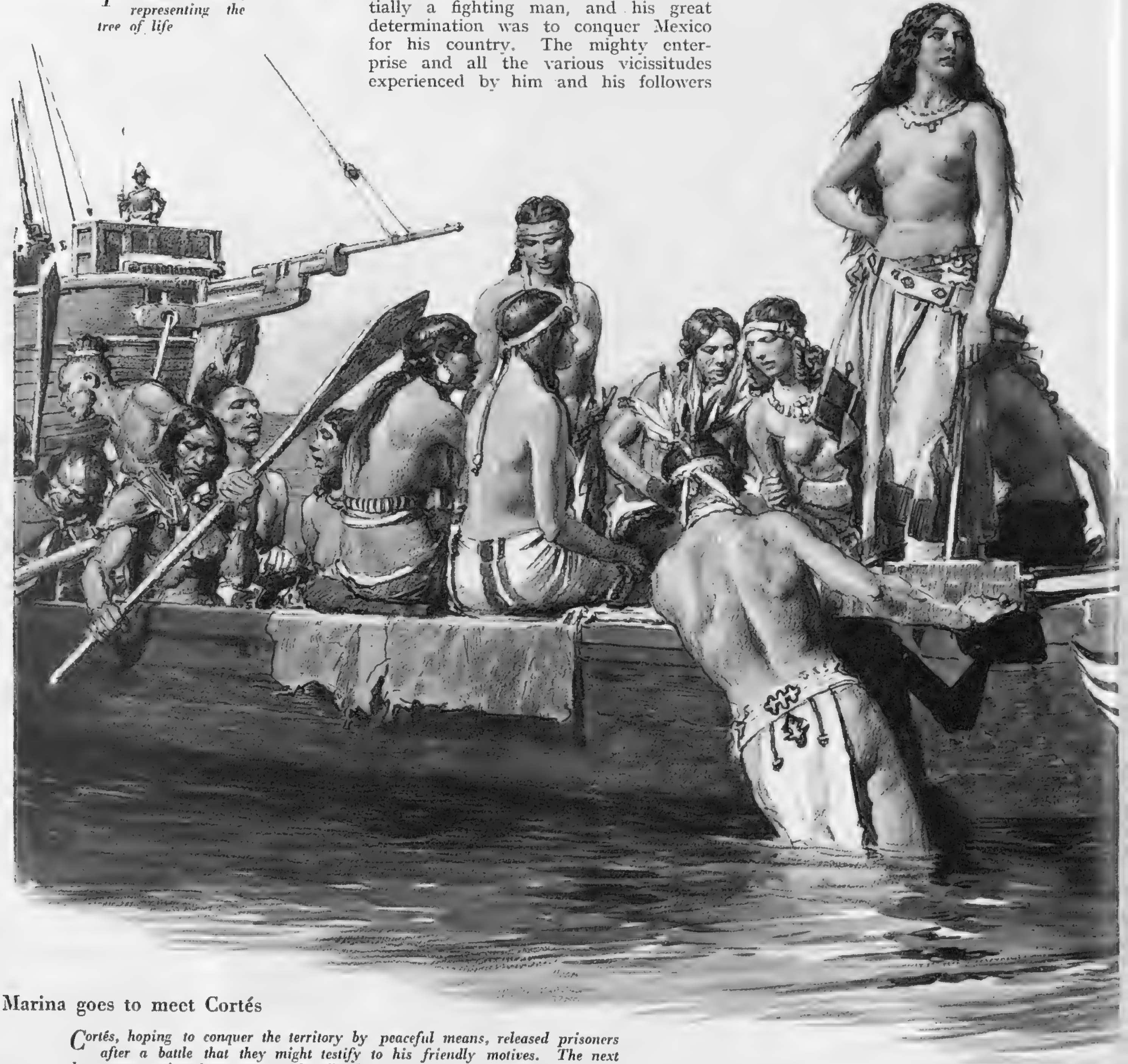
WHAT a wonderful thing it must have been to be young when there were still vast uncharted regions of the world to be discovered, endless territories still unexplored, and mighty civilisations unknown to European culture.

Let us dwell for a moment on the enthusiasm for new worlds to conquer that must have been evoked among the more adventurous spirits of his age when the great Columbus came back from his bold enterprise and told of all that he had seen on the other side of the ocean. It was little wonder that within a few years other no less bold spirits were setting forth across the Main, among them the great Hernando Cortés.

Unlike Columbus, Cortés was essentially a fighting man, and his great determination was to conquer Mexico for his country. The mighty enterprise and all the various vicissitudes experienced by him and his followers constitute one of the most fascinating books of romance and adventure that anyone may read.

From the enormous field of material ancient chroniclers have left to us we will only choose that part which chiefly concerns a magnificent figure of a woman who sacrificed every other feeling on the altar of love. Her personality is still more remarkable when one considers the primitive nature of the girl we are about to describe and in what an astounding world of prejudice she lived.

But to return to Cortés. He was born in 1485 in Estramadura from a noble family of modest means. In his



Marina goes to meet Cortés

Cortés, hoping to conquer the territory by peaceful means, released prisoners after a battle that they might testify to his friendly motives. The next day some emissaries came and offered presents and beautiful slave-girls, amongst them Marina, who was destined to play such a vital part in his life

Re-told

Written and Illustrated
by F. Matania, R.I.

When Cortés Wooed Marina and Spain Won a Daughterland Beyond the Sea

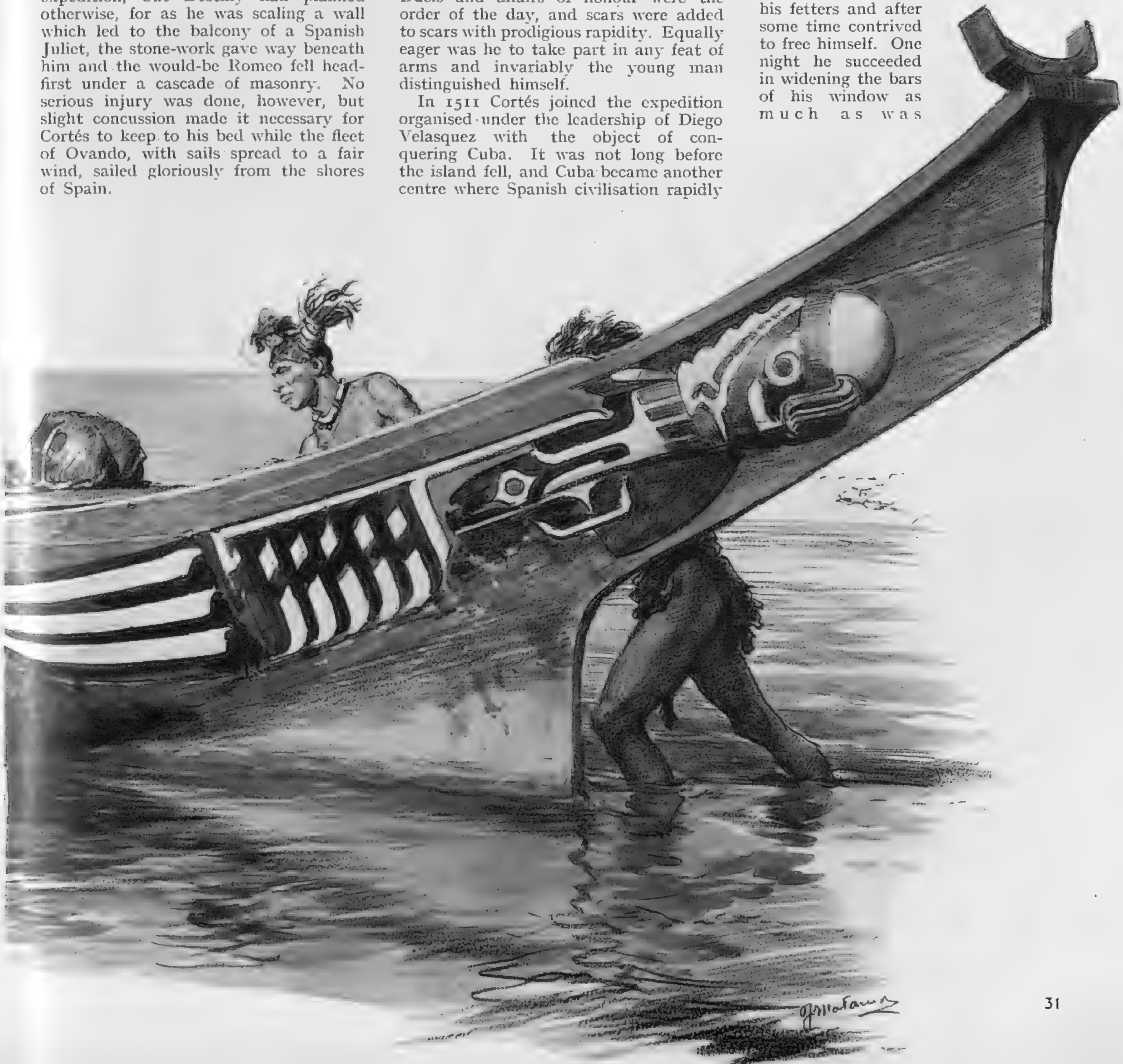
early days his bright intelligence did not parallel his physical constitution. At fourteen he was sent to study law in Salamanca, where he wasted two years, showing very little inclination for books. As time progressed he grew stronger and developed a keen desire for adventure, military enterprise and everything that involved action, risk and high ambition. When he knew that Don Nicolas de Ovando was fitting out for a voyage, Cortés contrived to be included in the expedition, but Destiny had planned otherwise, for as he was scaling a wall which led to the balcony of a Spanish Juliet, the stone-work gave way beneath him and the would-be Romeo fell head-first under a cascade of masonry. No serious injury was done, however, but slight concussion made it necessary for Cortés to keep to his bed while the fleet of Ovando, with sails spread to a fair wind, sailed gloriously from the shores of Spain.

IT was not until 1504 that Cortés sailed for the New World under the command of Alonso Quintero. They landed on the island of Hispaniola, where, after some time, Cortés succeeded in seeing the Governor, his old friend Ovando, who, very much against his wishes, persuaded him to become a planter. His heart not being set on that kind of work in the least, Cortés plunged into so many amorous intrigues that his sword never rested for long in its scabbard. Duels and affairs of honour were the order of the day, and scars were added to scars with prodigious rapidity. Equally eager was he to take part in any feat of arms and invariably the young man distinguished himself.

In 1511 Cortés joined the expedition organised under the leadership of Diego Velasquez with the object of conquering Cuba. It was not long before the island fell, and Cuba became another centre where Spanish civilisation rapidly took root. There, too, when Spanish families came to settle down, the enterprising and handsome adventurer, unable to check his propensity for the fair sex, went through all kinds of trouble, and Diego Velasquez, who thought so much of Cortés, began to look upon him with severity. Their relations, until then so cordial, cooled in marked degree.

Velasquez had been made Governor of Cuba and as such he had very full powers, particularly with regard to the distribution of land. His methods, fair as they may have been, aroused a certain amount of discontent, and, as a result, certain trouble-makers whispered in the ear of Cortés, advising him to go to Hispaniola and there denounce Velasquez to the Governor Ovando. The plot, however, was discovered, and Cortés, as the principal envoy, was arrested and shut in prison, where he was loaded with chains.

Cortés carefully studied the bolts of his fetters and after some time contrived to free himself. One night he succeeded in widening the bars of his window as much as was



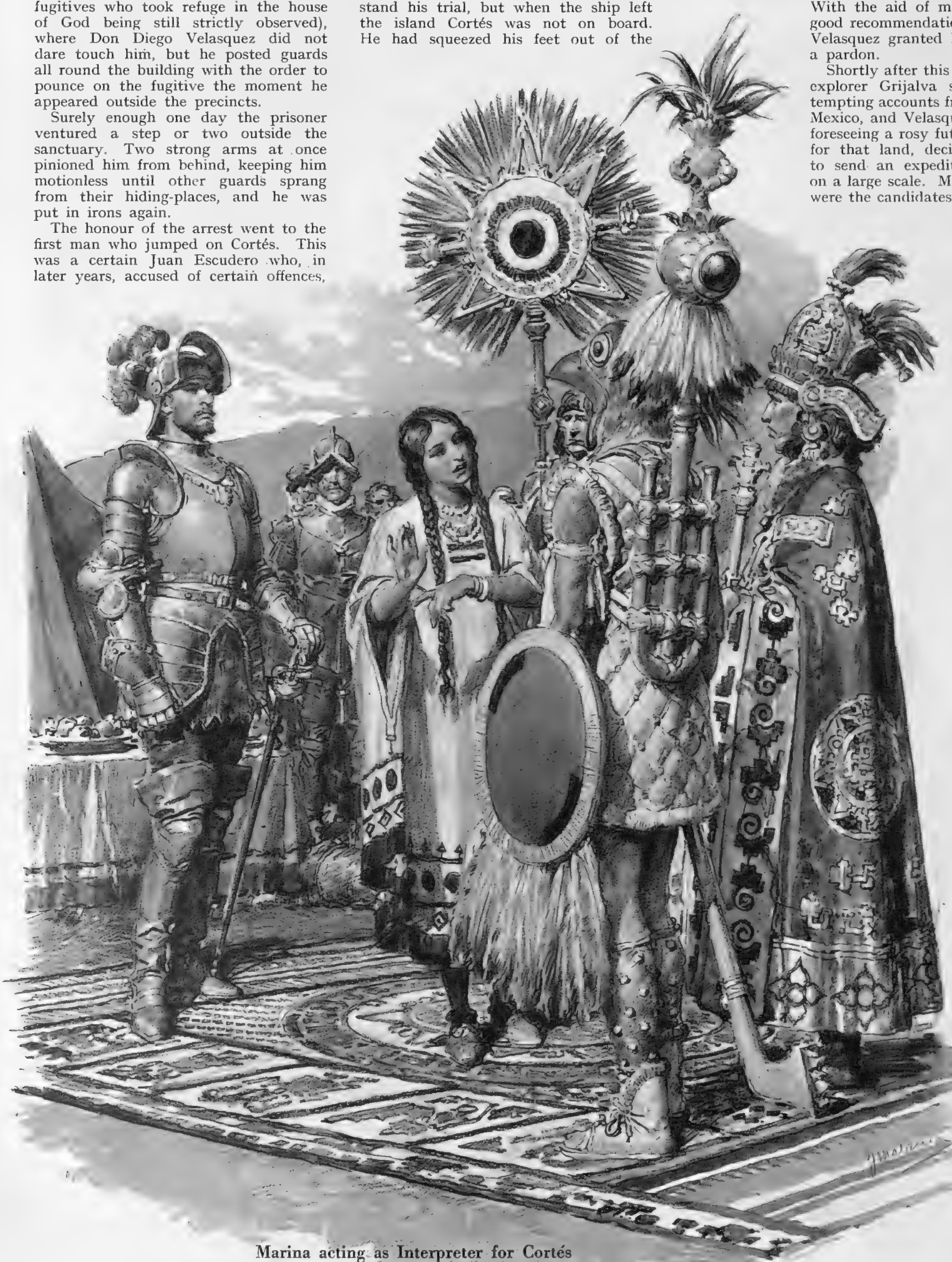
necessary for his body to pass through, and in spite of being on the second floor, he made a jump and landed unhurt on the pavement. Cortés sought sanctuary in a church (the custom of respecting fugitives who took refuge in the house of God being still strictly observed), where Don Diego Velasquez did not dare touch him, but he posted guards all round the building with the order to pounce on the fugitive the moment he appeared outside the precincts.

Surely enough one day the prisoner ventured a step or two outside the sanctuary. Two strong arms at once pinioned him from behind, keeping him motionless until other guards sprang from their hiding-places, and he was put in irons again.

The honour of the arrest went to the first man who jumped on Cortés. This was a certain Juan Escudero who, in later years, accused of certain offences, in vain implored an all-powerful Cortés to spare his life.

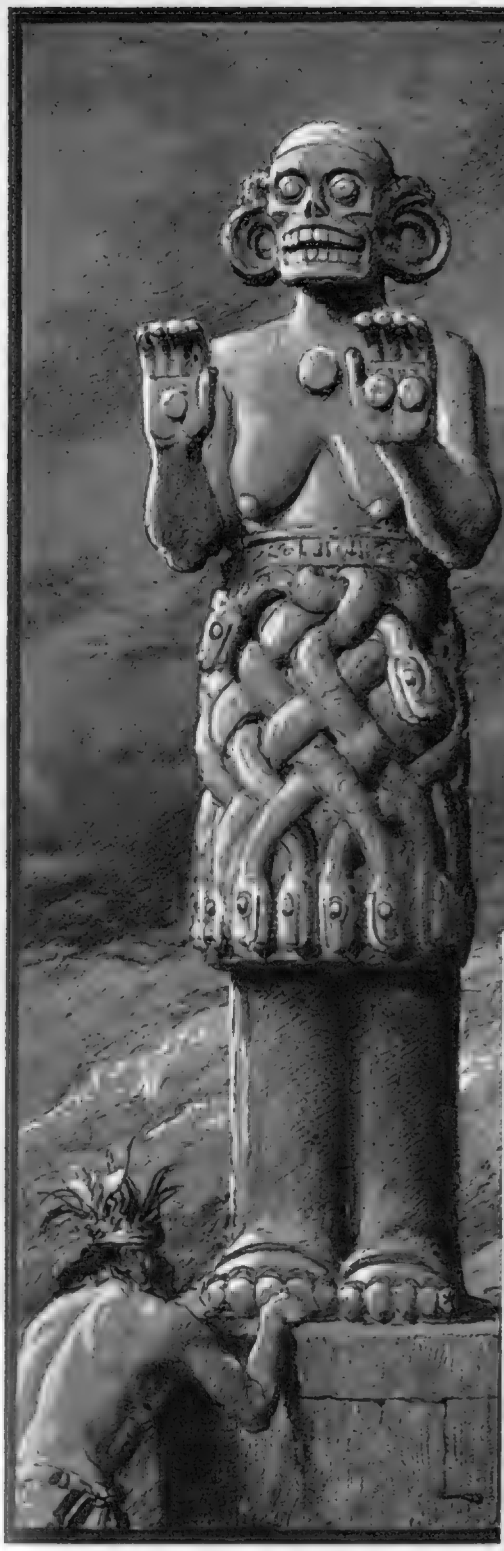
This time with rings riveted to his ankles Cortés was taken aboard a vessel bound for Hispaniola where he was to stand his trial, but when the ship left the island Cortés was not on board. He had squeezed his feet out of the rings and disappeared. Curiously enough he was found in the same church where he had before taken refuge, but this time he did not hurry to re-cross the threshold. With the aid of many good recommendations, Velasquez granted him a pardon.

Shortly after this the explorer Grijalva sent tempting accounts from Mexico, and Velasquez, foreseeing a rosy future for that land, decided to send an expedition on a large scale. Many were the candidates for



Marina acting as Interpreter for Cortés

Her versatility as a linguist was quite remarkable, as within a few days she was able to speak complete sentences in Castilian with astonishing accuracy



Coatlicue, the Mexican Goddess of Death

the honour of leadership, among them Cortés who was favourably recommended even by those he was competing against. The offer of his entire fortune for the equipment of the expedition decided Velasquez to make Cortés captain-general of the Armada.

As soon as he was invested with the coveted authority Cortés doubled his efforts to raise money. Contributions rolled in from all quarters, and in a comparatively short time six vessels were ready, together with 300 armed men.

While these preparations were in progress, Velasquez, although convinced of Cortés' splendid qualities, none the less felt that he had made a mistake in nominating for leadership a man of such impulsive nature. However, just when he was on the point of annulling the nomination, Cortés got wind of it and sailed away with his fleet.

When Velasquez ran to the shore Cortés in a small boat approached to within speaking distance and exchanged a few sarcastic words with the Governor. The latter, having no means of pursuit, was forced to look on whilst the fleet disappeared further and further beyond his sight and his control.

Before Cortés left the island altogether he sailed around it and persuaded many others to join him, acquiring more ships and provisions as he went along. He also had the good fortune to obtain the precious services of Antonio de Alaminos, the man who had piloted Columbus on his last voyage and had also served in those seas with Cordova and Grijalva.

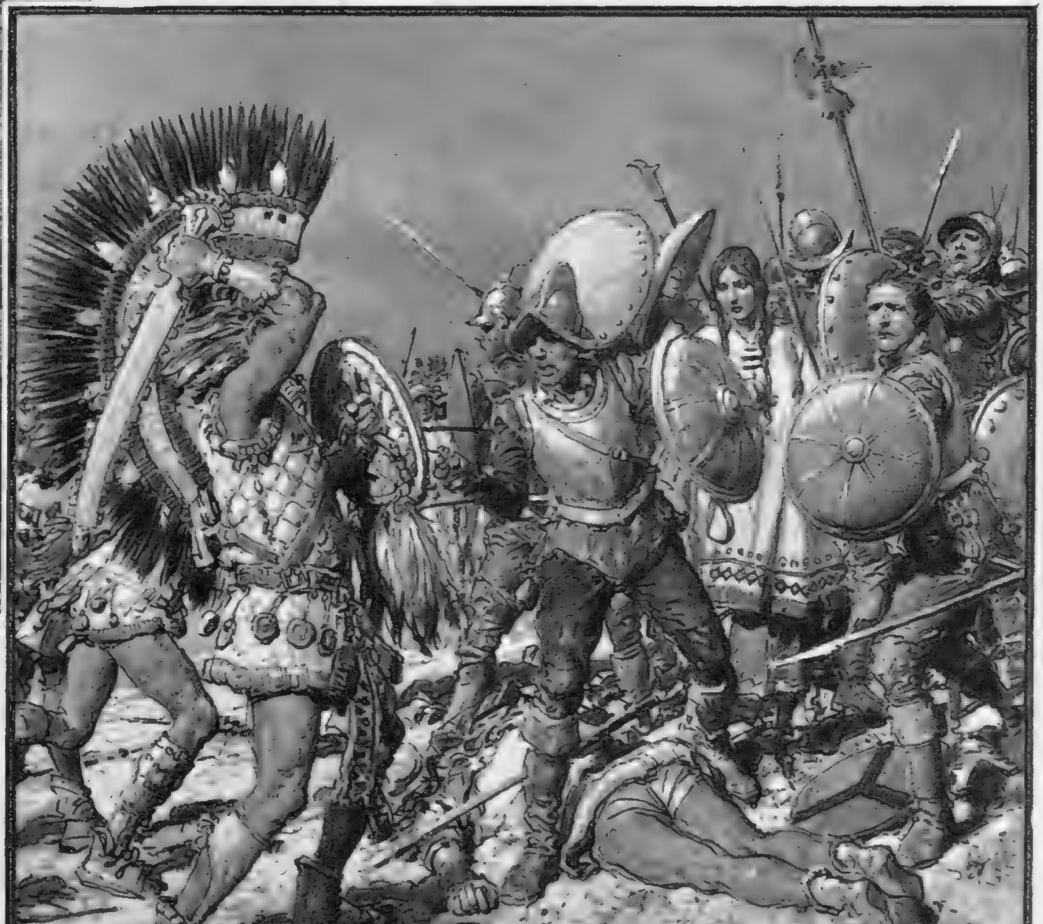
By now Cortés had at his disposal 11 vessels, 110 mariners, and 553 soldiers. But the pick of his collection was 16 horses which afterwards proved of the utmost value.

After celebrating a solemn mass the squadron left for the coast of Yucatan on February 18th, 1519.

On the way storms compelled the valiant little fleet to take refuge at the island of Cozumel where they found unlooked-for signs of a very advanced civilisation, houses built with stone and lime, temples several stories high and, strangely enough, a religious symbol in the form of a cross. But the religion of the natives held nothing of Christianity. They adored, or to be more correct, feared a god of thunder and destruction to whom, with barbaric rites, they sacrificed human beings in temples that had the nauseating atmosphere of slaughter-houses rather than that suitable for prayer, meditation and worship.

With the help of two missionaries who were with him, Cortés took advantage of the friendly reception given him by the Indians to impress them with Christianity, and he actually succeeded in destroying the idols of the astonished natives, erecting in their stead the Christian emblem of faith.

One day a canoe approached the island from the direction of Yucatan. A man stepped ashore and to everyone's amazement addressed the Spaniards in Castilian. On hearing that he was amongst Christians he threw himself face to the ground and, sobbing with emotion, thanked God for delivering



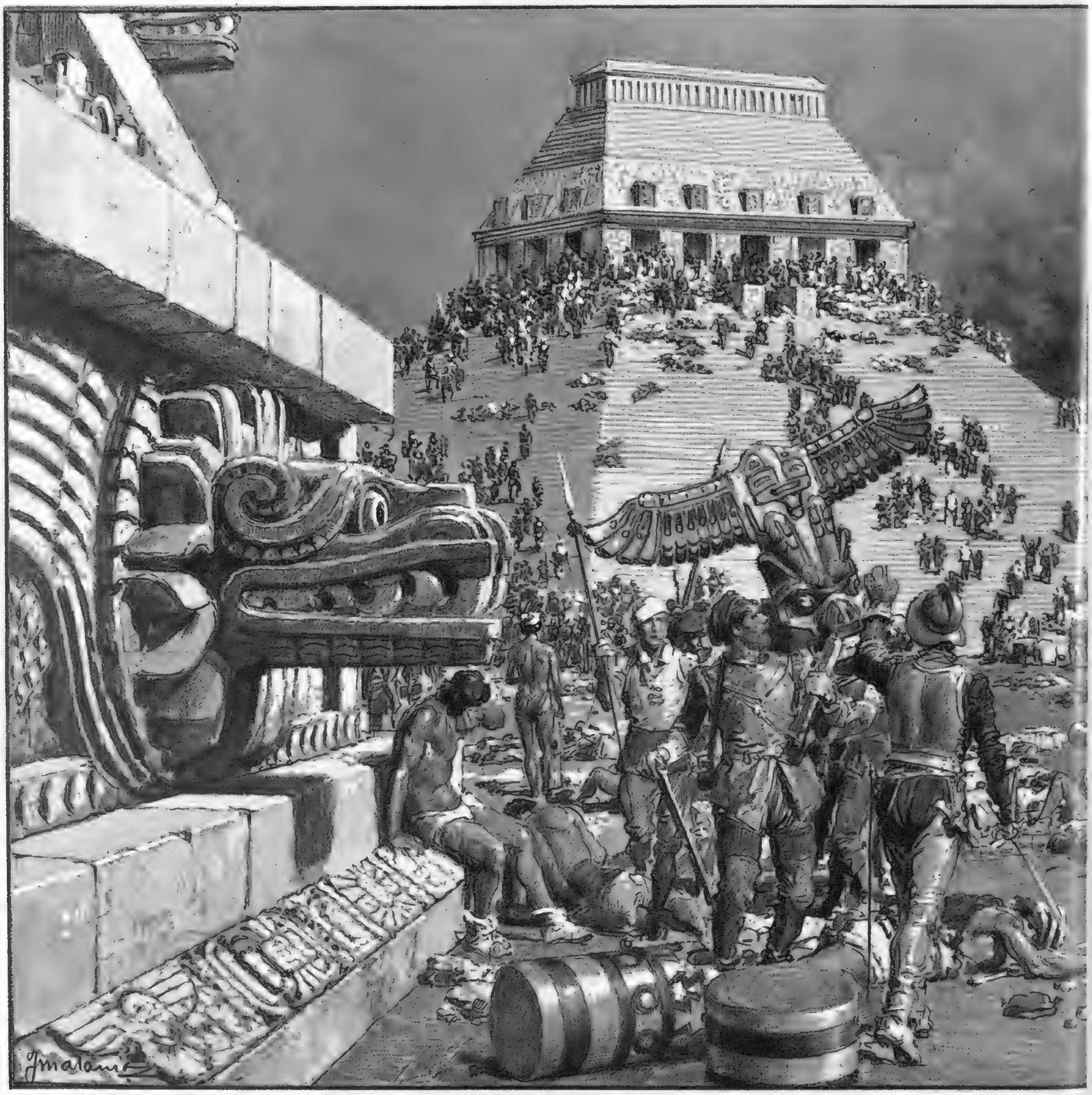
Marina became the inseparable companion of Cortés. Whether in peace-time or at war she followed him as his own shadow. In moments of peril she was placed right in the centre of the contingent of troops, so that no harm could come to her him. He was none other than Don Geronimo de Aguilar, who had been of the party which eight years before was wrecked on the shores of Yucatan. He had miraculously escaped the fate of his friends, who had died partly from exposure and partly at the hands of the cannibals. Cortés embraced him and at once appointed him interpreter.

On March 4 Cortés set out for the land of the Aztecs. As the squadron approached the town of Tabasco it was clear that this time there would be no friendly reception. The natives were up in arms and offered a stiff resistance. Despite this, Cortés succeeded in landing, but the next day the natives returned in thousands and attacked on a big scale. Although the odds were against the Spaniards the use of their fire-arms accomplished wonders, and after a tremendous battle the terrorised Indians were driven out of the town and away into the surrounding country. What had really disintegrated the attacking forces was the appearance of the Spanish on horseback. In their primitive minds the Indians believed that man and horse were all one, something akin to the Greek conception of the centaur. Sure that they were superhuman beings, the Indians did not dare to retaliate and resorted to flight.

Cortés intended to conquer the territory by peaceful means and he showed it even after this battle, for he released some prisoners so that they might testify to his friendly motives. The lesson was a fruitful one, for the next day some emissaries came to ask permission to bury their dead and offered various presents amongst which were twenty slave-girls. These looked extremely dignified and very beautiful. Cortés, fully occupied by his search for gold and other important things, did not pay much heed to the twenty females who passed before his eyes. He never dreamed that one of them would play an important part in his life and would rank amongst the famous women of history.

The whole army took part in a solemn procession of thanksgiving, after which, including the twenty slave-girls, they embarked once more for further exploration of the coast.

Always in view of the shore, the fleet proceeded peacefully. Big crowds of Indians could be easily perceived,



The Destruction of

Marina was converted to the Christian religion and encouraged of idolatry. Every temple that fell into their hands became shared among the army, and from the smoke and flames of the obviously attracted by the phenomenal and imposing sight.

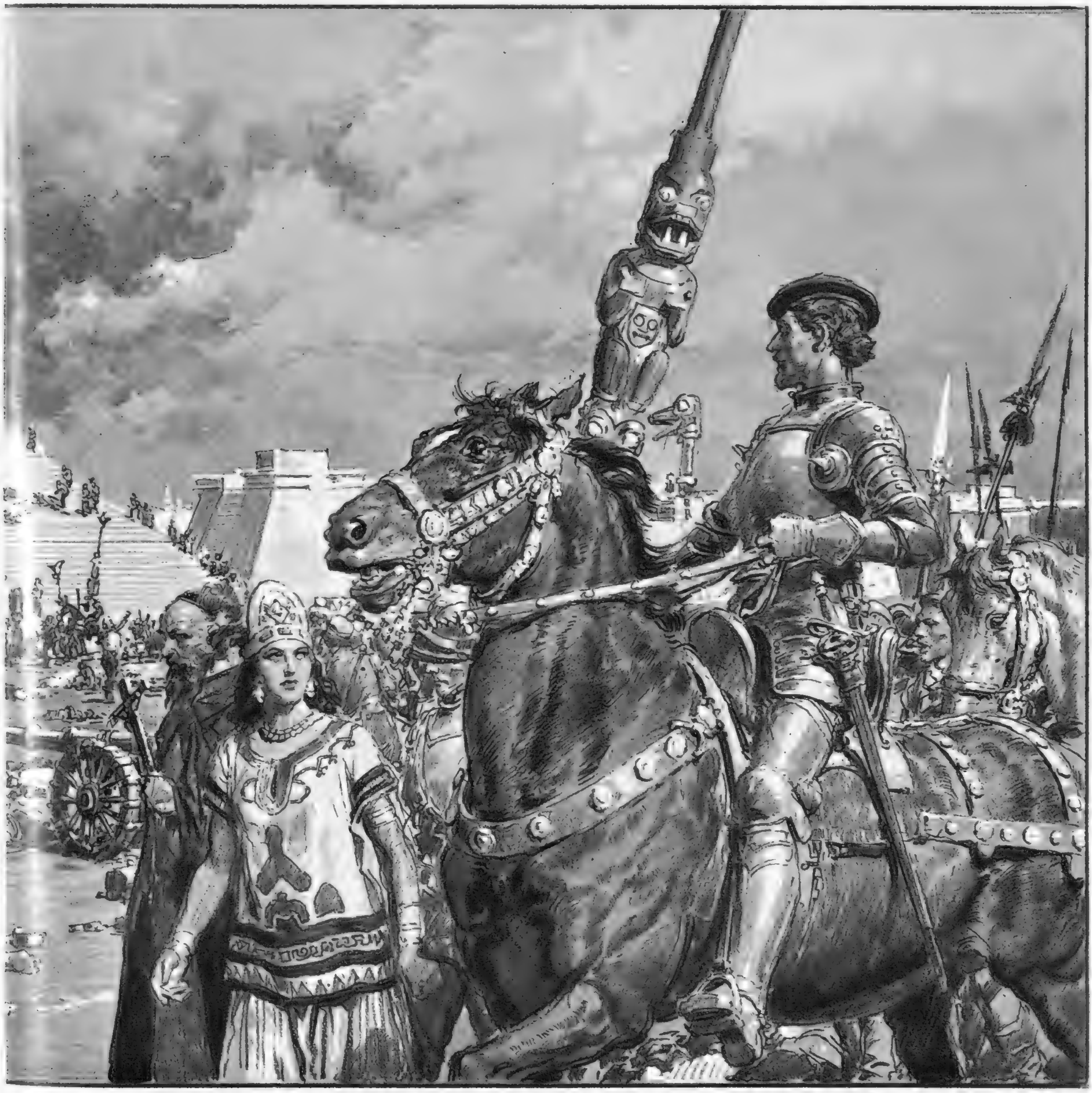
THEY decided to drop anchor off an island named by Grijalva, San Juan de Ulna. Soon after their arrival a piroque full of Indians approached. They appeared to be friendly. They brought flowers and presents, but their language was so different from that of the Aztecs that Aguilar failed to comprehend a single word. Gesticulation was not sufficient, and Cortés was more than baffled. While struggling with a mimicry that caused mirth in both parties, Cortés was told that one of the women slaves was acquainted with many dialects, and would probably be able to help. She was called, and was found to be able to converse freely with the newcomers. She learned they were the subjects of the powerful Montezuma, and that they had come on a friendly mission with presents of gold.

In the Aztec language she explained to Aguilar the reason of their visit. He, in turn, translated the information into Castilian for the benefit of Cortés. Her quick understanding, and the precise way in which she discharged the task, impressed Cortés. He was even more impressed, however, when he discovered she was only fourteen.

From that moment the girl was exempt from every other duty, and joined Aguilar as interpreter. Her versatility as a linguist was apparently brilliant, as in a few days she learned as much Castilian as to be able to express complete sentences with astonishing accuracy. That enabled Cortés to communicate directly with her, and in so doing he had the opportunity of appreciating all the intelligence, knowledge and sagacity of this marvellous girl. In a short time he considered her qualified to become his secretary. From her he gathered much valuable information concerning the country.

The girl interested Cortés in various ways, and when he enquired about her origin he heard an indeed dramatic story.

She was the daughter of a very rich and powerful Cacique, who had died when she was a little child. Her mother married again, and a year later a child was born. She had inherited all her father's wealth. The cruel mother, anxious to gain this wealth for her son, pounced on the (*Continued on page* 118



a Mexican Temple

the systematic policy adopted by Cortés towards the abolition
the scene of an impressive drama. The valuable relics were
purifying fires emerged the Cross of Christ, to remain forever

TWILIGHT ON PARNASSUS
ALL THIS and HEAVEN TOO
RACHEL FIELD
OLIVER CROMWELL

Unsought Adventure
Charles Barry
THE HOLY TERROR
THE SHELTERING TREE
an autobiography by
Netta Syrett

BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Alan Seymour

CRISIS FOR CHRISTIANITY
WILLIAM TEELING
CRISIS
EVE CHAUCER
The CONSTANT HEART

HOAX MILLIONS
SECRET
MARIGOLD WATNEY

THIS month there is an unusual preponderance of novels among the books with which I have to deal, and it would, I think, be a good plan to leave these for the moment and concentrate more on the half-dozen other and surprisingly variegated books before me.

First of all I really must pick out "Unsought Adventure," by Charles Barry (Hurst and Blackett; 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Barry has substituted Adventure for the word "Greatness" in his daily life, and, paradoxically, through having Adventure thrust upon him he has achieved Greatness.

It is ten years since the late Lewis Melville, the well-known biographer of Thackeray, wrote as follows in his biography "Not All the Truth":

> There was Charles Barry, a name which veils, but does not disguise from his friends, the identity of one who, having been private soldier, artillery and staff officer in the Tzar's army during the war, found it advisable to leave the Russian ranks after his refusal to swear a provisional oath of provisional allegiance to the Provisional Government which followed the revolution.
>
> He does not talk much of his subsequent work in the British Army, and all that is known of his activities is deduced from his habit of turning up suddenly in the most extraordinary places, such as Archangel, Tagg's Island, or Jassy, under various aliases.
>
> It is to be feared that these aliases baffled his friends as much as they were calculated to mislead the enemy, for it is, he tells me, a fact that at one time our War Office—his employers—granted him two commissions under the impression that he was two separate and distinct people. . . .

Although Charles Barry never shows in his book any signs of having sought adventure, it is nevertheless an undeniable fact that adventure found him and the story of his experiences—experiences such as fall to the lot of few in modern times—is one that has that "different" something about it which lifts it apart from the ordinary autobiography of adventure.

A BOOK of a different calibre, but of no less dramatic import, is "Oliver Cromwell," by Mirko Jelusich, which the Massey Publishing Co., Ltd., issue at 8s. 6d., in the form of a translation, running to 412 pages, by Eileen R. Taylor.

This is one of the most mature works of Mirko Jelusich. Besides its character as a novel, it is one of the most important

(Continued on page 125)

The Book of the Month

IN choosing "Glory Dead," by Arthur Calder-Marshall (Michael Joseph; 15s.) as the Book of the Month, I feel I am breaking new ground, just as, indeed, the author has broken new ground in writing this unusual book.

by
ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL
GLORY DEAD

The author himself holds that "Glory Dead" is cast in three parts, the first being a portrait of Port of Spain.

In this we find an accumulation of small incidents which illustrate the type of life going on in the capital at different times of day and encompassing the whole twenty-four hours. Perhaps the best illustration one could give of this section is to say that it is like a visit to one of those News Cinemas, where one is given intimate glimpses of foreign lands.

The essential difference, however, between "Glory Dead" and the News Cinema technique is that in the cinema we seldom share the commentator's nasal regret at leaving "the enchanting island of so-and-so to the natives and relics of an ancient civilisation," while in the case of "Glory Dead" it is with a genuine pang that we turn to the final page.

The middle section of this fascinating account of Mr. Calder-Marshall's life in Port of Spain is a description of what happened to him during the three months he was there. One goes with him all over the island; one also shares with him his alternate hopes and despairs when he tries to produce "Waiting for Lefty" with a cast of negroes and mulattoes!

The excitement of being shadowed by detectives is ours, as also is the no less potent excitement of attending a religious meeting, where a scarlet princess healed the sick by murmuring "In Jesus' Mightee name," and throwing them into a trance. These are only two of the excitements we shared with the author, picked at random from a book crammed with authentic thrills.

In the third section the book becomes frankly constructive and certain of the problems which arise in the first two parts, especially the problems of Crown Colony Government and the Labour question, are lucidly analysed.

By no means the least enchanting aspect of "Glory Dead" is its welter of excellent photographic illustrations. I certainly have no hesitation in recommending this book as one which will thrill and interest every type of reader.

Miss Christian Grant

Lady Diana Duff Cooper

Madame Vincent Paravacini

Lady Vansittart

Lady Melchett

The Countess of Rosse

The Women I Meet

A Month to Month Commentary

by

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

It is easy to see that the London Season is upon us. House fronts have been re-painted, smartening the big squares, spring flowers are gay in street window-boxes, red carpets are brushed ready for satin slippers on their way to dance into dawn.

Behind massive doors which once opened into aristocratic town mansions, amid the flurry and shimmer of silks, the dressmaking trade is in its first frenzy; hats are being shown and urged, photographers are devising startling backgrounds, manicurists, hairdressers, beauty specialists are rushing in the service of the brief months of Fashion.

Perhaps in this chaotic world such service seems a little trivial, but in its custom it has its advantages and its purpose. It is not only a stimulant and a speeding up of the wheels of trade, it is each year the period when everything is subordinated to the exciting organisation of the "coming out" of a new flood of youth to be tutored by experience into the progressive current of Life.

And this "coming out" is no longer a matter of Miss Modesty in muslin, dipping in her curtsey and relapsing into demure silence until the right young man was manœuvred under the right palm in the ballroom's conservatory. The débutante of to-day succeeds on her own personality, charm and self-reliance; she must have wit, but wisdom with it, she must have poise but not pose. But under her "finishing" which launches her, so brilliant and serene a product, into a world which must seem scintillating, what excitements, what emotions, what discoveries must be hers in the freshness of inexperienced instinct! Those first impressions! Perhaps in later years she can smile at them, rage or weep over them, but what a loss to her if she cannot remember them.

That will not be the case for one of this year's important débutantes, the Dowager Lady Grant of Monymusk's youngest daughter, CHRISTIAN GRANT.

London is very new to her, for with the exception of a year or so in Paris she has lived nearly the whole of her young life at Monymusk in Aberdeenshire.

And London must seem a strange contrast after Monymusk which has been in unbroken occupation since the eleventh century when it was built as a watch-tower and a protection for the sect of the Culdees, probably the earliest converts to Christianity in Scotland.

MONYMUSK housed until recently a queer old casket called the "Breckbannock" which had once contained the bones of St. Columbia. Monymusk is impregnated with tradition and the romance of antiquity and it has, so people say, deliciously friendly ghosts. One, so some will have it, is a man in a blue coat who sits and reads a book in the library. In a small drawing-room, visitors when shown in, insist that someone offers them unseen welcome immediately. But everywhere is an atmosphere as if all whom the old walls had sheltered had left a little happiness to linger behind them.

And from that to the rattle and roar of London! It is no wonder that Christian Grant wishes to keep her own record of her observation. For some time she has kept what she calls a diary, but which is rather more elaborate than most, for it contains, as well as written expression, sketches of frocks she has admired at parties, hairdressing fashions—she has brought back from Paris, the flair of continual adaptation of style for herself, as well as dress sense—all sorts of vivid reminders of the period in which she is now living, and a clever commentary upon all that strikes her forcibly.

Christian Grant is a very pretty girl. She is neither tall nor short, but slim and graceful. She has a clear, pale complexion which sets off her darkish eyes which have a slightly upward slant, and are bright with intelligence. She has, I should say, eyes which see a great deal, and in very sane perspective. In a few years' time that diary of hers should be well worth seeing and I hope she will revise it for publication

(*Continued on page* 95)

1

2

Unlike American women, English women are not yet very club minded. In the United States, where social activity for the middle-class woman of moderate means is more highly organised than here, you hear less of bored and house-bound women. Clubs are partly responsible for this improved state of affairs.

The average woman of middle-class means will admit the need of some such factor in her life; of an organisation offering facilities for social contact, opportunities to indulge sporting interests and, perhaps, a convenient *pied à terre* when one is required.

London and the provinces have many clubs for women. They are not all expensive and admittance to the greater number of them is easy to arrange. Yet, because they are not much publicised, or because we have a wrong impression of club life, they are still only patronised by the few.

Actually, the average modern club has everything to recommend it to the average woman. If you live out of town and seek a place with the amenities of a hotel and some of those of home as well, a place where you can put up for a few hours, or a few days, the club is the ideal solution.

As a place to entertain when, for any reason, you cannot receive guests at home, it has advantages over the restaurant. Entertaining at your own club has much of the intimacy that a similar party at home might have, with a certain cachet that the lesser hotels are unable to offer.

At most clubs it costs less to entertain your friends in a satisfactory way than at a good restaurant. In this sense, a club can be an economy. Once entrance fee and subscription are paid there are many advantages that save you money.

If the club offers facilities for sport (and the great majority of them do), you may have squash, swimming, golf, tennis, fencing, each, and in some cases all of them, for the one subscription.

The average subscription to a really good London club is around ten guineas. Considering the cost of subscriptions to any of the better golf or tennis clubs, this is not excessive, in view of the value given.

The Lansdowne Club in Berkeley Square is one of the more modern of its kind and representative of the new spirit that is rapidly wiping out the traditional dreariness of the English club atmosphere.

Members of this mixed club have the use of a swimming bath, gymnasium, fencing, the best equipped squash courts in Central London, first-rate hotel facilities at reasonable charges and a substantial background for good, inexpensive entertaining.

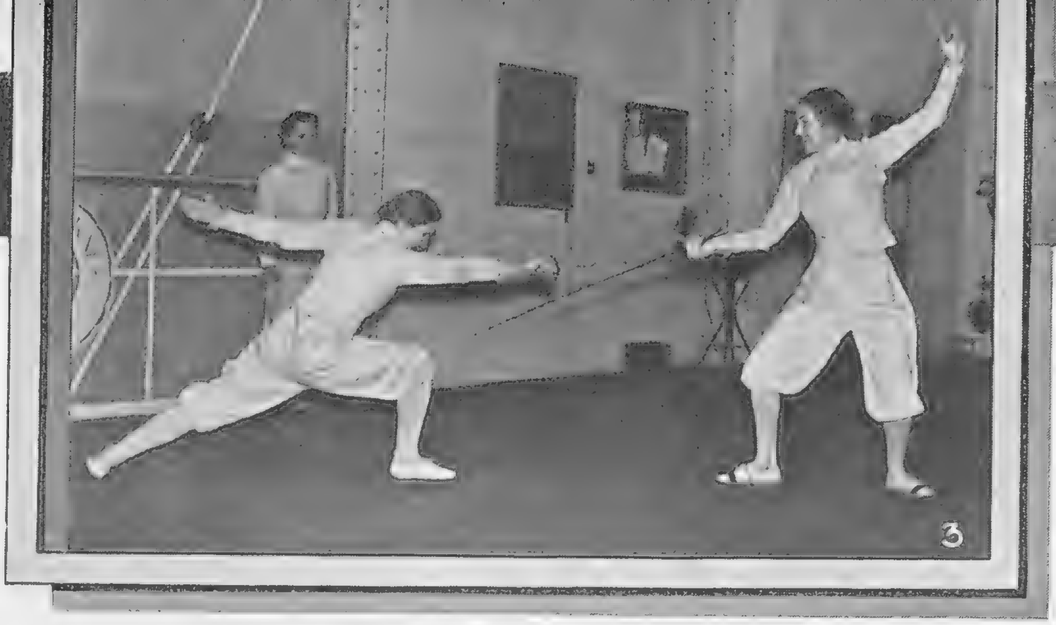
Joint membership for a husband and wife, living in the country, is ten guineas a year at this club. Their children under twenty-one can join as cadet members for four guineas.

The International Sportsman's Club in Upper Grosvenor Street, was the first to be started with an equal membership for men and women. A speciality of this organisation is the equipment for indoor athletics and training.

As a member you may stay at the I.S.C. for a night, a week or a year if you wish. For those who like it, the social-cum-sport background of this club makes a strong appeal, and it is worth noting that special terms are available for the sons and daughters and other relatives of members, also for the Regular and Auxiliary Services.

The ordinary subscription for women is ten guineas a year.

For a traditionally English background with admirable catering and a general affinity with motoring, if your interests lie in that direction, the Ladies' Automobile Club in South Audley Street is one to bear in mind.



CLUB LIFE FOR WOMEN

As a member of this exclusive organisation, you share many of the privileges of the R.A.C., with which it is associated.

Not far off is the Women's Automobile and Sports Club in Hamilton Place. Here, for a very low subscription indeed, you may have access to a superbly run clubhouse, excellent food, with motoring and sporting activities to suit your tastes.

The Ladies' Carlton Club has a traditional prestige that has been lately much enhanced by the modernisation of the clubhouse. This now ranks among the

(*Continued on page* 138)

1. Polo, the most exciting game in the world, being watched at Hurlingham.
2. The famous swimming bath at the Ladies' Carlton Club.
3. Fencing in the gymnasium at the Lansdowne Club, where they have a resident *maître d'armes*.
4. The drawing-room at the International Sporting Club, the first club to be opened to men and women on equal terms.
5. Gliding—a new and exciting sport—at the London Gliding Club's summer camp, Dunstable.

I wish I'd thought

The world is full of potential inventors. I am one of them. I am perpetually hovering on the elusive brink of a discovery that will startle civilisation and bring me fame and riches.

The fact that my preoccupation with the fame and riches part of it prevents me from getting on with the invention is regrettable and, perhaps, typical, but you know how it is.

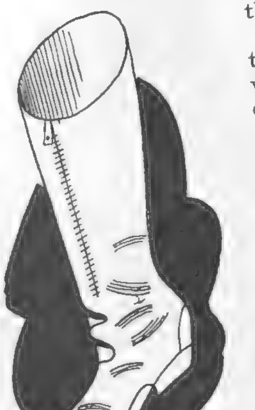
Anyway, you have probably done the same yourself. You must have imagined yourself stumbling, or by sheer brilliance arriving, at some useful notion which, if you could only make it work, would prove a boon to mankind.

Up at the Patents Office, they tell me, there are so many records of inventions designed to make life simpler for you and me that if only a fraction of them came to maturity life would be too difficult for words.

The irony of it is that most inventions which really amount to anything are simple. Simple devices for simple needs. That's the real romance of the inventing business.

Take the incomparable zipper.

If there is one thing that you and I would like to have invented, it is the zipper. So simple, so tantalising, so clever. And yet what is it? Just a row of hooks and eyes that do up by themselves.



Who would have thought that the time would come when people would be too tired to do up their own? Well, somebody thought so and he was right. He was an Alsatian called Aronsen and he had his brainwave in 1893.

Poor man, I doubt if he ever saw the full possibilities of his invention or enjoyed the fruits of it. I don't know. He was terribly busy at the time making his hooks and eyes stay put. I don't think he entirely succeeded.

Well, anyway, the idea was good enough to sell, and in 1900 Mr. Aronsen disposed of the manufacturing rights to the United States and the United Kingdom.

After that several people had a go at it and, as inventions do, it evolved slowly and steadily until, by 1925, the Birmingham firm who had by now bought the extra U.S. rights, formed a separate company for the manufacture and sale of self-hooking hooks and eyes which were now known as Lightning Fasteners.

It must have been about this time that the general public began to sit up and take notice. I remember my amazement when I saw the first zipp. The incident is vaguely connected with a young man, a pair of top boots and a cold Sunday afternoon, but for the present it is the boots that matter.

I thought I had never seen anything so bewildering nor yet so efficient as the sliding fastener which replaced the conventional lacing on those boots. It was a brilliant invention by reason of its usefulness and because it aroused curiosity and, in doing so, publicised itself.

Well, you know the rest. Zippers went from strength to strength. Presently you could buy various weights, then you could have coloured ones. Finally, they made the plastic zipper and from then on, there seemed to be no stopping them.

Lightning Fasteners—that's the official name for them—now fasten anything from delicate silks to heavy luggage. They fasten golf bags, tobacco pouches, trousers, evening dresses, handbags, corsets. Well, why go on? . . .

The word zipper has passed into the language. The device that made me goggle in 1926 has become a commonplace.

Cellophane is yet another thing I wish I'd thought of.

Who would have believed that something which looks like a piece of glossy transparent paper would revolutionise shopping and merchandising methods? It has.

The extraordinary thing about cellophane is its psychological appeal. Here you have a product with endless practical qualities to its credit, yet the most powerful factor of all is its charm.

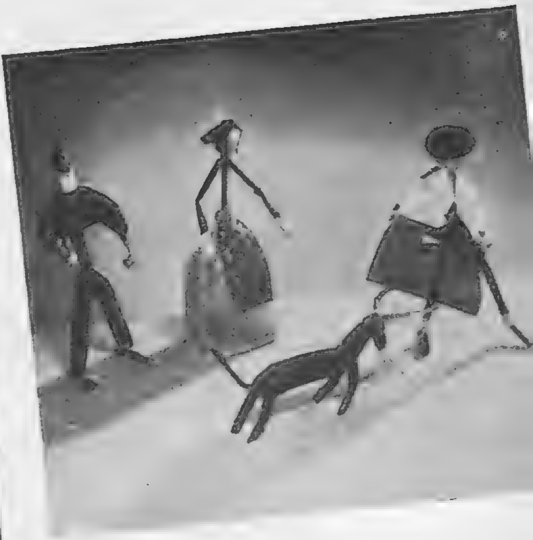
That seems a strange thing to say about a transparent film made from wood pulp, but it is my story and I stick to it. As a woman I find it irresistible. I don't think I buy a pig in a poke any more easily than most, but if it is wrapped in cellophane . . .

That, of course, is a very feminine point of view and, in a sense, an injustice to cellophane which has come to be associated with good quality and the best that is going.

You can hardly say that cellophane was

By Winifred Lewis

# of these First



Left: Coloured cellophane table mats are charming and very durable. The flower decorations are of coloured cellophane too. *Centre:* Embossed cellophane makes a lustrous curtain. The same material is used for dressing-table drapes. *Right:* This might be Ferdinand the bull, or again, it might not. Anyway, these and many other amusing and decorative little figures for table decoration can be made from cellophane

invented. It just grew. The beginning of it was when John Mercer found, in 1844, that by treating cotton with caustic soda solution it was chemically and physically altered. He produced the first mercerised cellulose.

Later, two chemists improved upon Mercer's discovery and evolved a treacle-like substance from mercerised cellulose which they called viscose. This was used as a sizing material and for coating paper, but it was Doctor Brandenberger, a Swiss, who invented the machine which first produced transparent sheets, ancestors of cellophane as we know it.

After that, things began to happen. The tobacco companies were among the first to make use of it on a large scale for wrapping. This was a practical step to protect cigarettes from damp, but it proved to have another reaction. It gave the package eye appeal. It carried a subtle suggestion to the purchaser that he was getting more for his money.

That led to further experiments. Chocolates, food products, toilet preparations, appeared with cellophane coverings. Always there was a double advantage to the manufacturer in this innovation. It protected the merchandise from damp and germs without obscuring it and gave that air of luxury to the article which nothing before had so triumphantly succeeded in doing.

There are two distinct reactions to cellophane, the masculine and the feminine. To men it is practical and hygienic. To women it suggests luxury and charm and anyway, it is lovely to touch.

Sheer stockings, lingerie, baby clothes, blankets and sheets have more glamour now that they arrive in a smooth silky covering. Handbags, hats, lampshades, table mats, even curtains are made of it because it is imminently practical and, for all its glamour, it is tough.

Cellophane has numberless practical uses, but it has some less serious ones, too. Among these is the fashioning of the gay little puppets of which a group are shown at the top of this page.

Some very colourful effects can be achieved with these brightly coloured little figures. They are suitable for table decoration and provide a lot of fun in the making, both for grown-ups and for children.

The bright colouring of the cellophane costumes is the real attraction of these figures and must be seen to be appreciated. The group shown above was delightful with a toreador in scarlet and white, a policeman draped in glistening black and the peasant woman in a dress of extravagant hue.

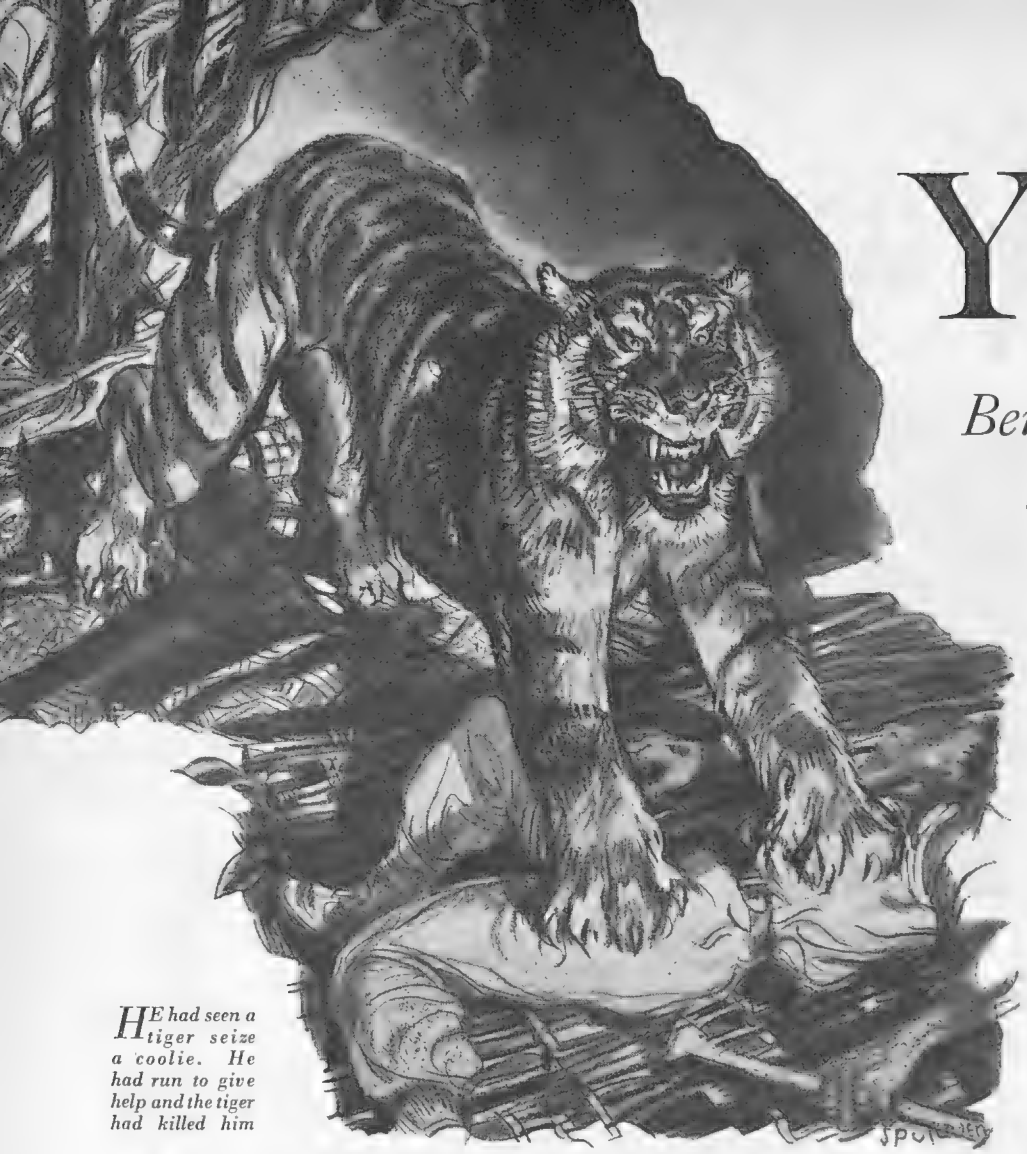
The figures are quite easy to make on a frame consisting of five flexible pipe cleaners. The centre pipe cleaner makes the neck and body, whilst each of the others represents a limb.

You make the head by binding a length of bias tape round the top end of the centre pipe cleaner, giving it a rounded crown by working down towards the neck by small increments on each turn of the tape.

Transparent adhesive tape is best to bind the garments together, while a few touches of water-colour in the right places give conviction both to costumes and to faces.

John Mercer would be astonished if he knew what his experiments in 1844 had lead to. And think of the money in it.

Why didn't I think of it first?



HE had seen a tiger seize a coolie. He had run to give help and the tiger had killed him

Yes-Girl

Being the love adventures of Cynthia who went out East

By
Theodora Benson

RICHARD VAN RIJSDIJK did not come to England until the last two weeks of his holiday. So though he met Cynthia almost at once, he hadn't time to marry her before he went back to Sumatra. He had time to do a good deal about her though, including asking her to marry him. She said yes.

He was thirty, of medium height, thin and athletic, with a type of good looks that should have been dark to do itself justice but was, as it happened, fair. He was a doctor. Deep down he was serious and a little hard, and on the surface he was charming and very merry. He loved her with all his heart and she loved him too.

"Do you love me, my darling?" he urged her. "It is so hard to be sure."

"I love you completely. Yes I do, yes I do."

"With you it is hard to be sure."

"Darling! Why hard with me?"

"Because you are so sweet spoken."

"That's a terrible thing to say. That I might lie to you?"

"Well," he said, "so now I'll have to explain and it's difficult for me to make a speech in English. No, you would not mean to lie—but you have a brain that jumps to what people want to hear you say, before—and maybe instead of—what you might want to say yourself. And I hate that."

She laughed. "Never mind about you hating me—I love you. I wouldn't say things just to please you, if that was the only reason, when it makes my friends and family so furious—would I, you clod? I'm facing things all right. And I'm coming out alone to Sumatra to marry you as soon as you tell me to. Huh?"

"Nobody ever said you were a coward," he assured her. "Oh God, what would I do if you didn't come?"

SHE came all right. He had been rather clever about her; indeed, she wasn't a coward. She had to face bitter opposition to her marriage with a foreigner who was poor, who lived in a strange and far-off country, whom she had known just under two weeks. She had also to face the knowledge that it was equally imprudent of him to marry an English girl, ignorant of his life, without money at all. For there would be no more payment of her small allowance. Also when he was not any longer there she ceased to be sure that he really loved her, really wanted her, could possibly need her; he wrote enchanting letters, but letters can never defeat that doubt, they only make it keep its distance, growling and waiting outside the door. "I can still let him off if he wants it," she thought, "even when I am there."

When he sent the money for her fare she booked and sailed on the next boat.

CYNTHIA had been abroad twice in her life, once to Paris and once to the Rhine. She thought she had never seen anything so exciting as the beautiful grey and white liner that would take her so far. It all thrilled her; the clever Javanese boys, the good cooking, the efficient and friendly way in which everything was run, the fun of going ashore. Lisbon was gay and flowered; in Tangier they charmed snakes; a taximan drove her unasked round the red light districts of Marseilles; at Port Said they did tricks with chickens, and that night there was music in the native cafés of Suez. Then came the heat and the long sea days. Flying-fishes planed out of the water as though to see the fantastic rising of the sun, dolphins played after their agreeable manner, the Southern Cross climbed higher in the sky.

Cynthia was twenty-three and thin and pretty; with dark hair, and vague greenish eyes smudged deep between high cheekbones and a lovely brow. She had a nice laugh, and she laughed like a child not only when she was amused but also when she was pleased. There were plenty of agreeable and lively young men and girls in the second class, and the ship organised for them plenty of agreeable and lively occasions. She let two young men kiss her because they were attractive enough to make it possible, and on both occasions they had wanted to so much. And she walked about the deck a good deal of an evening, successively arm in arm with two or three more, explaining that of course she would certainly have loved them were it not for the accident of having met Richard first.

At Colombo she bought him a wooden elephant, not an ebony one but the more expensive kind, plump and curved and friendly-looking, of a lovely polished brown.

"Why on earth didn't I buy him a nice sensible present?" she thought. "But at least he will laugh because it was such a silly thing to buy."

At Sabang she was already in the Dutch East Indies, the last stop before she disembarked. It made him seem unbelievably near. She felt very happy in a strange way, and was glad that the setting for that almost uncomfortable happiness was so enchantingly pretty. She looked at the green island with many butterflies. She looked at the little and lovely bay. Another splendid liner was coming in; surprisingly there would be room for her also to tie up alongside the shore in that small harbour, two sister ships of the Rotterdam Lloyd Line. There was a lake to drive to, the "Child Sea," and along the road some orchids. He felt so near that she could overwhelmingly remember being kissed by him, and of course to be kissed by him was so different from that nonsense on the boat that there did not seem to be any relation between the two things. She thought she would tell him, because even if he were very angry it would be worth it to have one person in the world that she was honest with. She felt a little ashamed and small, but happy. She looked at the island and the bay and loved them.

BELAWAN DELI is the port for Medan, only a very short way from where Richard lived. And here was a disagreeable surprise; there wasn't any Richard van Rijsdijk to meet the boat. Neither was there a letter or a message from him. She reflected that a doctor's time isn't his own and that he would come as soon as he could. If he weren't coming at all there would have been a message. So all she had to do was to wait until his emergency case let him come. Belawan isn't much of a place. She walked around it and then waited on the boat. There were some offices and warehouses to look at and across the bay a long green curve of palms and four or five big red fish eagles wheeling around and that was all. The young ship's doctor came and played chess with her and pointed out some turtles and was charming and gay; she always thought him supernaturally nice because he was a Dutch doctor too. And at last it was time for the boat to sail. Cynthia felt a little daunted by this desertion as she took a train to Medan to find her love.

"How can he not have had a chance in all that time to ring up and say he'd had to change his plan? I wish he were dead," she thought petulantly but not really getting angry. And as a matter of fact he was.

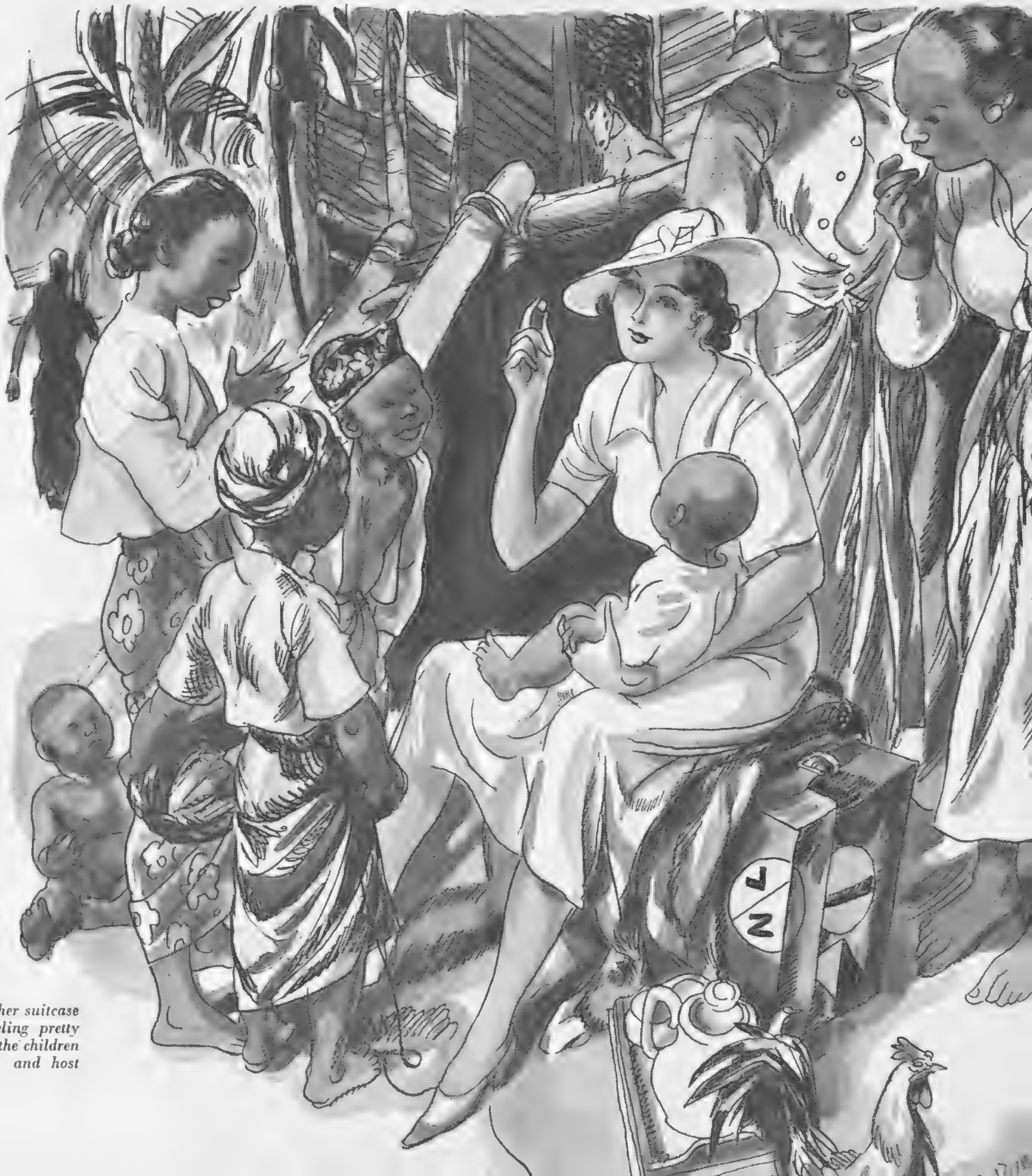
At six o'clock the evening before he had seen a tiger seize a coolie and had heard the man's cry. He had run to give help and the tiger had killed him; the coolie died later that night. Some people felt that an engaged man with his beloved arriving alone and a stranger next day should not have sacrificed himself for such a hopeless, such a silly chance. Cynthia did not feel that. In the heat and horror and astonishment of such a moment, seeing the great beautiful beast and the stricken man, she supposed that he could not have been aware of her existence. Who knew what a man could think of then? Perhaps by chance of his work or of his love, or of the black and white cows in the land where he was born. He might think of the ink stain on the carpet. Probably he would think of nothing. He had done that not very sensible thing because the training to which he had been subjected, working upon his own nature, had produced in him one of the automatic reactions called the instincts of a gentleman. She did not believe that the thought of her sweetness had been with him at his death.

Cynthia was so quiet and well-behaved and anxious to make jokes that she positively added to every one's discomfort. People at Medan were very good to her. She had not got much money left, and she wished neither to ask her family for more nor to return to them. She decided to stay in Sumatra because she had learnt to speak some Malay and some Dutch and didn't know what she would do back home, and thought there would be a slightly better chance out here of catching something or getting into some disaster which would enable her to die too. A job was found for her with the English wife of an English rubber planter as companion-governess.

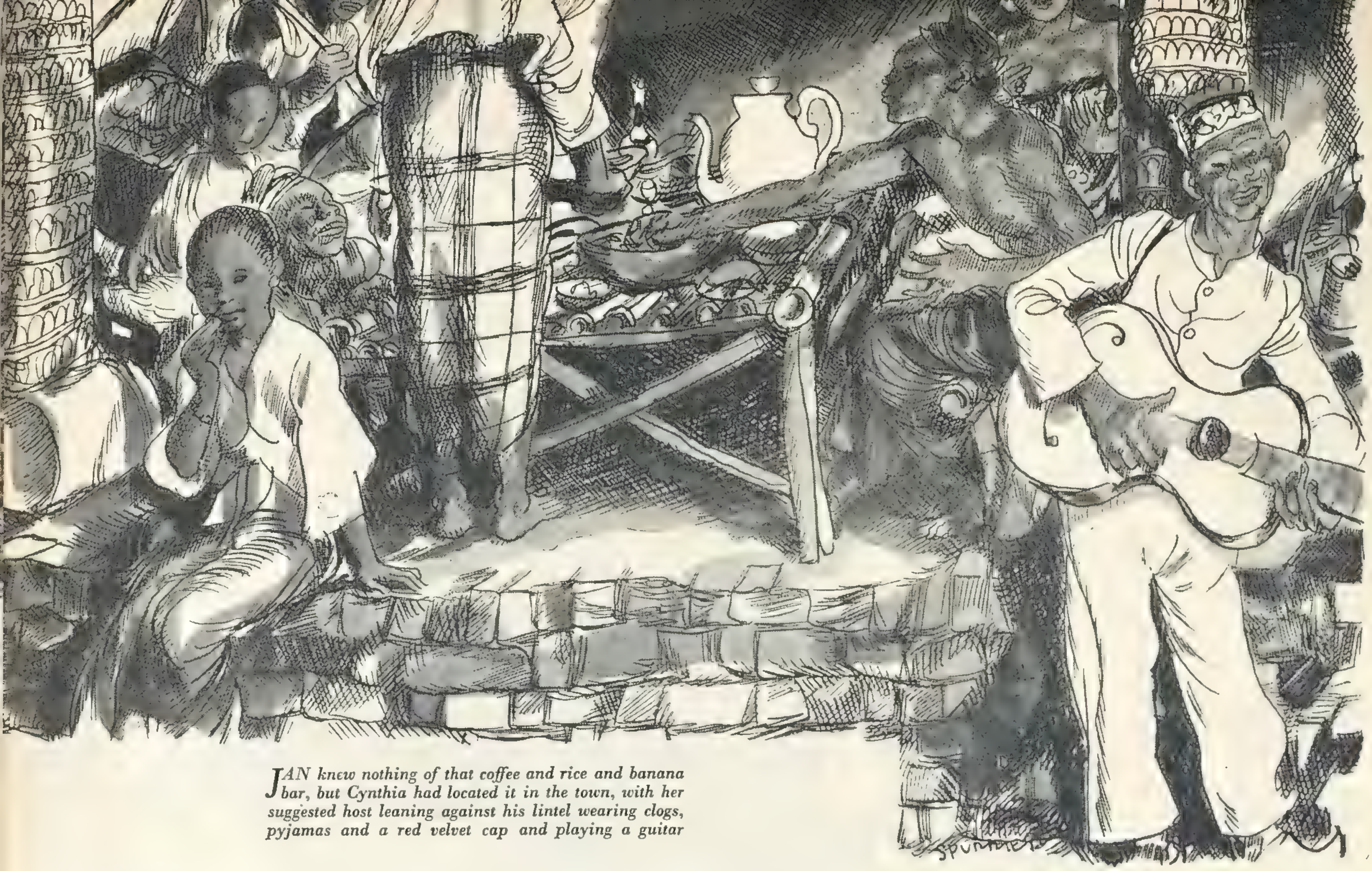
It seemed a great piece of luck for all concerned. Cynthia kept any gloom she felt to herself, was good with the children, turned out to be well educated and able to teach. Helen and Charles Vernon were as friendly and easy as could be, and good fun together. Both of them were thirty-four years old, she a dark, graceful, ugly, attractive woman with a gift for clothes, he a blond, lazy man conspicuously handsome with a cleft chin.

A YEAR later Helen returned from a visit to her family in England, and a few days after that she invited Cynthia into her bedroom. They sat down and Helen lit a cigarette in a slow, disdainful way. There were shadows under her eyes, but of course she was not pale for she was beautifully made-up. She wore

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



CYNTHIA sat on her suitcase in the morning feeling pretty terrible, playing with the children of her kind hostess and host



JAN knew nothing of that coffee and rice and banana bar, but Cynthia had located it in the town, with her suggested host leaning against his lintel wearing clogs, pyjamas and a red velvet cap and playing a guitar

a new black dress from Paris, all simplicity and line.

"I know everything," said Helen, meaning by this magnificent statement only that she now knew that her husband and Cynthia had had an affair.

Cynthia had had a glimpse of Charles rushing off all bothered-looking, so she supposed that it was no good trying to protect him, that he'd confessed and this was no bluff. She didn't quite know what to say so she just said "Oh yes?" and waited for some more.

"It'll be no good lying," said Helen. "I'm not asking you to admit anything. I don't want to know a thing. All I'm asking you is to pack your things and get out of my house."

Houses on these occasions always become the sole property of the wife. It's the same with the children; parthenogenetically produced you'd suppose.

"I'll give you next month's wages," she added.

Cynthia said: "Thank you. I'll be very glad if you will."

Helen hadn't consciously expected Cynthia to refuse the money, but for an instant the acceptance surprised her. Then it reminded her that Cynthia was poor, and that she was young and pretty and alone and had nowhere to go. She and this girl had been pleasantly, easily companionable together; she and this girl and Charles, come to that. It had been nice having her about the house and she and the children were fond of each other. Some of her comforting anger left Helen. She said:

"What happened?"

"He got to feeling low with you away."

"So what?"

"That's all. He fretted a bit with missing you. Then he got nervy so he couldn't sit quiet with a book in the evening. Then we always had the gramophone and danced."

Helen was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"He wants to talk to you, a lot of 'I can't let her go like that' stuff. I told him I wouldn't allow it, that I'd take care he never saw you again. But I suppose you'd better have your chance to kiss each other good-bye."

"Oh yes," said Cynthia. "I'll make him feel quite comfortable about me. Then he'll forget me in two weeks instead of five."

She said this without resentment, just stating a matter of fact. Helen felt unhappy, because obviously it was true. Charles thought Cynthia sweet, a darling, but she wasn't important to him. It was his wife who mattered, the routine of his life, his home. Her righteous victory was perfectly easy; the wife always wins. Long ago she herself had been a girl in love with a married man. They had not lived together but they had wanted to marry. He had appealed to his invalidish wife, and she had screamed and cried herself really ill. One way or another the wife always wins.

"Dear me! And now I'm the wife," she thought. "It doesn't seem natural." And she thought, "I was unjust to that woman. It's the fault of the men. They're too selfish to love the girls enough." And she said quite gently:

"But what about you?"

"It seemed so disobliging to keep on and on saying no."

Helen was furious. She had loved her married man. She had supposed that Cynthia had loved Charles. And now—disobliging! She said:

"Why, you—you slut!"

Cynthia said:

"Well, maybe I am. I think I'll go and pack."

And compunction came again on Helen because she had liked this girl and been supposed to look after her, and in her employ the girl had come to disaster.

"I suppose you must go? Perhaps you needn't go?"

"Oh, that's all right—I want to. I want to travel."

"But look here. Was Charles—well, was he your first?"

"I'm not sure what you mean—I was in love before, and that was serious. But I was only a little in love with Charles, nothing at all. Just sweet and pleasant. It's all right."

"But was he your first lover?"

"Oh, that! Yes."

"My dear, I am sorry."

"No," said Cynthia, "it didn't matter. I'd been in love before."

SHE packed up her clothes and her odds and ends, especially the elephant from Colombo, and had a shattering farewell scene with the children and let Charles say he'd never forget her and then Helen drove her off in the car.

All this year Cynthia had spent hardly anything, so when she went out to do a little shopping in Medan she took with her in her purse only the month's-wages-in-lieu-of-notice money, because she was liable to leave her purse in shops and on park seats and so on. While she was out, a Belgian traveller in scents and soap, badly up a gum tree, poor fellow, looked through her room and had the luck to find the envelope that contained what she had saved. Then he caught the nice white K.P.M. steamer that he was booked on and left.

Cynthia thought she'd given enough trouble in Medan already, so she decided to cross to the west coast and try to beg another job there. She took a bus full of Bataks, a few Chinese, and three or four Coast Malays, to Kabandjahe where there was a cheap hotel. Next day she got on by two different but similar buses to a place called Prapat on Lake

Toba, which she had heard of for its beauty. The driver of the bus she changed on to was different looking from the natives she'd seen already around Medan. He was a Minangkabau man, rather handsome, arrogant and careless and jaunty, obviously a young king in his own world. People on the buses had been very nice so far, but this one was mortifyingly indifferent. She asked him (for she was always put next the driver) about hotels at Prapat, and then he woke up and noticed her and was royally kind. He gave her a cigarette, and told her that there were two splendid hotels, and which was the cheaper and what they would charge. They were too good for Cynthia's purse, and she asked in a small voice if he thought it would rain that night? Sure to, he said, then perceiving the application of her question, he asked if she had run short of money? So he drove her on past the hotels to the little market square by the lake shore, and handed her over to some good friends of his.

Cynthia waited helplessly while Rahim the bus driver told his friends to take her in. They were broad-nosed Bataks, their mouths stained red with chewing betel, and lived in a small dark shack that smelled. The man was a dentist, rather a superior profession, Cynthia reflected, but her bus driver patronised him; perhaps because Rahim was a Mohammedan and the others were poor heathens, perhaps because Rahim did patronise people.

The Batak family seemed rather proud of having Cynthia and made efforts to find something clean for her to sleep on. Rahim held out his packet of cigarettes and told her to take two. As yet she did not feel quite as poor as that, but of course did what she was told. Then he went off with his bus, and she remained with his friends, and an enormous group of onlookers in the street. There seemed no way out.

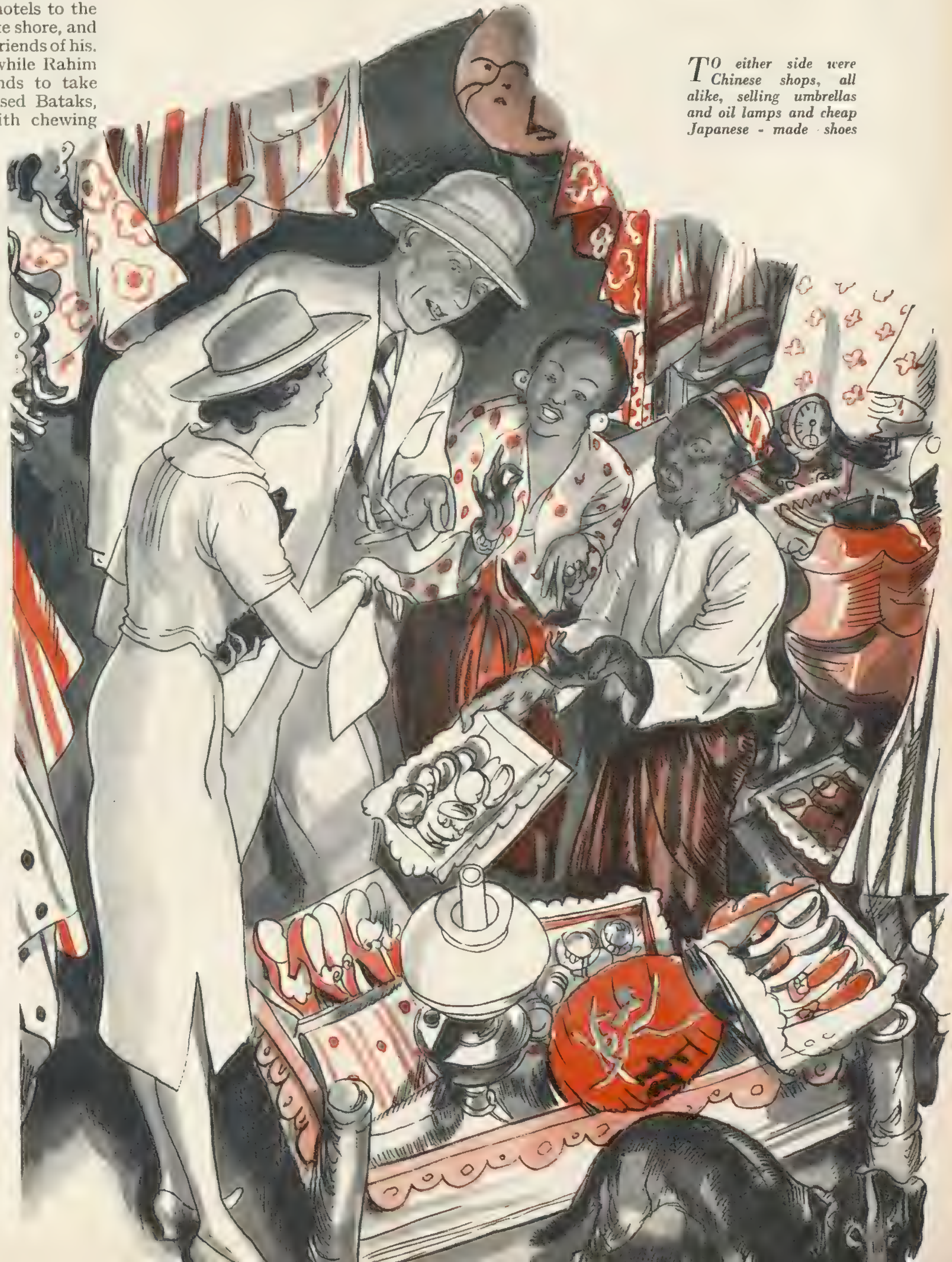
They were nice to her and far from mean. Supper was rather good, even though some of it turned out to be mouse. A generous supper of rice and meat eaten with with the fingers. Cynthia quite enjoyed it, trying not to think of the night ahead. But night must fall. It was fierce.

Cynthia sat on her suitcase in the morning feeling pretty terrible, playing with the children of her kind hostess and host, waiting for the Sibolga bus. Rahim brought in his bus from Siantor first on his initial drive of the day. He looked so fresh and conquering that she was very pleased to see him, and glad that he was pleased to see her. She told him everything had been marvellous. He gave her half an orange and an introduction to some friends of his in Sibolga. Then her own bus arrived.

The thought of Rahim's friends in Sibolga was like a cloud. Then came dawn: the realisation that she needn't do exactly what he said. She would go to a pension, in spite of Rahim. Indeed she must, because she meant to look for a job in Sibolga, and that could hardly be done from the dark depths of a native banana and mineral-water bar. She knew that Sibolga was one of the principal ports on the west coast, and expected it to be as promising a place for her purposes as Medan.

This bus driver said there was only one European hotel, and when she got there it was a fine big one with flowering bushes and a terrace overlooking the sea. So when she asked the tall, dark, elegant young man (race unknown) who was in charge what the price was, it was discouragingly high. She said she'd go to a pension and he said there wasn't one. She went out to look, and there wasn't. There were Chinese hotels, but like all newcomers she had been taught that rule one was Never Stay In a Chinese Hotel, because you might catch some terrible disease there. She was still willing to die though she no longer wished it, but the menace in the warnings of all those people (who had never investigated) was terrifyingly vague. She went back to the hotel and said she guessed she'd stay anyway one night. Generous in the hour of victory, the young man made her an unexpected reduction.

The scarcity value of a nice girl like Cynthia in Sibolga was very great. It seemed there were no European women at all. The business men staying in the hotel were very bonhomous to her, pressing her to much drink, singing songs, and warning (*Continued on page* 135)



TO either side were Chinese shops, all alike, selling umbrellas and oil lamps and cheap Japanese - made shoes

It's A

Choose a dog, as you choose a friend, with discrimination. Forgive him his looks if his character is such as to please. It is the qualities of the heart, which make an agreeable companion, and an object of respect and esteem.

The dog who becomes your friend, with whom you find the noble relationship which exists between man and beast when both are worthy, is the one who shares your interests and reflects something of your own temperament.

If you take your pleasures softly, a bounding hooligan of a fellow whose heart is in the open spaces is, obviously, no companion for you. If you are an outdoor woman it is not an elegant pet of a creature you want but, more likely, a shaggy old friend.

Don't be misled by a shiny coat or a twinkling eye. These things *are* important but you are choosing a friend not a show-piece.

Consider all the circumstances before you decide. Give heed to his interests as well as your own. There is a large store of happiness for both of you in your future together, if you choose right.

BEWARE OF DOG

Dog's World

AIREDALE

If you have children and are looking for one more romper to bear them company, here he is.

A long-legged, brown-eyed, rough-coated clown and as gentle as they come.

He's a big chap and his drawing-room manners are not highly polished, but he is not at his best against this background. He will need a lot of exercise but, on the whole, you'll find him easy to manage. He has no complexes. He is a lovable, simple fellow.

MONGREL

You may have your own ideas about blue blood but if you want intelligence, wit, devotion, practically all the human virtues and none of the vices, here you have it.

He gives himself no airs : why should he? —but he is blessed with an inherent dignity. He will love you like a slave but you couldn't cow him. He's got spirit, and the beauty that looks at you from his eyes is of a quality that shapeliness can never match.

SPANIEL

If it is a gentle creature you want around you, a loving, tender disposition, a sentimentalist in fact, this is the lady of your choice.

She is as decorative as she is docile. Her satin smooth coat will require your constant attention. She is a lady of fashion and she expects pampering. In return she will give you a surfeit of love and display elegant manners at your parties. She will prink and preen herself before your guests and allow them to fondle her, but let anyone attack you and she is a blonde fury. Under all this docility is a tough nature.

RED SETTER

He is the very best type of country gentleman. Don't choose him, for both your sakes, unless you can give him the kind of life he's made for.

He is a handsome, powerful, gentle creature with sporting instincts that make themselves felt in everything he does.

If you live in the country and want a companion who will be active or relax with you as you wish, this is the one. His good looks are only matched by his good heart A gentleman's gentleman.

SCOTTIE

You *must* like them tough if you want to own this chap. He will snatch the seat out of the butcher boy's trousers as soon as look at him, but it is all in fun. His sense of humour must be curbed if you want peace in the district.

He will love you truly in his masculine fashion, but with detachment. There is no questioning his loyalty to you, but he'd sooner be out with the boys. A couple of rounds with an Alsatian appeal to him more than a tea-fight any day.

Discipline him, laugh with him and keep a good supply of antiseptic bandages and you'll have fun together.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIER

He is smallish and looks a bit like a toy. It's easy to mistake him for a cuddlesome dog, but don't do it if you want him to be himself. Too many of this kind are treated like toys and, without sufficient outlet for their abounding energies, become nervous, hysterical yappers.

He is a bit of a thing but there's a charge of dynamite under that rough coat. Give him a background of good discipline and regular exercise. He is an inveterate explorer. Never expect to find him where you left him.

DACHSHUND

The city gentleman. He is dapper, self-possessed, looks at life with a rather cold eye, but makes an entertaining companion just the same.

He is a man of refinement. Clean in his personal habits and would scorn to spread mud on the carpet.

Until you know him better you may think him a starchy fellow, but you'll learn better. The truth is he has a fine sense of fun with a feeling for restraint.

PEKINESE

All the people who want a cuddlesome pet, a sit-by-the-fire, plump for this dog. He is greatly misunderstood on this account.

In spite of the traditional background he is by nature a high-spirited, sporting little creature and will chase rabbits with zest if you give him the chance.

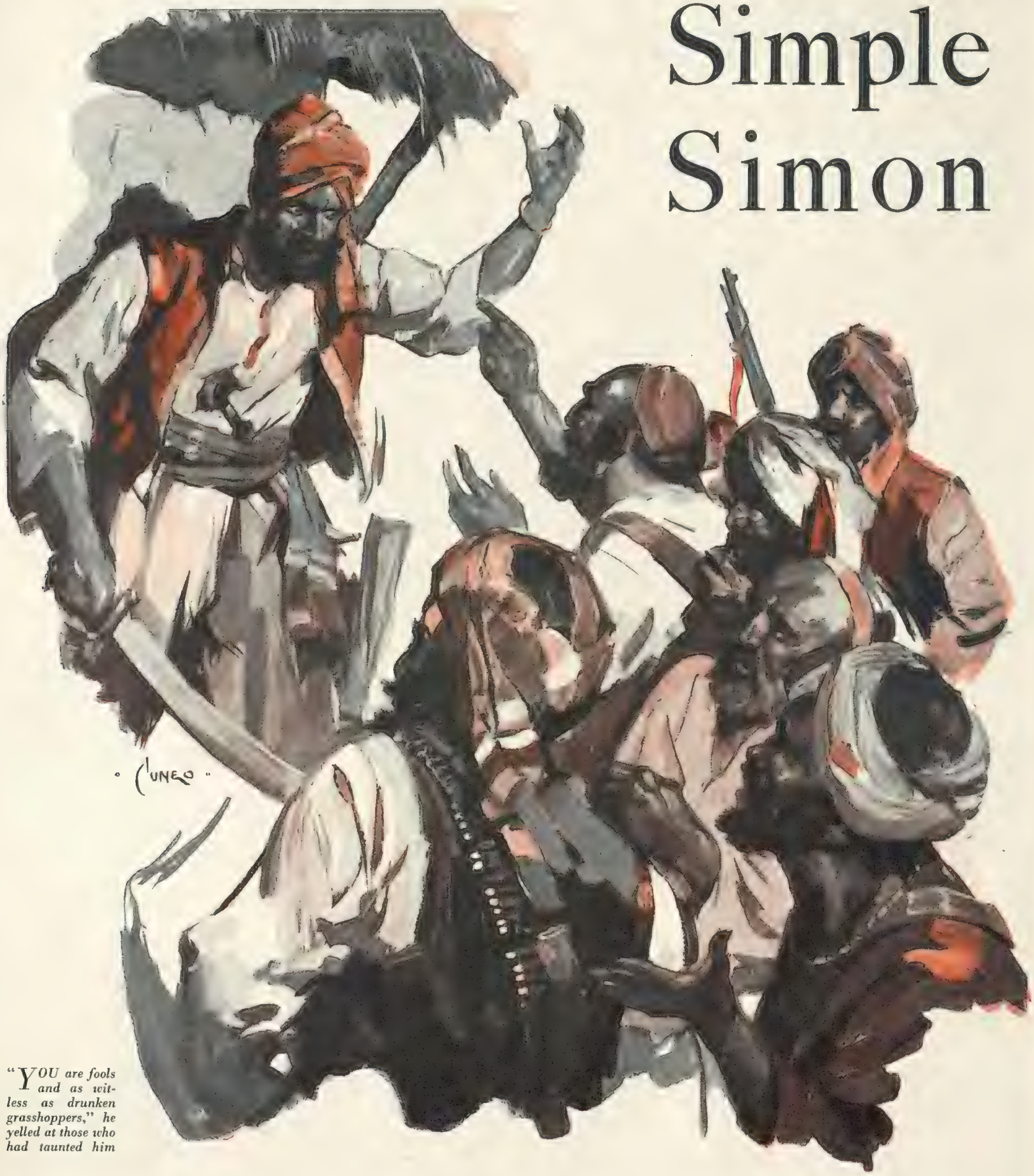
His intelligence is quite above the average. He is deeply affectionate and a good watchdog.

The wily hillmen met their match in their encounter with

Simple Simon

HAD the headman of the village of Chota Miran in the Zilla District of the Furious Gomal not been such a leaky-tongued gentleman, this story would never have been written. But he wasn't discreet. When he heard that the Indian Government proposed sending him a quarter-lac of rupees he behaved as a hen does when she has laid an unusually large egg, and his cackling made the headmen of all the other villages between Zilla and the Balla Pass turn green with envy.

The reason for the money being sent was that a pilot of the Twelfth Peshawar Squadron had dropped two bombs on Chota Miran in mistake for the dacoit village of Rullah a few *koss* distant. The pilot can hardly be blamed, for his maps were bad and from the air Chota Miran and Rullah were as alike as a couple of beehives. And, as a matter of fact, the bombs had done so little damage that it hardly mattered on which of the two villages they had fallen. There had been no human casualties, the entire population having fled into caves at the first drone of the bomber, and half a dozen mud huts, a few goats, donkeys and sheep had been the sum total of the damage.



"YOU are fools and as witless as drunken grasshoppers," he yelled at those who had taunted him

By Garnett Radcliffe

The Indian Government, however, takes a very serious view of the bombing of "friendlies." When the mistake had been ascertained reparation was prompt and far more than ample.

Mir Gul, the headman of Chota Miran, was not only apologised to personally by a political officer of high degree, but he was also informed that as compensation for the damage done by the bombs of the British Raj he would receive twenty-five thousand rupees, a sum for which he would have viewed the complete destruction of Chita Miran and all the donkeys, sheep, goats and dogs therein with complete equanimity. Hence his cackling.

The headmen of the villages that had not been bombed by mistake were furious. They asked Allah what Chota Miran had done to deserve such a stroke of good fortune. And the most angry of them all was Feroz Khan, headman of the dacoit village of Rullah for which the bombs had really been intended.

For what had happened had put Feroz Khan, whose nickname was "The Cunning," in an awkward position. When he had first heard of the bombing of Chota Miran he had been delighted and had informed his followers that the mistake had been due to a clever trick played by himself. What the trick was he didn't explain, but everyone had believed him and he had gained great kudos for a supreme display of cunning.

Now, however, it appeared that he hadn't been so very cunning after all. The bragged-of trick had, owing to the madness of the *Sahib-log*, brought enormous benefit to Chota Miran, between which village and Rullah there was a blood-feud so old that no one could remember how it had started.

A village council was called and Feroz Khan the Cunning was asked to explain why his policy had resulted in a gain for the enemy. And Feroz Khan the Cunning did what every statesman does in such circumstances, i.e., he made fresh promises.

"You are fools and as witless as drunken grasshoppers!" he yelled at those who had been taunting him. "Am I, then, called Feroz Khan the Cunning for no reason? You feared the bombs were going to fall on Rullah, and behold, by my cleverness they fell on Chota Miran! Now you are angry because you have heard that the British Raj proposes to rain gold on Chota Miran! Is it, then, easier to guide bombs than gold?"

They stared at him, puzzled to understand his meaning. Then one who was brighter than the others threw back his head and laughed.

"Ho, ho, that would be a jest indeed! Having misguided the bombs of the Raj, you will now misguide the money. We of Rullah will receive a reward for the damage done to Chota Miran! But how can this trick be worked?"

Feroz Khan the Cunning had not the slightest idea, but he answered as any other statesman would have done:

"Wait and see."

IN the Furious Gomal cheques and paper money alike are as useless as pocket handkerchiefs. To be worth anything, money must be in the form of hard cash, which you can bank under the sleeping-boards in your hut without fear of its being devoured by ants.

The sending, therefore, of the quarter-lac to Chota Miran was not the simple matter it would have been in a more civilised portion of the globe, especially as, owing to a shortage of silver, the Indian Government had decided to make half the payment in annas and pice. It entailed more than the posting of a registered letter. Not to enumerate all the details of what it did entail, mention may be made of five strong mules, ten ditto ammunition boxes to hold the bullion, a dozen sepoys and a havildar to act as escort, and, last but not least, a British subaltern to command the convoy on its adventurous journey.

On the shoulders of the adjutant of the Fiftieth Pathans, then stationed at Abbotshah, fell the duty of making the arrangements. The ammunition boxes, the mules, the sepoys and the havildar were easy enough, but the British subaltern was another matter. Second-Lieutenant Foster, the last-joined member of the mess, seemed to be the only person available, and what the Fiftieth Pathans thought of Foster may be deduced from the fact that they had nicknamed him "Simple Simon."

It was his appearance that had led them to give him that name. He was smooth and guileless-looking, with blue eyes and fair hair. Dressed in a surplice and singing tenor in an English cathedral he would have looked as much in his proper element as a herring swimming in the North Sea. As commander of a treasure-convoy that would have to cross desperate country swarming with the cleverest thieves in the world, he was not so convincing.

But it was a case of Hobson's choice. Having satisfied himself that there was no one else available, the adjutant sent for Simple Simon, showed him the bullion stacked in a corner of his office in the canvas bags in which it had arrived from the bank, and told him what was required.

"Think you can manage it?" he asked doubtfully. "Of course, I'll let you have the best havildar I can. . . ."

"It will be all right, sir," Simple Simon assured him.

"I hope it will," the adjutant said. "If that money fails to reach Chota Miran it will be a reflection on the regiment. Keep your eyes skinned for dacoits . . . I only wish I'd someone more experienced to send. . . ."

He looked at Simple Simon's guileless face and sighed. This, he thought to himself, was rather like sending a lamb into a wolf-infested forest.

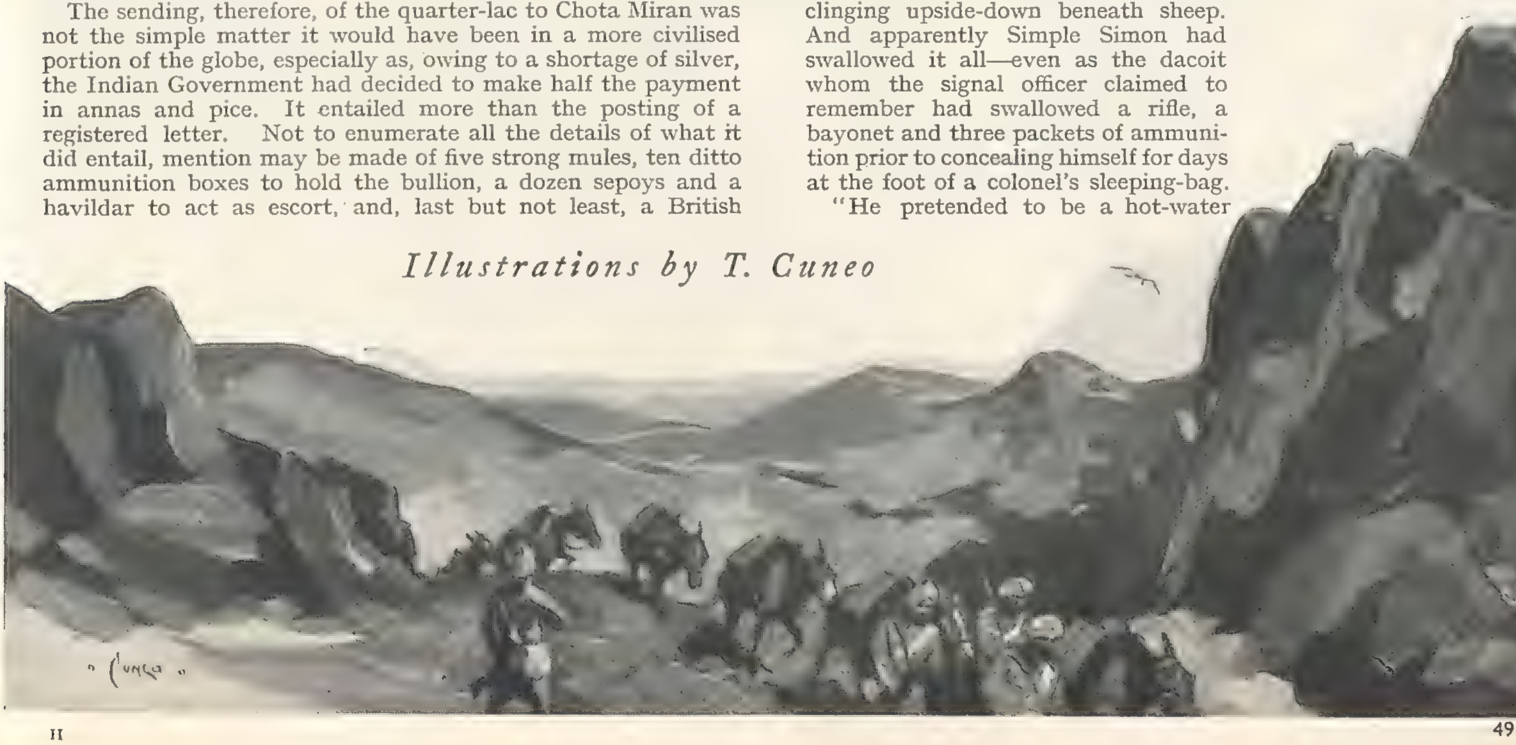
TWO days later the convoy left Abbotshah. Under Simple Simon's directions the bullion had been packed in empty ammunition boxes which were slung in pairs on the backs of five mules. Four other mules carried rations and water. Four sepoys and the havildar went ahead to act as scouts, and Simple Simon walked at the rear, his eyes glued on those precious ammunition boxes.

He wasn't going to let them out of his sight if he could help it. During his last two days at Abbotshah he had been hearing a lot about the ways of dacoits. His mentors had been his brother-officers, and Simple Simon had listened round-eyed to all they said.

His expression of simple wonder had encouraged his brother-officers. They told him of sleeping men who had been knifed in the middle of well-guarded camps, of rifles that had vanished in a way no white man could fathom, of laden mules that had vanished bodily from marching columns. They told him of poles with nooses lowered from the tops of cliffs, of greased naked forms slipping past sentries as soundlessly as lizards, of dacoits who employed ventriloquism and hypnotism, of dacoits who could bury themselves in sand and remain alive for days, of dacoits who had ridden into camps clinging upside-down beneath sheep. And apparently Simple Simon had swallowed it all—even as the dacoit whom the signal officer claimed to remember had swallowed a rifle, a bayonet and three packets of ammunition prior to concealing himself for days at the foot of a colonel's sleeping-bag.

"He pretended to be a hot-water

Illustrations by T. Cuneo

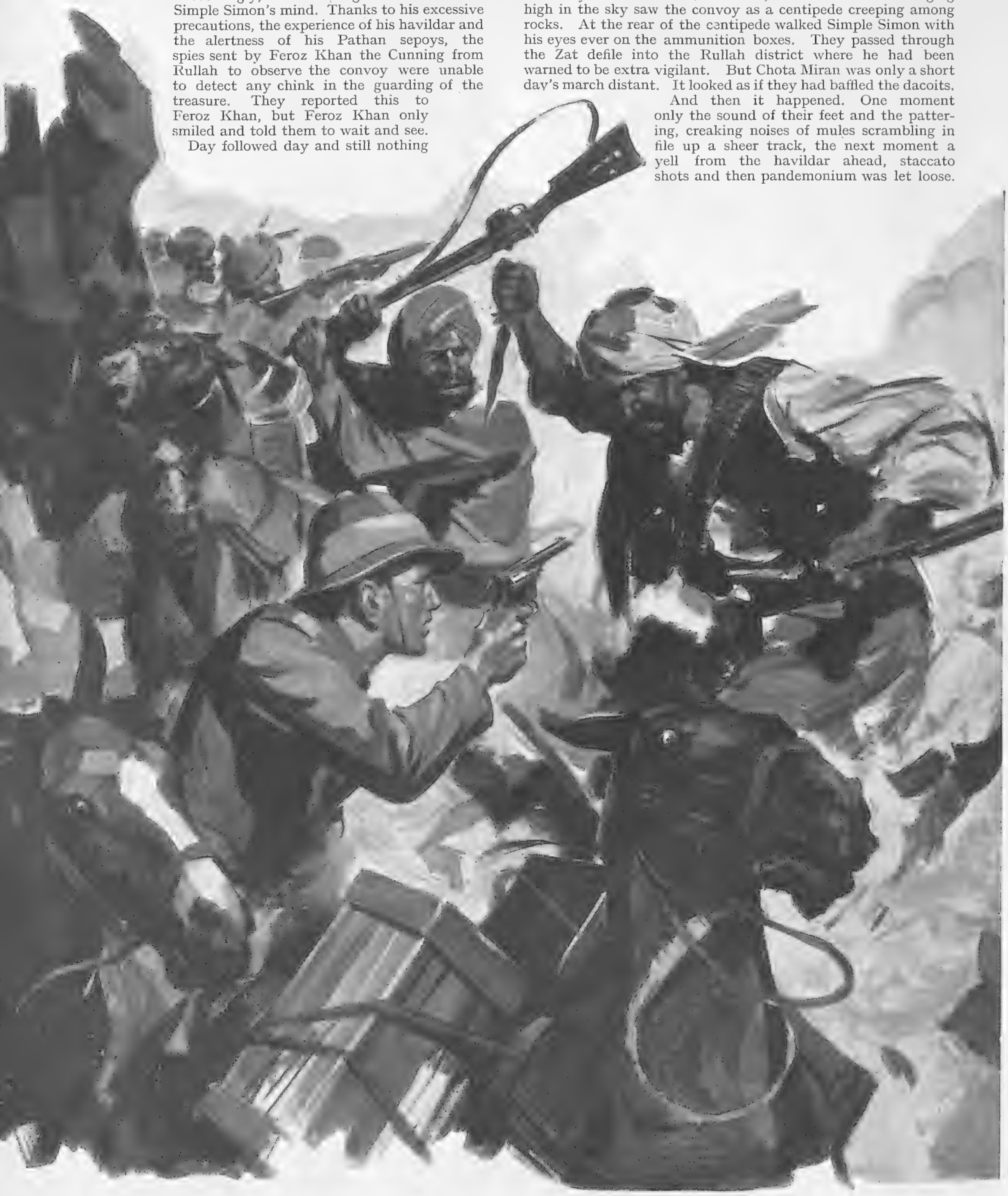


bottle," the signal officer had said. "That's gospel truth, Simon. I tell you, my boy, if you want to get that rhino to Chota Miran you'll have to carry it in your boots!"

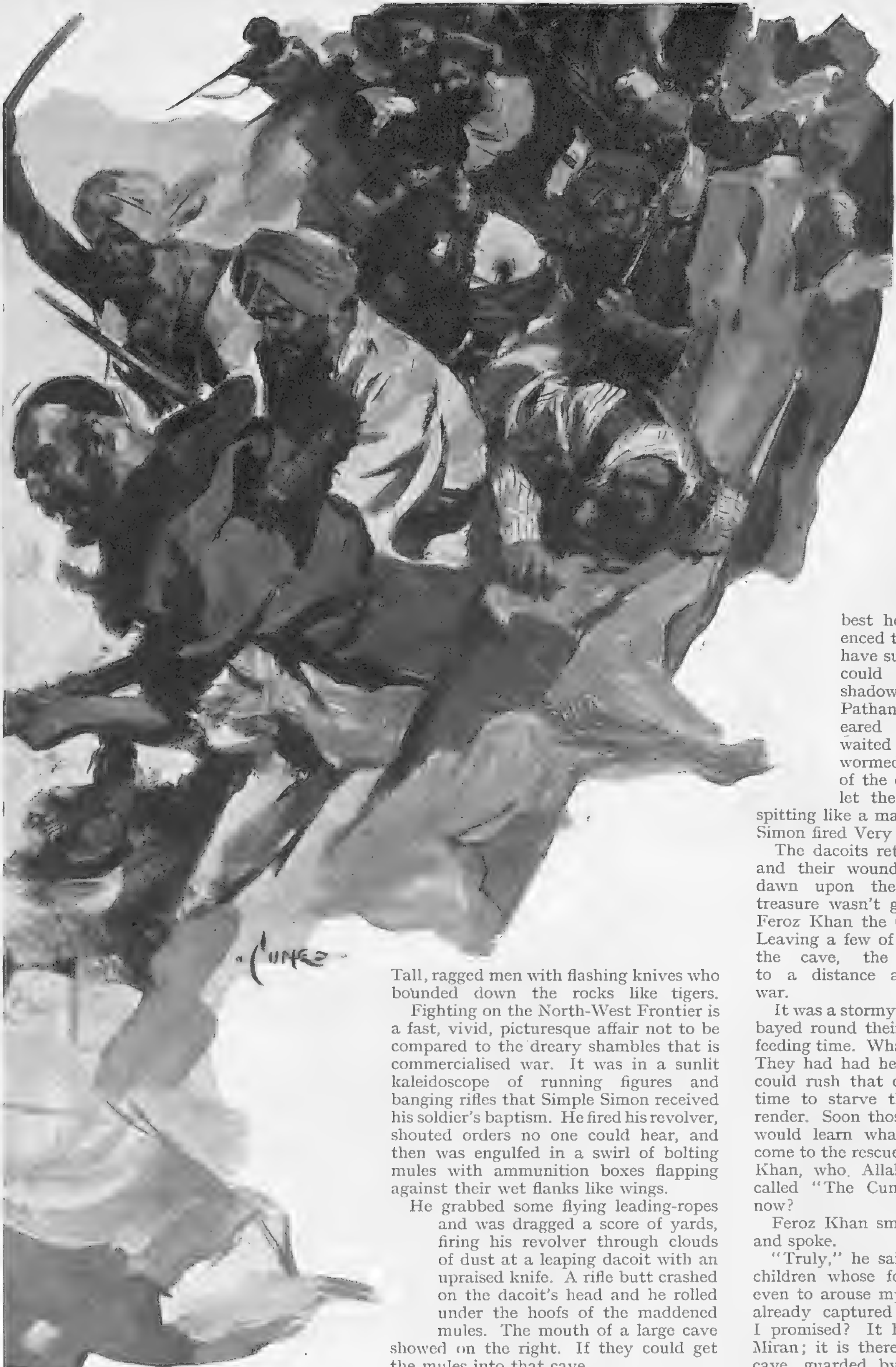
Seemingly, the warnings had sunk into Simple Simon's mind. Thanks to his excessive precautions, the experience of his havildar and the alertness of his Pathan sepoys, the spies sent by Feroz Khan the Cunning from Rullah to observe the convoy were unable to detect any chink in the guarding of the treasure. They reported this to Feroz Khan, but Feroz Khan only smiled and told them to wait and see.

Day followed day and still nothing happened. Comparative civilisation dropped behind and they were claimed by what has been called the Wilderness of the Knife. A ragged wilderness of grey peaks and black ravines, hunting-ground of the dacoit, the jackal and the scorpion. It was very silent in that wilderness, and the vultures hanging high in the sky saw the convoy as a centipede creeping among rocks. At the rear of the centipede walked Simple Simon with his eyes ever on the ammunition boxes. They passed through the Zat defile into the Rullah district where he had been warned to be extra vigilant. But Chota Miran was only a short day's march distant. It looked as if they had baffled the dacoits.

And then it happened. One moment only the sound of their feet and the pattering, creaking noises of mules scrambling in file up a sheer track, the next moment a yell from the havildar ahead, staccato shots and then pandemonium was let loose.



HE grabbed some flying leading-ropes and was dragged a score of yards, firing his revolver through clouds of dust at a leaping dacoit with an upraised knife. A rifle butt crashed on the dacoit's head



Had they been fifty yards farther on they must have been caught in Feroz Khan's ambush. He had scores of men hidden on each side of the ravine, grey-clad figures hiding behind rocks with jezails and rifles, who yelled as they fired. One prolonged volley, and before the echoes had ceased to roll round the canyon walls they were rushing down like a stampede of horses. Tall, ragged men with flashing knives who bounded down the rocks like tigers.

Fighting on the North-West Frontier is a fast, vivid, picturesque affair not to be compared to the dreary shambles that is commercialised war. It was in a sunlit kaleidoscope of running figures and banging rifles that Simple Simon received his soldier's baptism. He fired his revolver, shouted orders no one could hear, and then was engulfed in a swirl of bolting mules with ammunition boxes flapping against their wet flanks like wings.

He grabbed some flying leading-ropes and was dragged a score of yards, firing his revolver through clouds of dust at a leaping dacoit with an upraised knife. A rifle butt crashed on the dacoit's head and he rolled under the hoofs of the maddened mules. The mouth of a large cave showed on the right. If they could get the mules into that cave. . . .

They did. Simple Simon yelled the order and then with rifle-butt, bayonet and sheer man-power the sepoys swung the hybrid avalanche off the track. Before the mules had clattered to the farther end of the cave they were piling rocks at the entrance to form a barricade.

Simple Simon leant against the wall of the cave and was very sick. When that—his natural reaction from his first sight of violent death—had passed, he looked at the ammunition boxes and saw that there were still ten.

Feroz Khan the Cunning's ambush had resulted in a draw. He had the convoy bottled in a cave, but between him and the actual possession of the treasure there were still eleven rifles and a revolver in the hands of men who could shoot fast and straight.

A siege might be a prolonged affair. The defenders had excellent cover and a sufficiency of ammunition. There was, as Feroz Khan knew, a spring of water at the back of the cave and when they had exhausted their rations they could live on mule-flesh.

A surprise night-attack seemed the best hope. Against inexperienced troops it would probably have succeeded, for the dacoits could cross ground like the shadows of jackals, but the Pathan sepoys were as keen-eared as themselves. They waited till the dacoits had wormed to within twenty yards of the cave entrance and then let them have it, every rifle spitting like a machine-gun while Simple Simon fired Very lights.

The dacoits retreated with their dead and their wounded. It had begun to dawn upon them that securing the treasure wasn't going to be as easy as Feroz Khan the Cunning had promised. Leaving a few of their number to guard the cave, the remainder withdrew to a distance and held a council of war.

It was a stormy council. The tribesmen bayed round their leader like hounds at feeding time. What were they to do now? They had had heavy losses—only devils could rush that cave and there was no time to starve the defenders into surrender. Soon those dogs of Chota Miran would learn what was happening and come to the rescue. . . . What did Feroz Khan, who, Allah-alone-knew-why, was called "The Cunning," propose to do now?

Feroz Khan smiled, stroked his beard and spoke.

"Truly," he said, "you are like little children whose foolishness is too great even to arouse my wrath. Have we not already captured the treasure even as I promised? It has not reached Chota Miran; it is there waiting for us in the cave, guarded by only eleven Pathans and an English child. Since, however, you are too cowardly to secure it by open attack, I will secure it for you by the stealth given to me by Allah. Before the sun has set twice more you will be bathing your hands in the silver."

He sounded so confident that they stared at him in wonder. Then a man put the inevitable question.

Feroz Khan smiled again. "Wait and see," he said. (*Continued on page* 140)

ROOMS WHERE CUPID REIGNED

ROOMS WHERE

PARADE OF THE HOME MAKERS
HIBITION

ARE YOU GOING

What kind of a person are you about exhibitions? Are you one of the inquisitive kind? Do you get a big thrill out of seeing and hearing and learning things; a juvenile delight in the crush and hustle of a crowded show? Or are you one of the weaker tribe who shrink from crowds and find sightseeing fatiguing?

I hope you are one of the first. You miss a lot if you can't crowd through a turnstile with your fellow creatures and get a laugh, or a thrill, or a fresh piece of knowledge from everything on a fair ground, whether it's the remarks of the stout lady on your right or the fluency of the man who sells hair restorer.

Yes, exhibitions are fun. They bring you entertainment, colour, serious enterprise and sheer delightful flippancy in a few thousand feet of floor space. There's as much fun and as much knowledge as you're capable of absorbing, and all for a small charge.

The Ideal Home Exhibition, which is at its new home at Earls Court this year, is a practical test of your ability to enjoy yourself and to learn at the same time from a show like this.

No matter what kind of a person you are, no matter what your tastes or your interests, this show is the one to see. It's entirely up to you whether you enjoy it.

There is something for everybody. There is a Furnishing Section that will send you home planning new colour effects, devising new lay-outs, scheming and building a new home. You will see new flowers and new foods, gorgeous clothes that will give you ideas for summer outfits, and a Beauty Fair that will make you determined to become a queen among women.

It is all terribly interesting and terribly big. You can't enjoy it and get the best out of your visit unless you have some kind of plan, so organise your visit.

At the very start arrange to go with somebody who shares your tastes. There is nothing worse than a disgruntled companion whose enthusiasm can't last out the first quarter of an hour; who wants to linger in the Music Section while your whole soul is yearning for the Fashion Parade.

Choose your companion carefully and, unless you are obliged to, don't take the children. They'll tire very quickly and interfere with your personal enjoyment.

Travel light and wear something practical. If you are an out-of-towner, a light wool frock with a travelling coat that you can discard at the Exhibition is sensible. Remember, though the place is perfectly ventilated, it is easy to get a chill on leaving, if outdoor clothes have been worn all day.

Wear a small, light hat. Brims and fly-away veils are a

CUPID REIGNED

TO THE EXHIBITION ?

mistake if you are spending a day in a crowd, and do have comfortable shoes.

Flimsy soles and high heels will drive you sighing into a seat in no time.

Take along your biggest and roomiest handbag and make room in it for your face-cleaning kit. Cleansing tissues, a little bottle of cleansing lotion, or a box of cleansing pads will simplify your primping. There's no secret about it, one does get sticky and downtrodden at these shows and a clean-up is a heaven-sent relief.

The big handbag has another use. It will take leaflets and the other interesting literature one collects on these occasions.

Before you start your tour of the show get a plan of the lay-out from the man at the door. Make a list before you arrive of the features which specially appeal to you and visit them in order. This will save you miles of needless walking and quite a few hours of aimless star-gazing at exhibits which are not within your sphere of interest.

Begin with the Housing Section if you are interested in these matters. It is easier to get into the model dwellings earlier in the day, so they should be the first on your programme. Make a note of times at which special displays come on. The Fashion Parades, the Beauty Demonstrations. It is maddening, through lack of organisation, to miss items of interest which show only at intervals.

Don't overtire yourself. Drop into one of the many cafés for a rest and some light refreshment when you feel fatigue coming on. Don't wait until it has swamped you, and your patience and temper have been washed away by the tide.

Have fun at the Exhibition. You can, if you plan your visit intelligently, conserving your time and your energy.

PREVIEW

Look out for the *MICRO-ZOO*. The latest projection microscope is used to show you the weird creatures in a water drop—invisible to the human eye—enlarged to titanic proportions on a radiant screen.

The STORY OF AN ENGLISH ROOM. Fascinating development of a room through succeeding generations from 1711 to 1939. The same room as a background for the furnishing fashions of five generations.

The HISTORY OF DRESS. A pageant in miniature showing the evolution of fashion in Britain through 1,500 years. Puppet show.

The ALL-EUROPE HOUSE. All the best architectural devices of Europe get together in one super house, assembled by a noted woman expert who has travelled widely to collect her facts.

EXHIBITS OF SPECIAL INTEREST. Look in at Minty Limited, the chairs and bookcases experts, in the Furnishing Section. Chairs, extending bookcases, unit bedroom furniture well worth seeing.

Hamptons. A series of furnished rooms (a dining-room, a lounge and bedroom) that will give you ideas for colour schemes and furnishing ensembles in the perfection of good taste.

The important thing is to start the tour with a clear notion of what sections will be of most interest. It is possible to wander aimlessly for miles around this great Exhibition and, without accomplishing anything very constructive, to tire oneself out.

This is quite unnecessary if you get a plan of the Exhibition and from it a good idea of the lay-out. With this in mind, it is simple to get from anywhere to anywhere without wasting valuable energy.

If your tastes are for practical home matters there will be untold interest for you in the Cookery and Equipment Section. A special exhibit which should also feature on your programme is the one called "Europe Rehoused."

A woman who once worked for eight years at practical housing and slum-clearance problems in London, followed it up with a research pilgrimage through ten European countries, studying the post-war surge of healthy, economical house building.

Now, in collaboration with the Council of Art and Industry, she has designed and furnished a house that combines the best features she found in the many houses she visited abroad.

From Sweden she has taken the practice of staggering houses so that each in a row has a maximum of privacy and a sun-trap garden on its brightest side. From Germany she lifted the idea of the living-dining-room with cooking recess. Switzerland contributed casement windows that fold away completely to give full access to sun and air, and France provided the rubbish disposal system in which ashes and waste of all kinds go direct into one sewage channel and are carried to the destructor.

It is a house of many novelties. Some of them will seem extravagant to you, but there will be many things that will give you ideas for your own house.

MAGICOAL FIRES

Our attention has been called to an error which occurred in our January issue on page 53. The origin of the Magicoal Fire referred to there was attributed to the General Electric Company, whereas, in fact, the fire is the product of Messrs. Berry's Electric Ltd., of Newman Street, London, W.1.

FURNITURE

Cubaleen, washable glaze, in clear water-lily green with shaded yellow flowers. Also green ground with pink flowers. Rosebank fabric 4s. 9d. a yard, 31 inches wide

The newest furnishing fabrics are delicate, colourful and, in nearly every case, fadeless and durable.

On this page we have illustrated just a few of the best. These we can confidently bring to your notice for their practical qualities as well as for their charm.

When you buy new curtains, covers or, indeed, material for any other interior decorating purpose, it pays to choose the products of the best-known makers. Only in this way can you have a dazzling selection of fabrics for every purpose at the price to suit your pocket.

To-day some of the lowest priced fabrics are the prettiest. Those we have illustrated help to prove it. From 1s. 11d. a yard upwards you have the choice of good design, rich colouring with the practical qualities that modern standards demand.

Most of the bigger stores keep patterns of the two ranges shown on this page, but if you have any difficulty in your locality in obtaining them, your nearest retailer can always get you patterns on request.

Write to us if you want further information about the fabrics illustrated, or if we can assist you with suggested colour schemes for your spring decorations. Address your letters to The Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32 to 34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Fadeless, unshrinkable Sunlover fabric. Silky texture. Natural ground with brown, green-pink and scarlet leaf pattern. 36 inches wide, 1s. 11½d. a yard

Modern furnishing fabrics have as much to do with beauty in the home as any other thing invented. They are colourful, durable, and in many cases cheap, but they must be used cleverly if the best is to be got from their effect.

You can't take just any fabric, merely because it is pretty in itself and expect it to improve a room. Even the most costly stuffs will fall short of perfection unless thought is given to their display.

If you think of refreshing your rooms this springtime, let fabrics do the job for you. With new curtains, covers, bedspreads, you can pep up a dull scheme and give an entirely new feeling to a room at quite a low cost.

Choose your fabric according to the purpose it is to serve, and the colourings adjacent to it.

A new window treatment will work wonders on a drab room, but if you select a patterned fabric it must blend with the general ensemble.

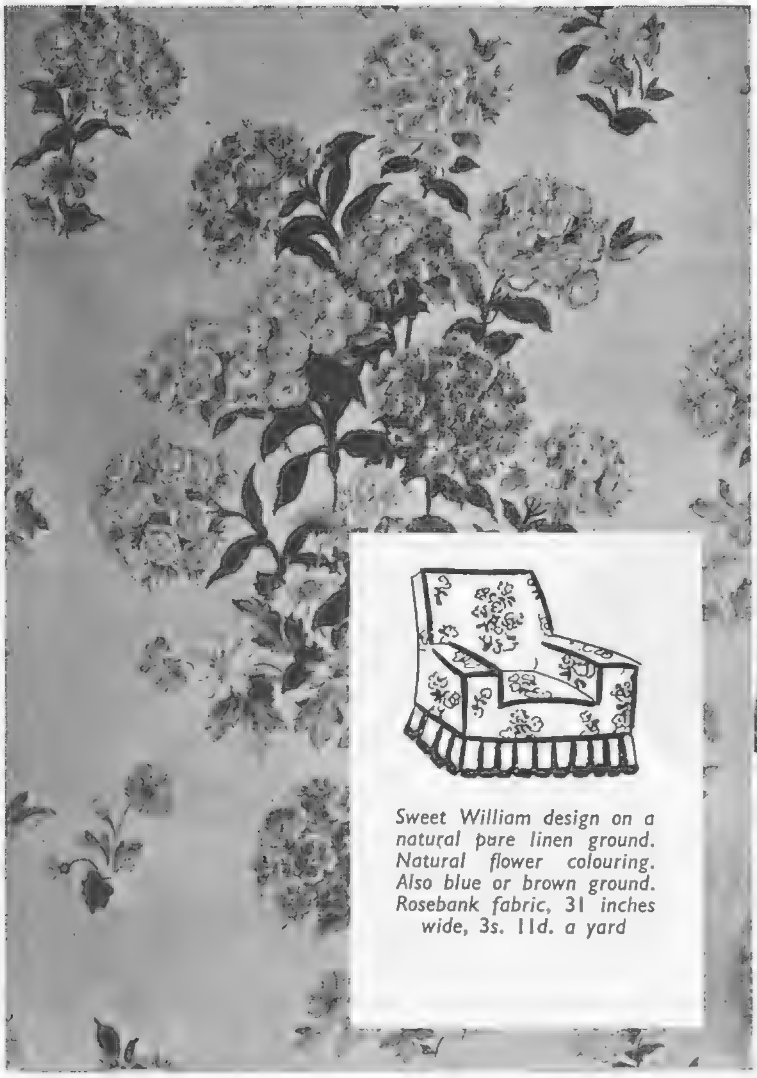
In a room of the cottage type choose a sampler design, or one of the charming wildflower patterns that abound in the Sunlover range of fabrics. These furnishing materials are soft and silky in appearance, though actually extremely tough in use.

Most of them are printed in rich colourings on a natural ground, which makes them specially suitable for matching with existing backgrounds.

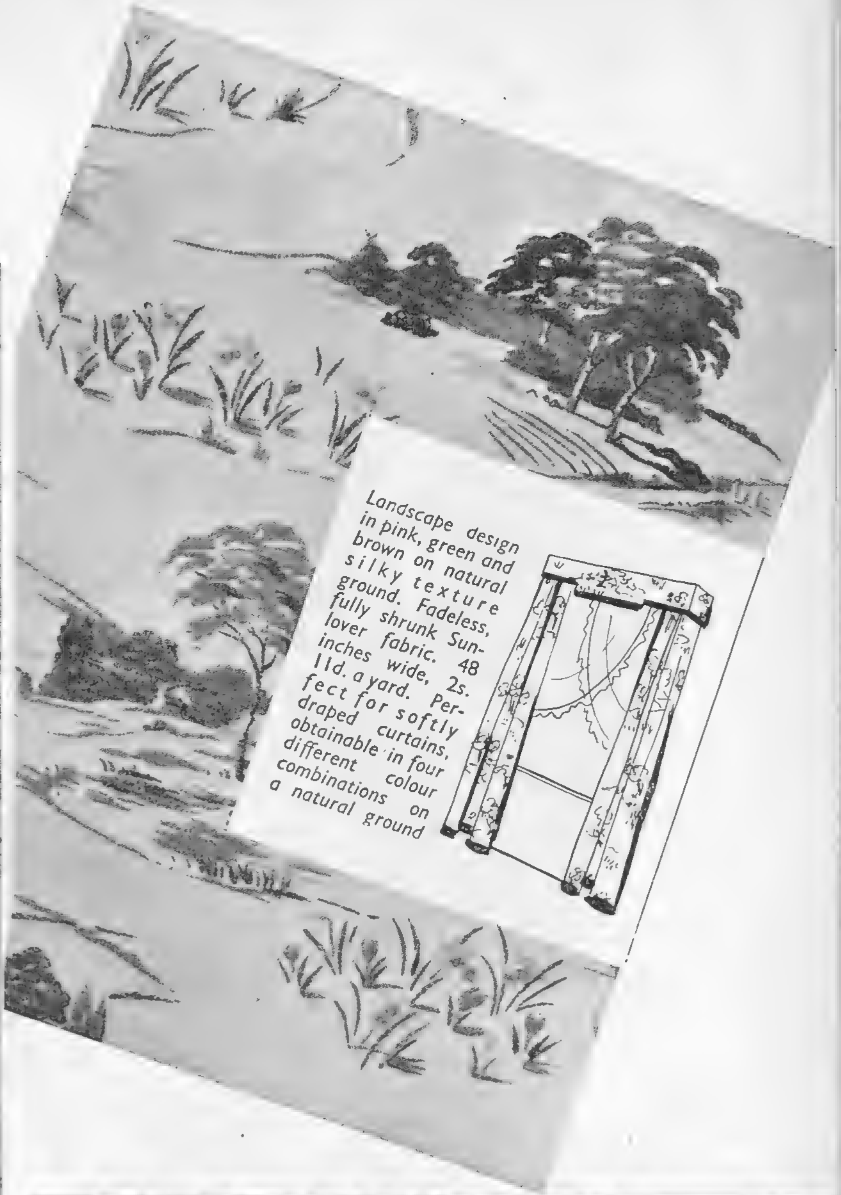
For bedrooms and the more picturesque type of living-room these gay flower fabrics make ideal curtains and bed-covers. They are fully shrunk, fadeless and made in single or double widths at 1s. 11½d. and 2s. 11d. yd.

Printed linen and cretonne are unquestionably the wisest choice

FACE-LIFT



Sweet William design on a natural pure linen ground. Natural flower colouring. Also blue or brown ground. Rosebank fabric, 31 inches wide, 3s. 11d. a yard



Landscape design in pink, green and brown on natural silky texture ground. Fadeless, fully shrunk Sunlover fabric. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. a yard. Perfect for softly draped curtains, obtainable in four different colour combinations on a natural ground

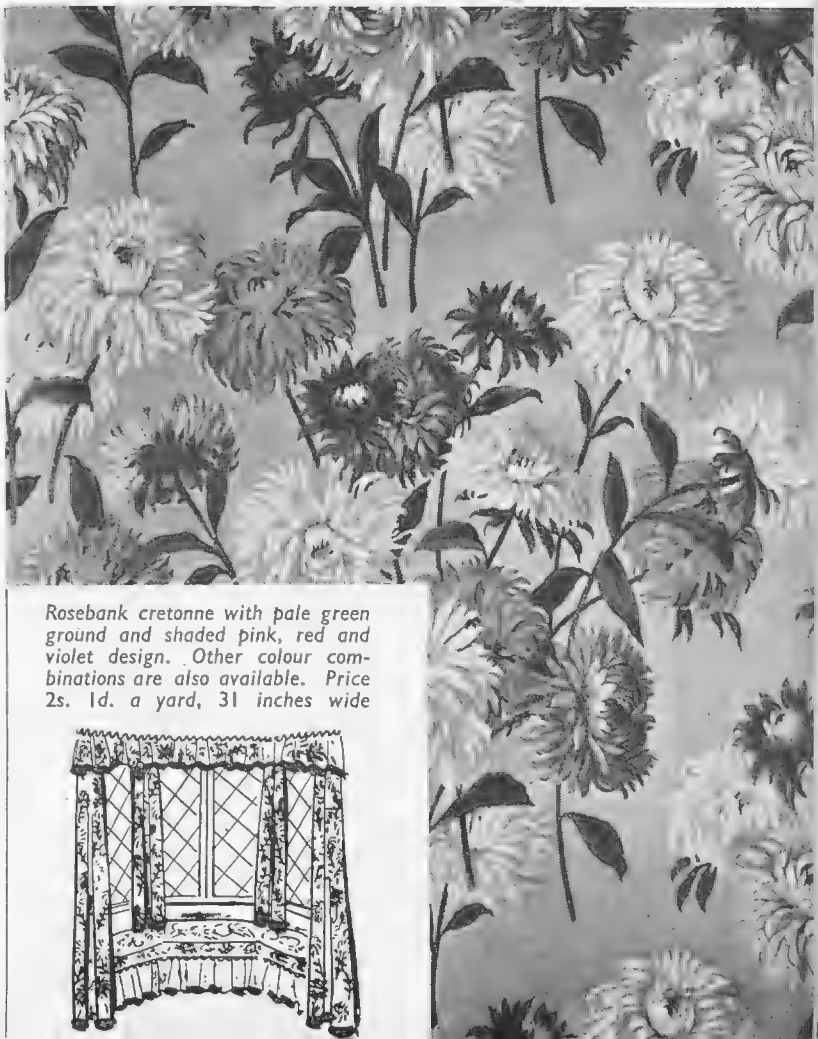
for loose covers. The robustness which these fabrics have, in comparison with lighter textures, add much to the smartness and durability of chair coverings. Apart from the fact that smart tailoring is only possible with a heavier fabric, the hard wear to which covers are always subject demands material that resists creasing.

The photograph which is shown above on this page depicts an inexpensive and quite delightful Rosebank printed linen which has all the resistance necessary for loose covers. This, and many other designs, in a range of charming flower colourings at a similar price, can be had from the big stores who show the Rosebank range.

For draped dressing-tables, bedspreads, and bedroom curtains, Cubaleen, the printed material that looks like glazed chintz and washes without loosing its lustre, is impossible to beat. It is one of the most practical and enchanting of the many varieties of fabric obtainable now for house decoration.

One of the many crisp and colourful designs obtainable in this stuff is shown at the top of the left-hand page. This water-lily pattern is specially beautiful with its cool, clear colouring. In a bedroom with magnolia walls it would make charming curtains as well as, possibly, a skirted dressing-table. The price of this design is rather higher than some, but it is a specially distinguished one. The average price for this stuff is 2s. 11d. yd.

A new fabric, perfect for the rather more luxurious bedroom or drawing-room scheme, is a printed cotton satin that the makers of Rosebank fabrics are now offering. The material has the soft lustre of rich satin and the designs are exquisitely coloured. At fifty inches wide, 6s. 9d. yd. is not a great deal to pay for this fabric.



Rosebank cretonne with pale green ground and shaded pink, red and violet design. Other colour combinations are also available. Price 2s. 1d. a yard, 31 inches wide

Never Really Ill, But Never Really Well

It is a strange fact that in this hygiene-enlightened age, ninety per cent of the adult population function below par.

Now this is utterly ridiculous. A people half as well primed as we are on hormones, vitamins, allergies, calories, proteins and ant-acids, should feel like knocking down an omnibus any morning, out of sheer exuberance of living, instead of which, all that most of us require is a rest from having to do anything. Everything calls for so much effort. We are perpetually having to catch up on schedule, to accelerate and *make* the pace.

If you only feel half well to-day, stop and take stock of yourself.

Don't keep on suppressing sleeplessness, dizziness, indigestion, breathlessness, headaches, attacks of drowsiness, gnawing sensations of hunger shortly after meals, and general nerviness. If you should suffer from any of these symptoms recurrently, have yourself thoroughly overhauled.

Their presence means anaemia in some form. Anaemia is either caused by, or will cause, an organic complication, inevitably. Spring is the time to nip foreshadowed maladies; summer is the season in which to get over them completely.

Have your heart, lungs, alimentary track, nose, eyes, teeth, spine, examined; have a blood-count taken. The process may occupy a day at a clinic, but you will have an exhaustive report on your condition with an analysis as to what you lack and why, and what you produce in excess, and how to adjust it.

Here are six points which contribute to perfect health. Do you observe them?

Noise and Quiet. There should be ten hours "near silence" to fourteen hours "traffic," the latter covers all sounds of disturbance.

Sleeping and Waking. The secret of youth and longevity is eight hours' sleep for those between eighteen and sixty, and nine hours for those who are over or under. Some people can do with very much less, but recuperative sleep has become of increasing importance in these days of high-pressure living and competition.

Work and Play. To the average worker's eight-hour day, add two hours' play, or difference of effort. Reading might provide relaxation for a lorry driver, gardening for an office man. One hour out of doors daily is necessary to office workers.

Success and Effort. Unless your work yields a result that is sixty per cent successful, your mind will be distracted by worry. So, if your occupation is arduous, repetitive, or entails months of labour before there can be a harvest, start a hobby which will provide satisfaction. No weight is as deadening to health as frustration.

Diet. Balance is achieved by introducing a predominance of heat-producing foods, fats and starches into the menu during winter; and tissue building juices, fruits and vegetables during summer.

Fluid. If you take two pints of water daily, not counting that which is contained in tea or any other drink, and two pints of some other liquid, your system will never be congested.

Obviously you will not be able to fulfil this regime every day. But you should be able to achieve something like it if you make up for late nights and other discrepancies during the week-end.

Variety is the spice of life. This is so true a saying it has become trite. But without the stimulus of fresh interests we dwindle and perish.

(*Continued on page* 134)

WISE WORDS ABOUT BEAUTY

Oxygen, the life-giver, infra-red ray, which stimulates circulation, and a blue ray which cools and soothes have all been called into play in one of the most astounding treatments yet devised to revive the skin.

This treatment can only be given at a London Salon, and takes an hour and a half. The results have to be seen to be believed. They do more than restore youth and replace glow, they *re-make the face.*

A Wonderful Treatment

The skin is first cleansed with an opening cream, the head is then bound and the face introduced into a luminous funnel. This funnel is worked electrically, and while the interior becomes imbued with the infra-red ray, which draws the blood to the cheek surface, loosening and ejecting waste matters, a vaporised herbal spray is released—also in the funnel—to wash these away.

After ten minutes, a blue ray is filtered into the infra-red to start sending the blood back from the cheek surface again. For a while, this purple ray acts on the face, and then is changed to one that is blue, calming. Twenty minutes in the funnel terminates the ray treatment.

A minute surgical instrument is then passed over the face, inch by inch, to scoop out any remaining impurity. The skin is massaged with the cream that will suit it best, and then it is given oxygen, shot from a great cylinder through a second herbal spray.

This not only rejuvenates and slightly bleaches, but seems completely to alter the epithelial texture, so that any face may look into the glass after it is over and be astonished that the mirror does not crack at the really wonderful transformation that has taken place.

Hands quickly reveal age. To prevent this, it is best to revert to the old-fashioned custom of thoroughly creaming or feeding the hands at night, and placing them in outsize cotton gloves as often as you can.

There is a balm which has kept the hands of a woman of fifty as young as those of a girl of eighteen—only they are softer and whiter—simply because she has kneaded them with this preparation and stroked down her fingers to keep them straight and stop swelling knuckles.

A lotion derived from water-lilies, wiped into the hands directly after washing, will keep them perpetually scented and smooth, free from chaps whatever the subsequent exposure, and non-sticky, just like a petal. It is inexpensive.

Young Hands, Throat, Eyes

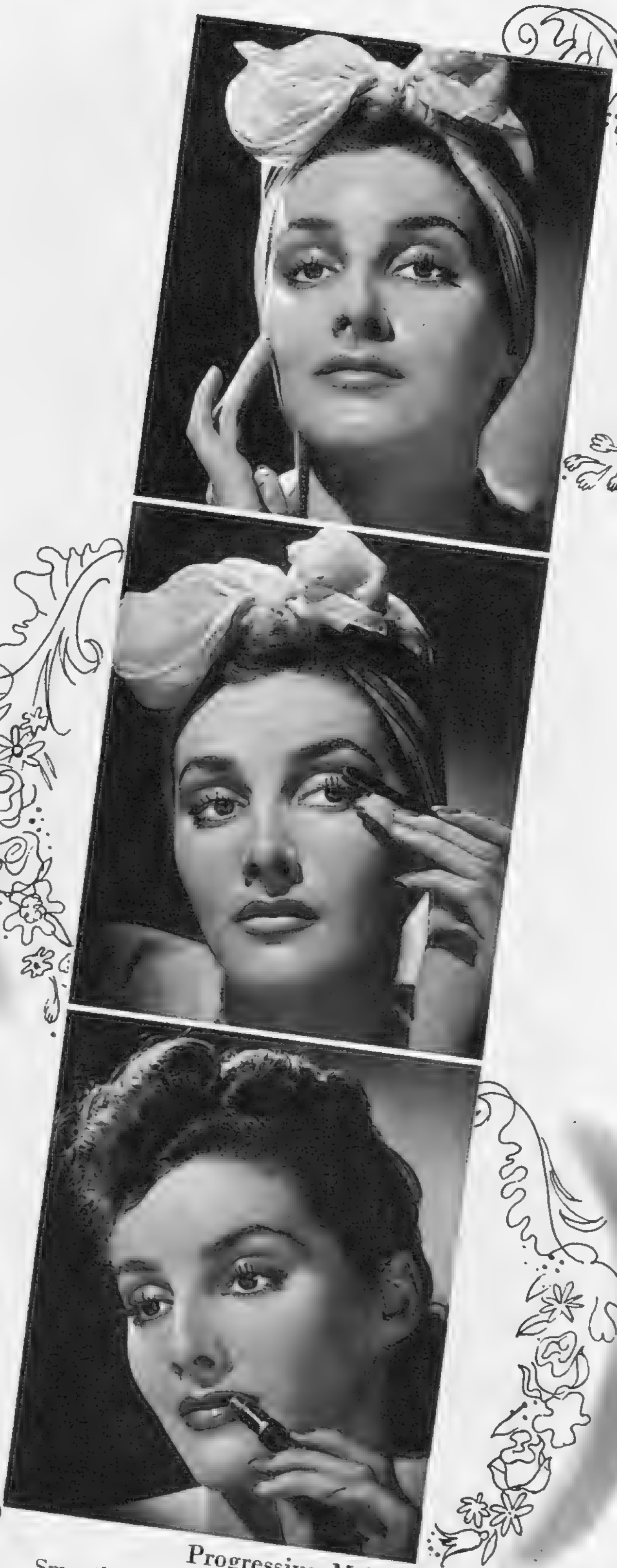
Who hasn't known either cavities and crinkles or an increasing spread in the throat, once early youth has passed?

Now comes a balsam to ward off all that. It does what it says and it could not do more: nourishes and renews the tissues, tightens the muscles, rebuilds the under-skin cells. Consequently it either fills out a scraggy neck, or pulls back a bulging one to normal. Also it confers that soft fairness, so essential to any throat.

Try it. You'll soon show the benefit.

Before any girl picks up a powder-puff she should learn to use a herbal oil as an eye-shadow. It is flattering, protective and keeps the lid ever young. It is indispensable to good looks. Those who have never helped themselves with it must begin.

Then there's a wonder-working youthifying eye-cream, which fills out crow's-feet and cracks in the eye-socket. It positively absorbs wrinkles and should be finger-printed in at night.



Progressive Make-up

Smooth in your foundation (1). While it is drying, start to dress.

Pat in the rouge. Some faces simply drink it. Go on with your dressing; you will soon see whether there is too much or too little rouge.

Powder. Next, streak on your eye-shadow and mascara your lashes (2). Then outline your lips. Your face-picture will come vividly into being as you brush your lashes again with mascara. This will show you exactly how thickly to apply the lip-stick, as everything has been so sensitively related. Fix your hair.

Now you are in full readiness for the final powdering and mascara, and accentuation of highlights (3). Make-up will be set, it will seem to be part of your face.

By CHRYSIS

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

PARIS FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Department

Colours, fabrics, details play second, third, and fourth fiddle this season to the leader of the fashion orchestra. This is the new silhouette, the short, girlishly full skirt, the tight, pinched-in waist, the larger rounded hips.

Skirts, when short, can go seventeen inches from the ground—but don't show your knees.

These skirts are flared, pleated, gored, unpressed-pleated, bunchy, gathered. Peplums, basques, stand-out pockets emphasise hips. By day and night bustles, basques and peplums occur.

The whole mode is young and mock innocent. Put out of your mind the thought of mutton dressed as lamb. Although it is the way she might dress her schoolgirl daughter, any mother of thirty-five or more can put herself, with confidence, into a navy pinafore frock with a pleated skirt, a vivid printed, puffed sleeved top; into a black moire with a flared skirt, a white needlework collar, cuffs and petticoat frill.

Lingerie trims in every form, will keep laundries busy. White piqué, linen, broderie anglaise, marvellously worked and tucked handkerchief linen, muslin, organdie, Valenciennes lace make blouses, collars, cuffs, petticoat frills, trim hats, accent—even make entire—evening dresses and coats.

Spring usually brings out a rash of navy, trimmed white. This year it is a fever. Molyneux introduces a new colour to be used with white, a very dark bottle-green that looks like rusty black and is called navy-green.

Pastel coats, straight or flared redingotes, go over dark crepe dresses or printed crepes. Beltless country coats are chunky with high yokes, collarless.

Short, tight jackets go with short swing skirts. There are bell-boy jackets, monkey jackets, breast-high boleros. Some of the straight skirts take longer jackets, usually checked or striped.

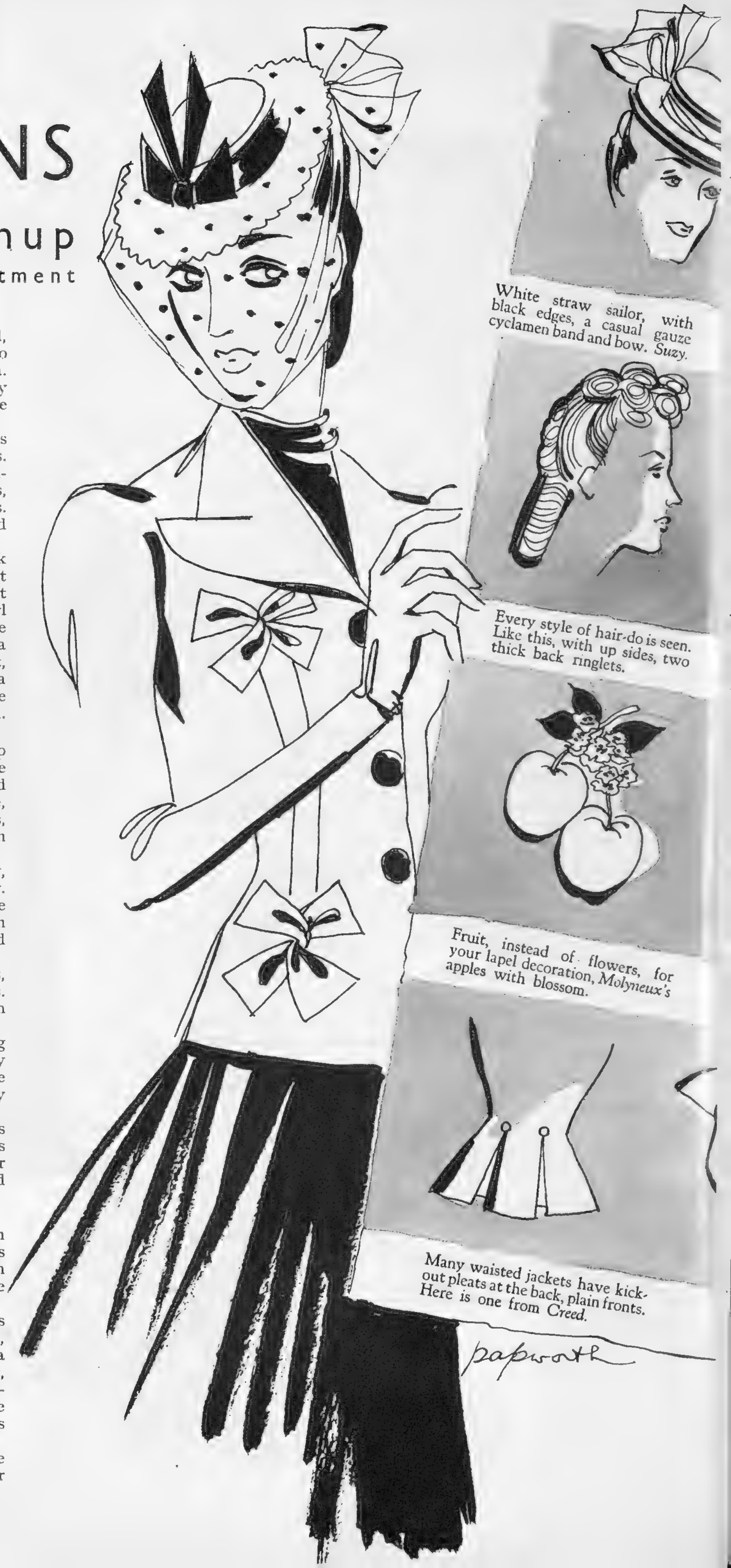
There are checked tweed waistcoat fronts and corselet insets on plain jackets. Stuffs mix illogically, slipper satin for a jumper over a black wool pleated skirt, a vivid striped surrah coat over a wool dress.

Unhooped evening skirts of faille, satin moire stand out as stiffly as the crinolines which still abound. Directoire dresses with long floating chiffon and satin scarves, give divine length of limb.

The blouse-contrast-skirt dinner-dress is given fresh impetus by Chanel's beauties, one is drawn on page 60. Another has a blouse of white lace, a check taffeta skirt, with two flounces at the hem, a wide waistband, a check taffeta kerchief round the neck. Rochas does white muslin blouses with full-flowered taffeta skirts.

Balenciaga's full skirts beneath tight little jumper jackets, the white needlework jumper

(*Continued on page* 118)

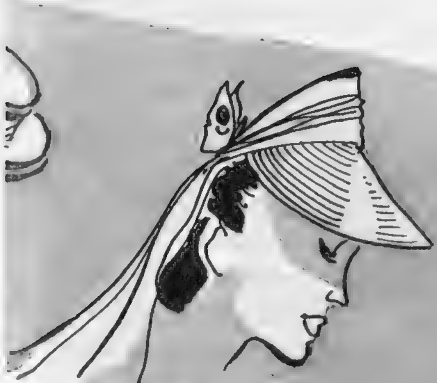


White straw sailor, with black edges, a casual gauze cyclamen band and bow. *Suzy.*

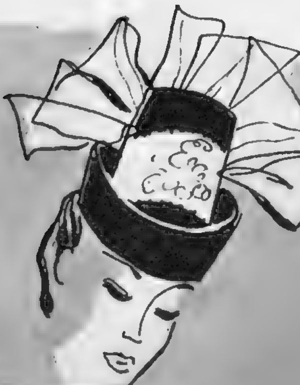
Every style of hair-do is seen. Like this, with up sides, two thick back ringlets.

Fruit, instead of flowers, for your lapel decoration, *Molyneux's* apples with blossom.

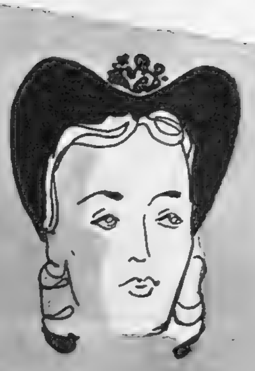
Many waisted jackets have kick-out pleats at the back, plain fronts. Here is one from *Creed.*



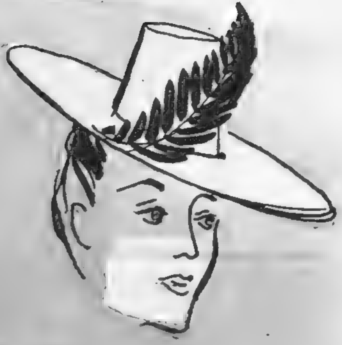
Yellow and brown stitched muslin brim, yellow and brown gauze crown, bow and ends. *Suzy.*



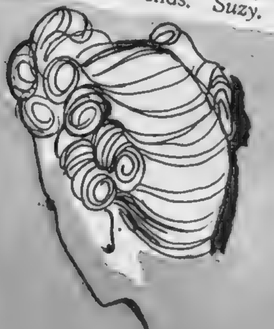
Coarse black straw high crowned exaggerated Breton, with white lingerie trim. *Schiaparelli.*



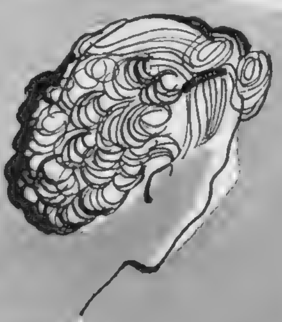
Bonnets suit the young, schoolgirl silhouette. Fine black straw, with a dip in the middle. *Maria Guy.*



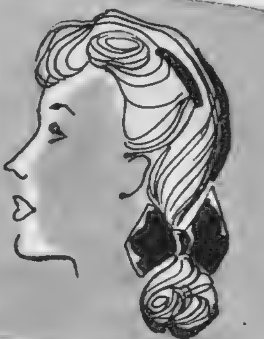
Tailored white panama, high crowned, dramatically trimmed with one large shiny palm leaf. *Erik.*



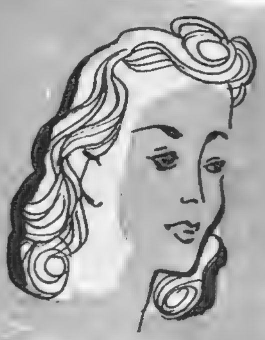
Swathed across the back with large flat - curls massing behind each ear.



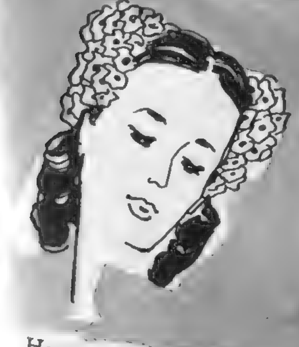
Up at the sides, the back taper cut from the crown and casually curled all over.



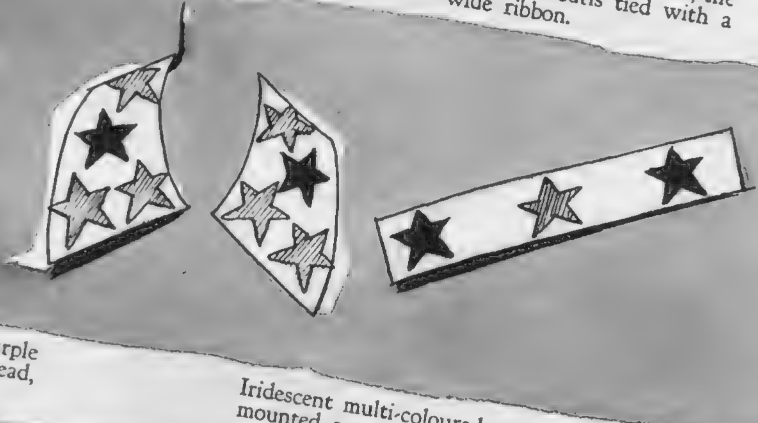
A fringe, swept up sides, the long back curls tied with a wide ribbon.



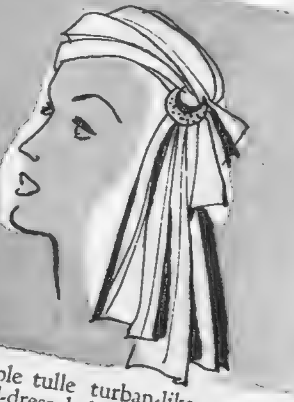
The Hollywood drip, loose heavy waves and curled ends hanging well down in the neck.



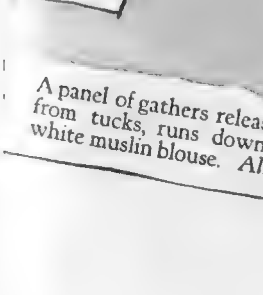
Heavy clusters of pinky-purple flowers each side of the head, for evening. *Molyneux.*



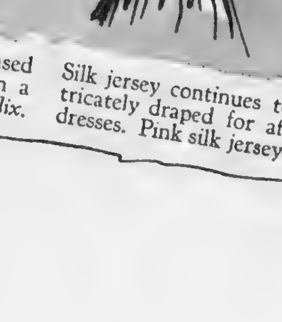
Iridescent multi-coloured stars mounted on a mica collar and matching belt. *Schiaparelli.*



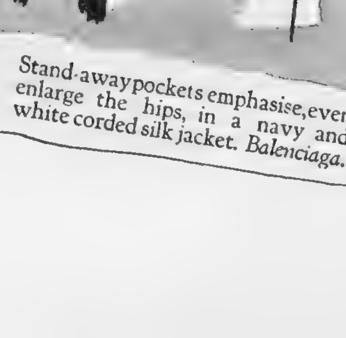
Purple tulle turban-like evening head-dress held with a diamond crescent. *Molyneux.*



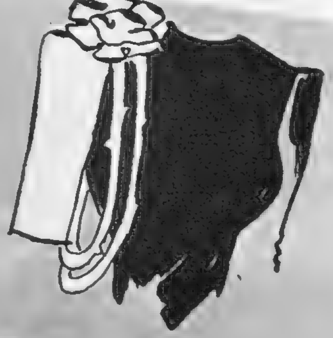
A panel of gathers released from tucks, runs down a white muslin blouse. *Alix.*



Silk jersey continues to be intricately draped for afternoon dresses. Pink silk jersey. *Alix.*

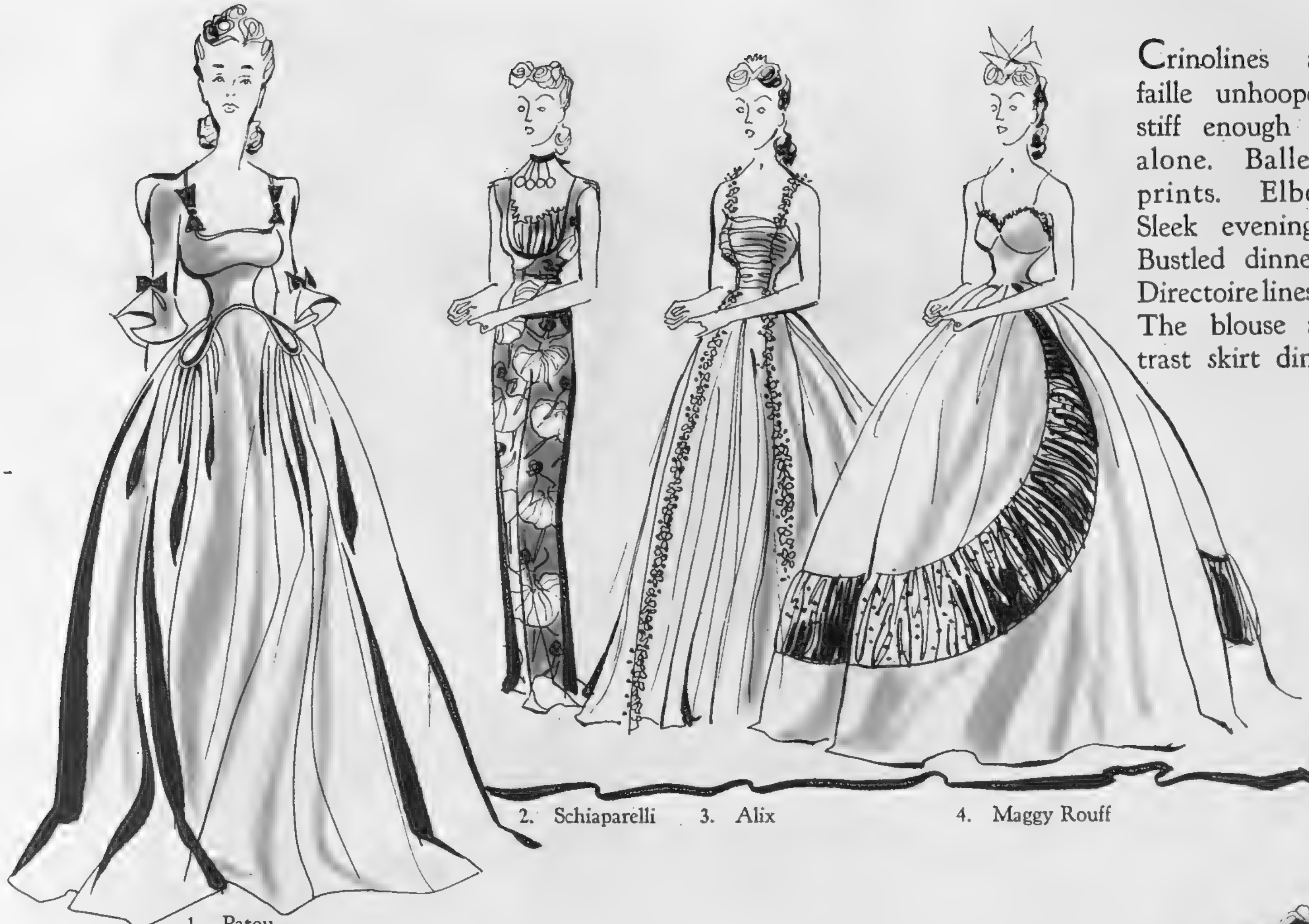


Stand-away pockets emphasise, even enlarge the hips, in a navy and white corded silk jacket. *Balenciaga.*



A plain black crepe dress carries one white piqué sleeve, with a piqué rose and stalk trim. *Maggy Rouff.*

Crinolines and full faille unhooped skirts, stiff enough to stand alone. Ballet dancer prints. Elbow ties. Sleek evening dresses. Bustled dinner dresses. Directoire lines. Peplums The blouse and contrast skirt dinner dress



2. Schiaparelli 3. Alix 4. Maggy Rouff

1. Patou

1. White slipper satin, tight-waisted, full-skirted, with green velvet bows, hip pockets

2. Sleek crepe, printed with white ballet dancers on a black ground, a new wavy décolletage. Violet suède gloves, violet neckband with hanging all-colour jewels

3. Full-skirted white organza, with a tight ruched bodice, trailing green and red currants

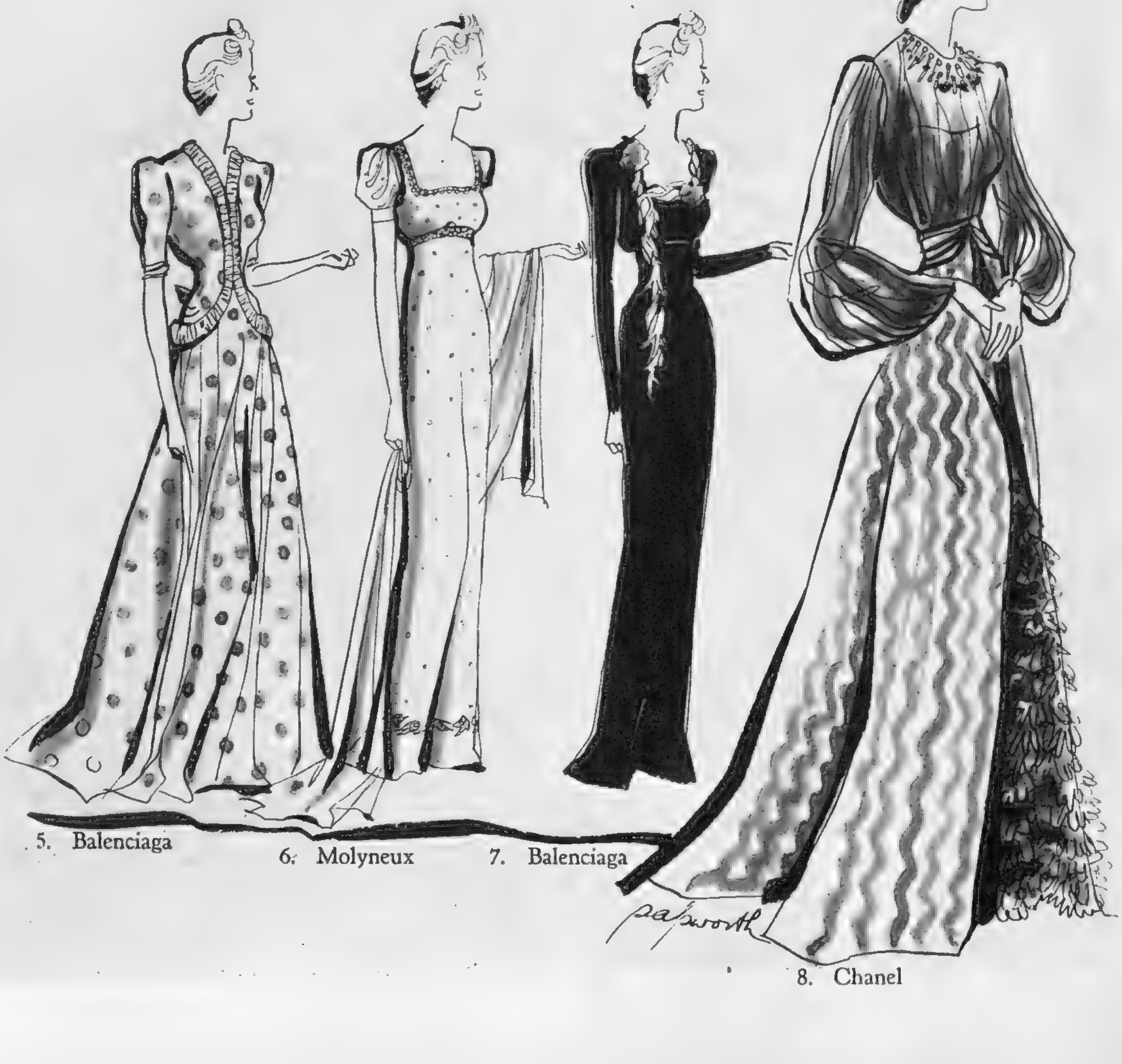
4. Pink slipper satin crinoline with a wide black dotted muslin insertion, bras top

5. Black spotted pastel muslin, the back of the full skirt caught with a black velvet bow, imitating a bustle

6. The new Directoire line at its most gracious, in grey crepe dotted with brilliants, which also mass round neckline, beneath the breasts, and above the hem in a leaf design. Grey tulle scarf

7. Long, tight-sleeved black crepe, flowing to the body, the décolletage appliquéd with pink satin roses and green leaves which then trail

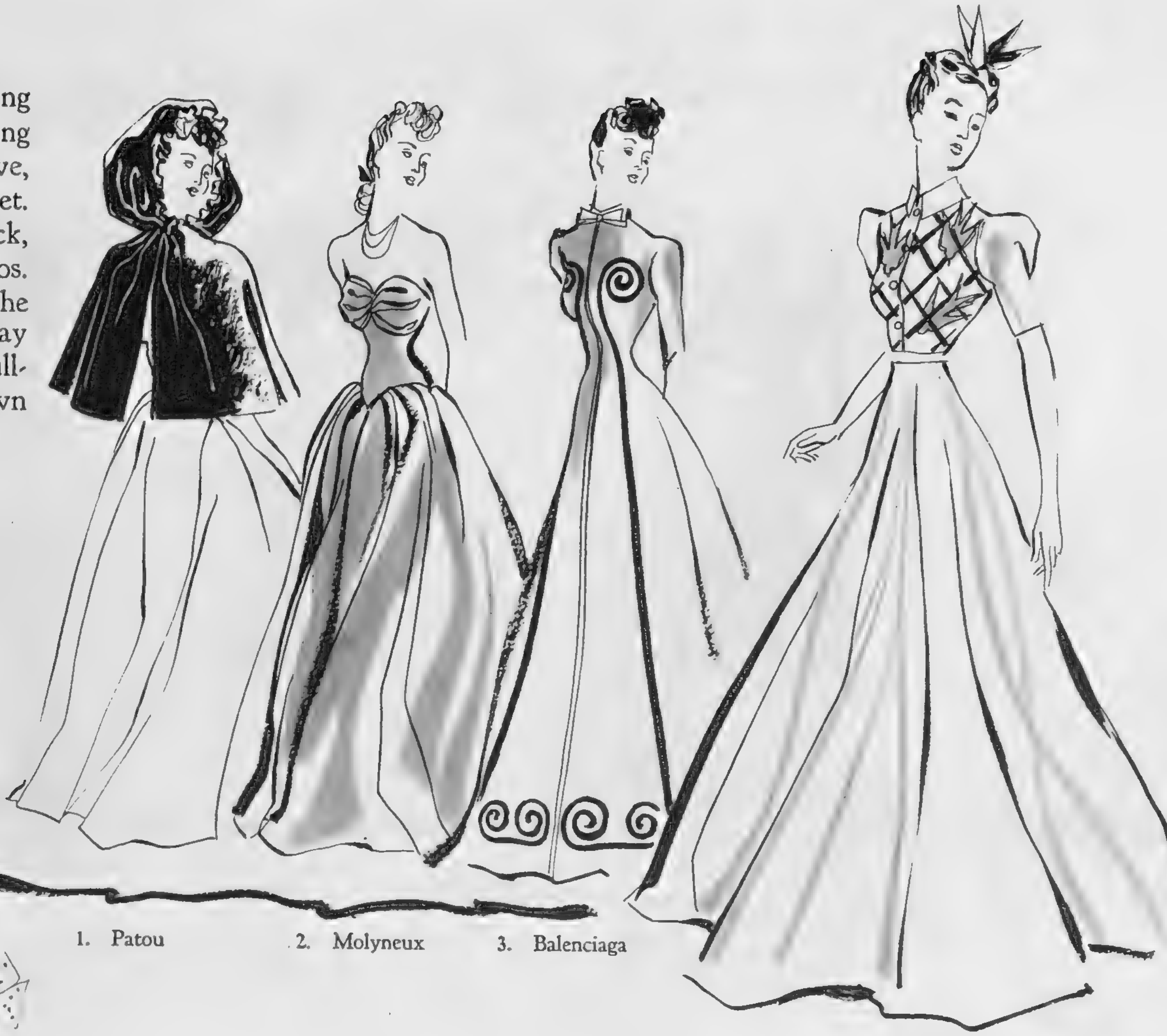
8. Cherry pleated chiffon blouse, a flaring red, grey and orange taffeta skirt that slits to the waist to show cherry ruffled tulle



5. Balenciaga 6. Molyneux 7. Balenciaga

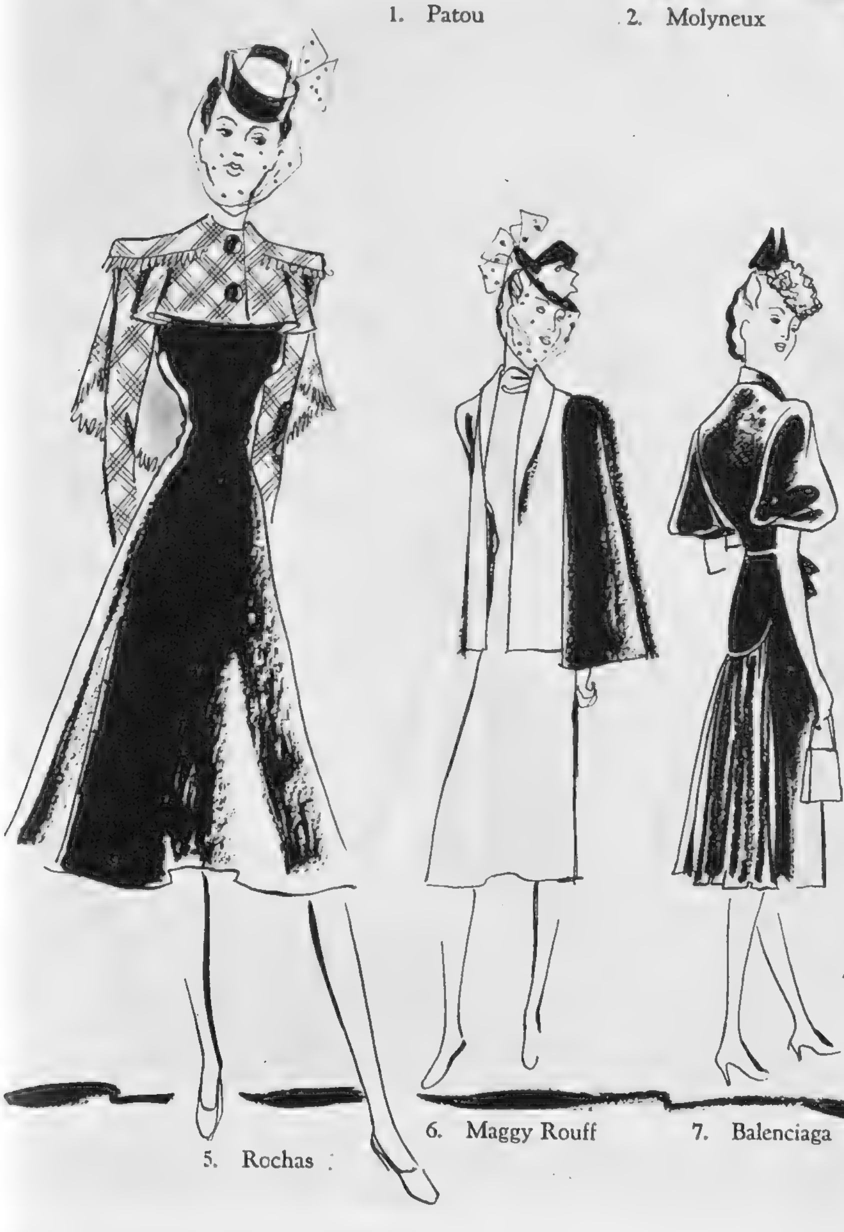
8. Chanel

Navy rope trimming white piqué evening coat. One fur sleeve, beaver on a beige jacket. Chest-high, cape-back, fringed tweed boleros. Jewels worn on the brow. Snoods. Day and evening skirt fullness starting low down

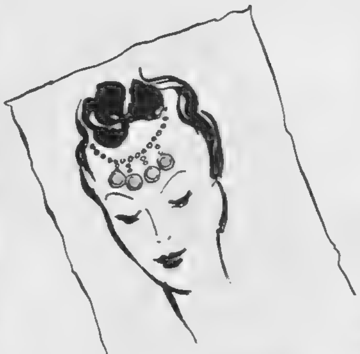


1. Patou 2. Molyneux 3. Balenciaga

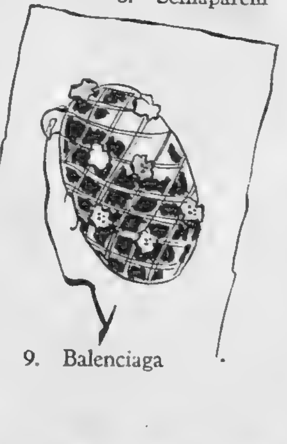
4. Rochas



5. Rochas 6. Maggy Rouff 7. Balenciaga



8. Schiaparelli



9. Balenciaga

1. Green velvet evening hood and cape (worn over the white satin Patou on facing page)

2. Rose-coloured faille, the full, unhooped skirt springing with a front dip from a low hip line

3. White piqué evening coat, swirl-trimmed with navy blue rope

4. The shirty bodice of a full-skirted white organza latticed with green velvet over blue, yellow and green birds

5. The new chest-high bolero, cape-length at back, in fringed tweed over a black wool dress

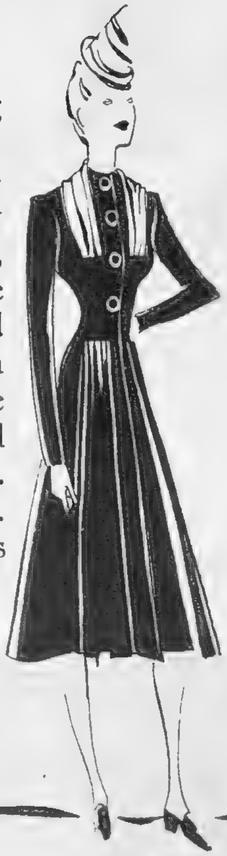
6. Beige woollen frock, with a straight loose jacket which has one nutria sleeve

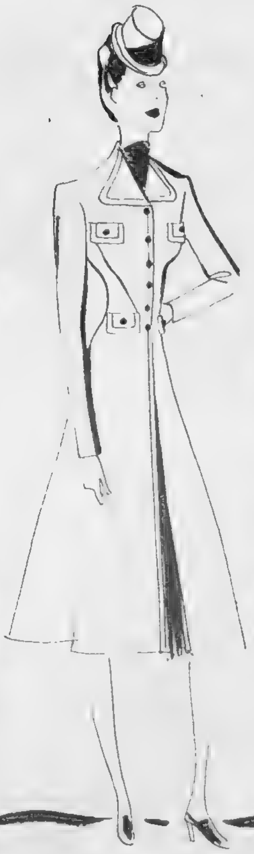
7. A black crepe dress with full sleeves, a tight waist, gathered-back fullness coming below the seat

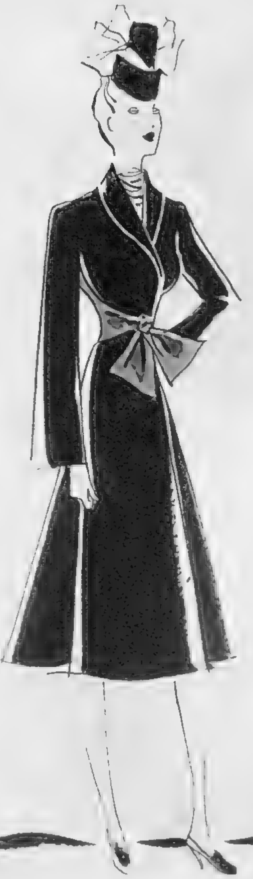
8. Gold coins on a gold chain rest, like a pendant, on the brow

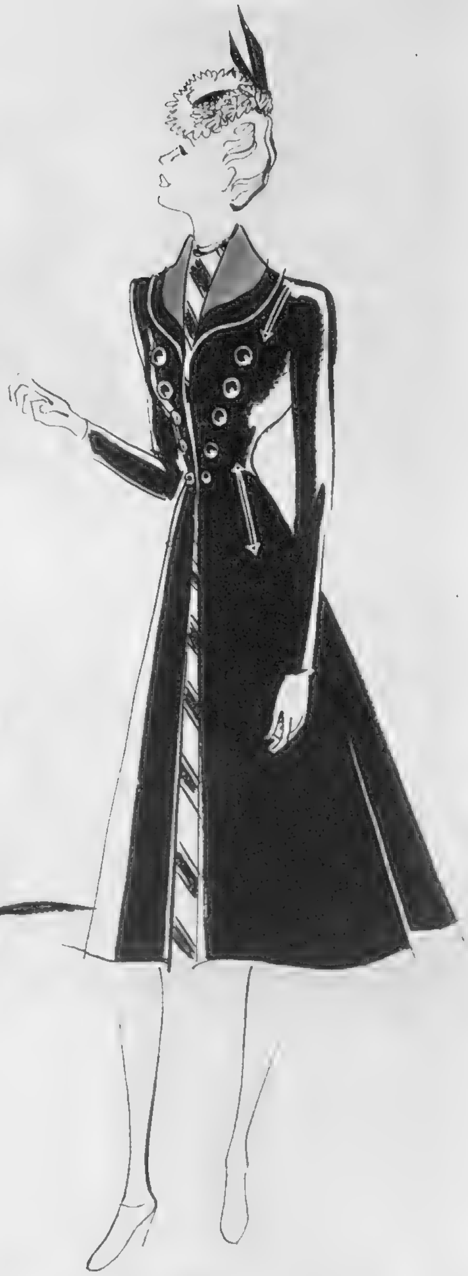
9. Black chenille snood (for day or evening), trimmed with all-coloured flowers

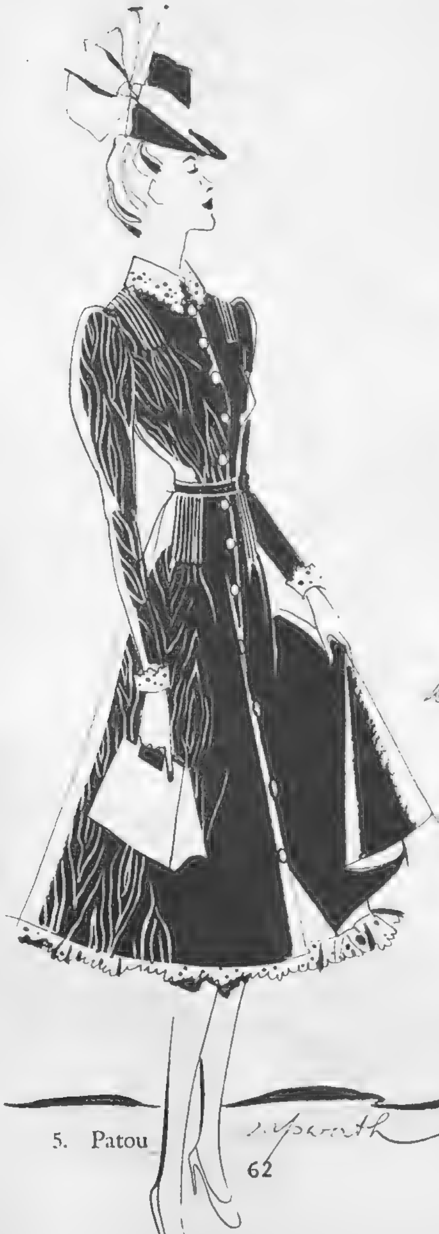
Tiny waists, curving hips, broad shoulders. Peplums, bustles, revealed petticoats. Navy and white alliance, black moire with white frilly trims. Flowered crepe jackets over plain crepe dresses. Fine smooth woollens. Pastel coats over darker dresses. Bias stripes. Moires. Very full, short skirts

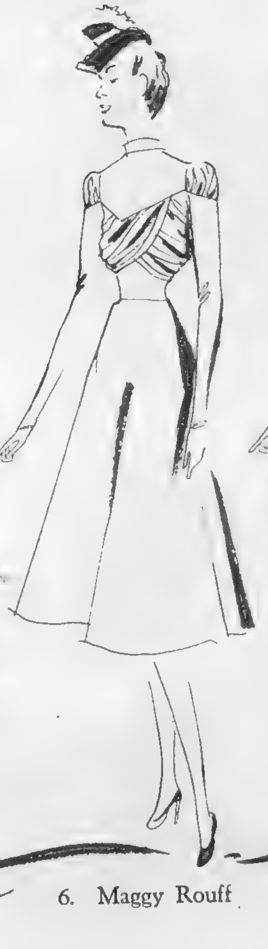

1. Rochas

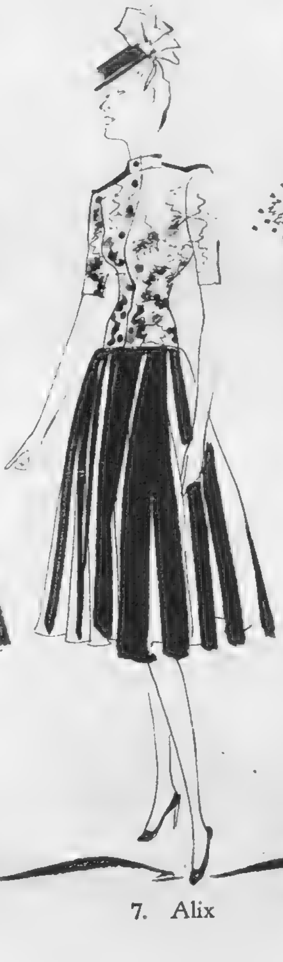

2. Molyneux

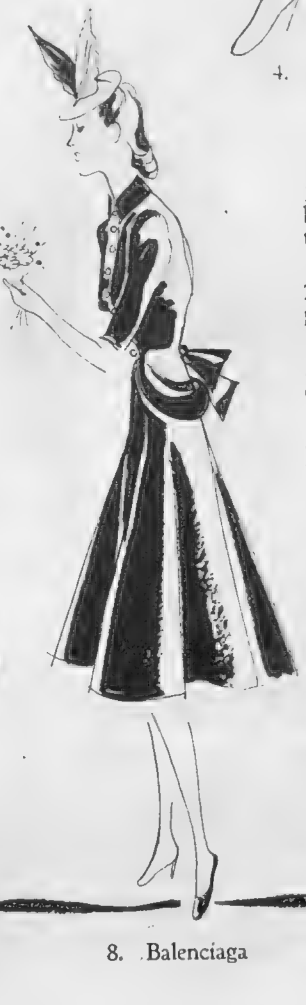

3. Balenciaga


4. Creed


5. Patou


6. Maggy Rouff


7. Alix


8. Balenciaga

1. Yellow scarf drapery inset on a brown woollen coat, with a sleek top, a gathered skirt.

2. Pale blue woollen coat over a purple and blue crepe dress.

3. Royal blue satin back and sash on a black cloth coat.

4. Navy coat, sharply waisted, with a grosgrain collar, over a navy and white striped crepe dress.

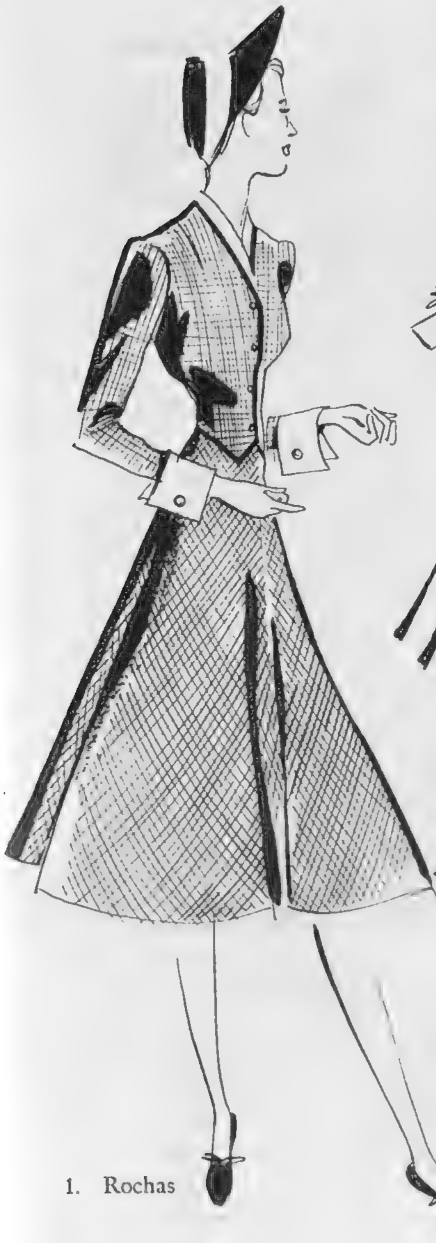
5. Swing-skirted black moire dress with white broderie anglaise collar, cuffs and revealed petticoat.

6. White silk jersey, with drapery on shoulders and bosom.

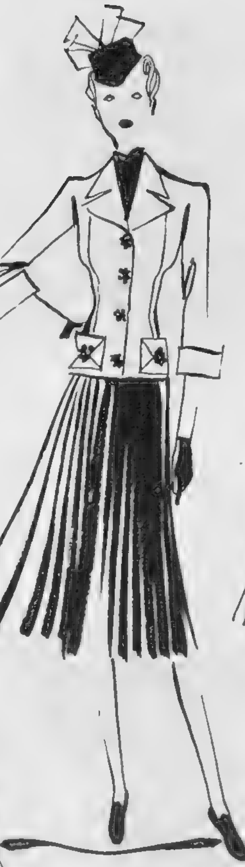
7. Flowered crepe jacket over a navy crepe dress with skirt of unpressed pleats.

8. A draped peplum, a bustle bow at the back of a black crepe dress.

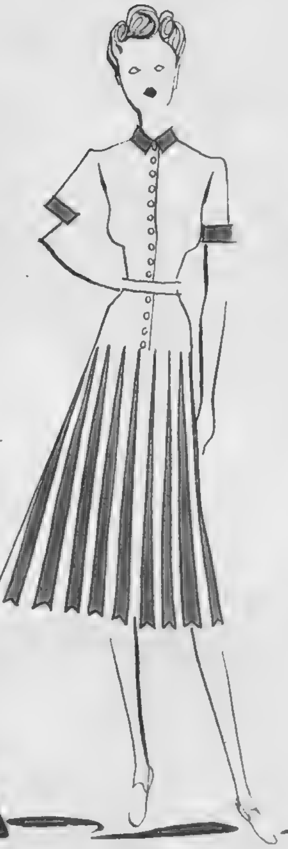
Plain jackets with check waistcoat fronts. White linked cuffs on little girl dresses. Jumper-dresses in vivid slipper satin and black wool, black jersey and striped crepe. Fitting jackets. Scalloped fronts. Boleros. A new green that looks like rusty black is called navy-green



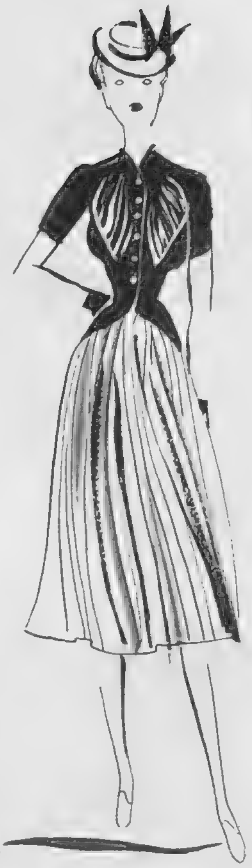
1. Rochas



2. Balenciaga



3. Molyneux



4. Alix

1. Fine black and white check woollen with a pointed bodice, white piqué cuffs and vest slip collar.

2. Ice blue slipper satin jumper with black-currant buttons, over a black woollen pleated skirt.

3. Light and dark grey woollen combine in a shirt-waist frock.

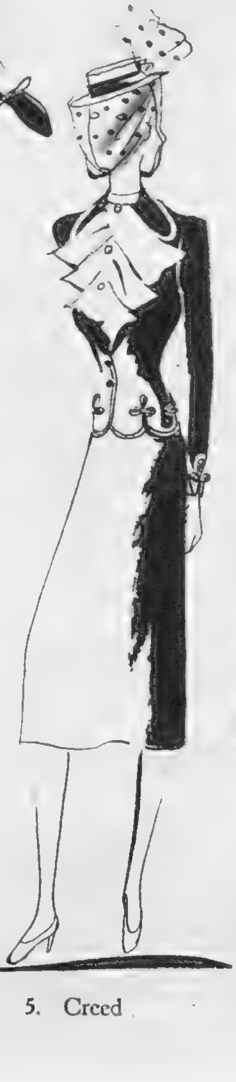
4. Jersey jacket with new bosom drapery, and a silk skirt striped in nasturtium shades.

5. Black smooth woollen suit, the fitting jacket scalloped and corded, lingerie blouse with a large jabot.

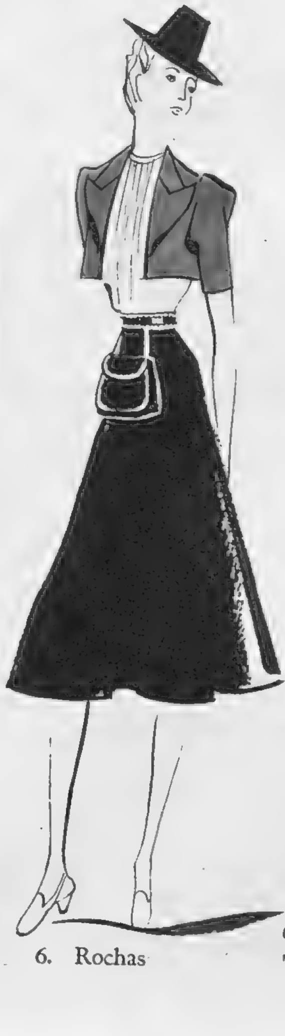
6. Emerald woollen bolero, white blouse, black skirt. The black patent bag hangs from a black patent belt.

7. Bolero and dress in a dark bottle-green like rusty black with an inset white cummerbund.

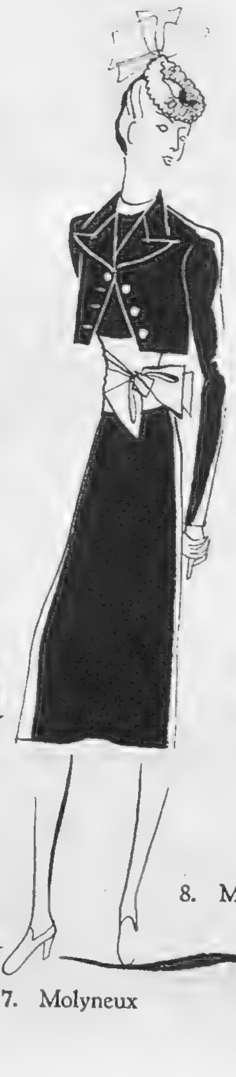
8. Black flared skirt, black fitting jacket with yellow and black check waistcoat front, a yellow sweater.



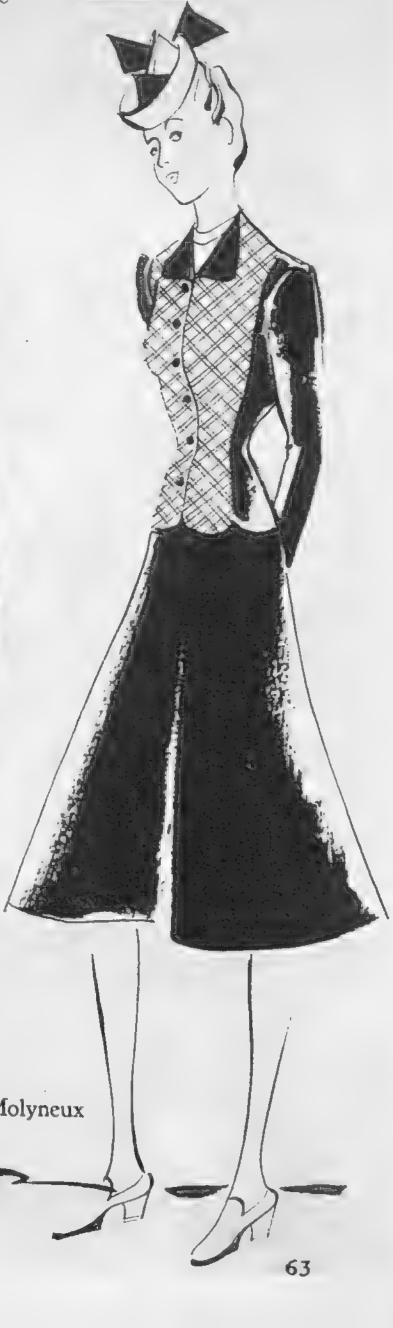
5. Creed



6. Rochas



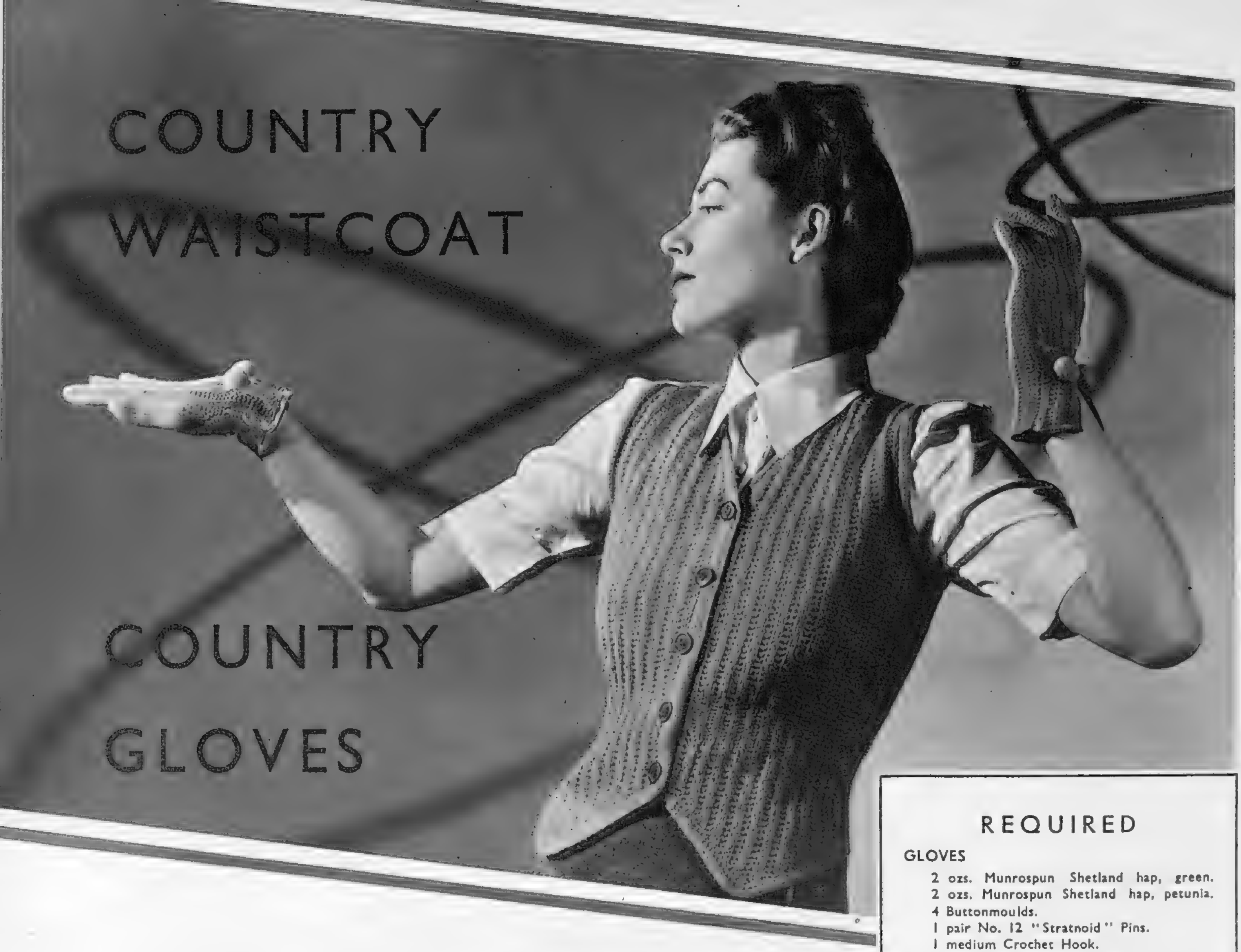
7. Molyneux



8. Molyneux

COUNTRY WAISTCOAT

COUNTRY GLOVES



REQUIRED

GLOVES

- 2 ozs. Munrospun Shetland hap, green.
- 2 ozs. Munrospun Shetland hap, petunia.
- 4 Buttonmoulds.
- 1 pair No. 12 "Stratnoid" Pins.
- 1 medium Crochet Hook.

Tension: Approximately 8 sts. to 1 in.

WAISTCOAT

- 6 ozs. Munrospun Shetland Hap wool.
- 5 Buttons.
- 1 pair No. 9 and 1 pair No. 12 "Stratnoid" Pins.

Measurements

Back length from shoulder, 18 ins.
Across back underarm, 14½ ins.
Underarm 16½ ins.
Across front underarm, 10 ins.
Tension: Approximately 7 sts. to 1 in.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = Knit; P. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; pat. = pattern.

GLOVES

FRONTS

With No. 12 pins and green wool, cast on 26 sts.

1st row: Knit.

2nd row: *K.2, P.2. Repeat from * ending K.2. Work 6 ins. Continue in stocking st.

1st FINGER

Take 1st 7 sts. from hand. Cast on 1 st. (8 sts.). Work 2½ ins.

SHAPE TOP

1st row: (K.1, K. 2 tog. twice), K. 2 tog.

2nd row: P. 1. (P. 2 tog. twice.) Cast off tightly.

2nd FINGER

Cast on 1. Take next 7 sts. from hand. Cast on 1 (9 sts.). Work 2¾ ins.

SHAPE TOP

1st row: (K. 1, K. 2 tog., three times.)

2nd row: (P. 2 tog. three times.) Cast off tightly.

3rd FINGER

Cast on 1. Take next 6 sts. from hand. Cast on 1 (8 sts.). Work as 1st finger.

4th FINGER

Cast on 1. Take last 6 sts. from hand (7 sts.). Work 2¼ ins.

SHAPE TOP

1st row: (K. 1 K. 2 tog. twice) K. 1.

2nd row: (P. 2 tog. twice) P. 1. Cast off tightly.

Work another Front, with fingers in reverse order.

BACKS

With No. 12 pins and petunia wool cast on 14 sts. Work 2 ins. pat. Break off, leave on spare pin. Work another piece to correspond; do not break off, but work across both sets of sts. as follows:

1st row: K. 12 (K. 2 tog. twice), K. 12. Continue in pat. until 6 ins. from start. Work fingers as for front of hand. Work another Back, with fingers in reverse order.

THUMBS (2)

Work in stocking st. and petunia wool. With No. 12 pins cast on 2 sts. Inc. 1 st. each end of every third row until 18 sts. Work 2¼ ins.

SHAPE TOP

1st row: * K. 1, K. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row: * P. 2 tog. to last st. P. 1.

BUTTONCOVERS (4)

With No. 12 pins and green wool, cast on 14 sts. Work fourteen rows stocking st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in thumbs. Work two rows double crochet round outer edges. Cover moulds with buttoncovers, and stitch to backs of gloves.

WAISTCOAT

BACK

With No. 9 pins cast on 102 sts.

1st row: Knit.

2nd row: * K. 2, P. 2. Repeat from * ending K. 2.

Work until 2 ins. from start, decreasing 1 st. each end of every fourth row until 94 sts. Change to No. 12 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins and work 7 ins., increasing 1 st. each end of every sixth row until 102 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next eight rows. Work 7½ ins. on remaining 70 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next six rows. Cast off remaining sts.

(*Continued on page* 118)

DOMESTIC DRAMA

by Alison Haig

You have just got married. Your husband is a hero, you are the heroine, your house is the stage. Maids, charwomen, tradesmen, gardeners, in-laws, guests—all have parts to play in the drama, comedy, farce or tragedy that is about to begin. There are sure to be plenty of alarums and excursions and noises off. It isn't as if you had had any rehearsals, and you have never acted with any of the other players before. So it is well worth your while to study the minor characters a bit—your ability to get on with them is as vital to the success of your performance as the way you play up to the hero.

Mina Calamity, the Maidservant

The first few days are *most* important with her. Then is the time to show Mina exactly how you like the table laid, the washing-up done, the beds turned down. If you once allow her to do things her own way, instead of just saying, "Do it like this," you will have to say, "Don't do it like that."

Special jobs for each day should be written out and pinned up. If you help at all, always help with the same thing.

Mrs. Cheery, the Charwoman

In direct contrast to your dealings with Mina Calamity, you must allow her to have the superior knowledge . . . "When do you think we should start spring-cleaning, Mrs. Cheery?"

Don't tell her she isn't cleaning the bath well enough, but say : "That Scratcho doesn't seem much good, does it?" Then she will tell you that Sinkshine is what you ought to have; and when you get it she will put plenty of elbow grease into the job (which is what it really needed) to show you what wonderful stuff her Sinkshine is.

Mr. Grubb, the Gardener

Gardeners are children. They flag without encouragement, and come near to tears if you fail to notice their day's work. Admire, admire, admire, punctuating your admiration with such remarks as, "I wonder how Colonel Shottem's gardener keeps his paths so free from weeds?" If he is your full-time gardener, he is called just Grubb. If he is only by-the-hour he is Mr. Grubb. The real test of your personal success with either Grubb or Mr. Grubb is not in the little gifts of roses he brings you from his own garden (he can't resist showing these off, anyhow), but in whether he will chop the wood and bring in the coal to the house.

Mr. Groats, the Grocer

Tradesmen live by making a profit on the goods they sell. It is, therefore, only to be expected that they will make as big a profit as possible. Nevertheless, they will despise you as a housewife if you let them. It is obviously no use pointing out to Mr. Groats that the best things in life are free, but you can point out that his bacon is twopence a pound more than at the National Stores, and not one whit the better for it.

Don't give all your custom to one grocer at first. Buy all over the town to find out which gives the best value and service. *Then* stick to the one man as much as possible. For the more trade you do with him, the more he will oblige in getting you special lines, exchanging things, giving credit, and taking back bottles.

Mr. Brisket, the Butcher

Butchers, of all tradesmen, have the most opportunities for selling you pups. They can, and generally do, cut you four to eight ounces more than you ask for. They can throw in bones and lumps of suet that don't belong.

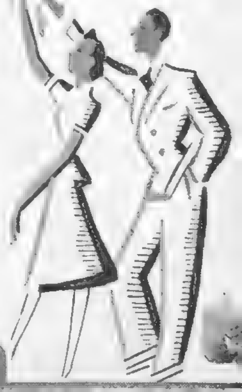
And what can you do? You must mug it all up. Mrs. Beeton's advice on joints, meat good and bad, marketing clever and foolish, will enable you to look at a piece of beef as if you really knew what district of the cow it came from and *how long ago.*

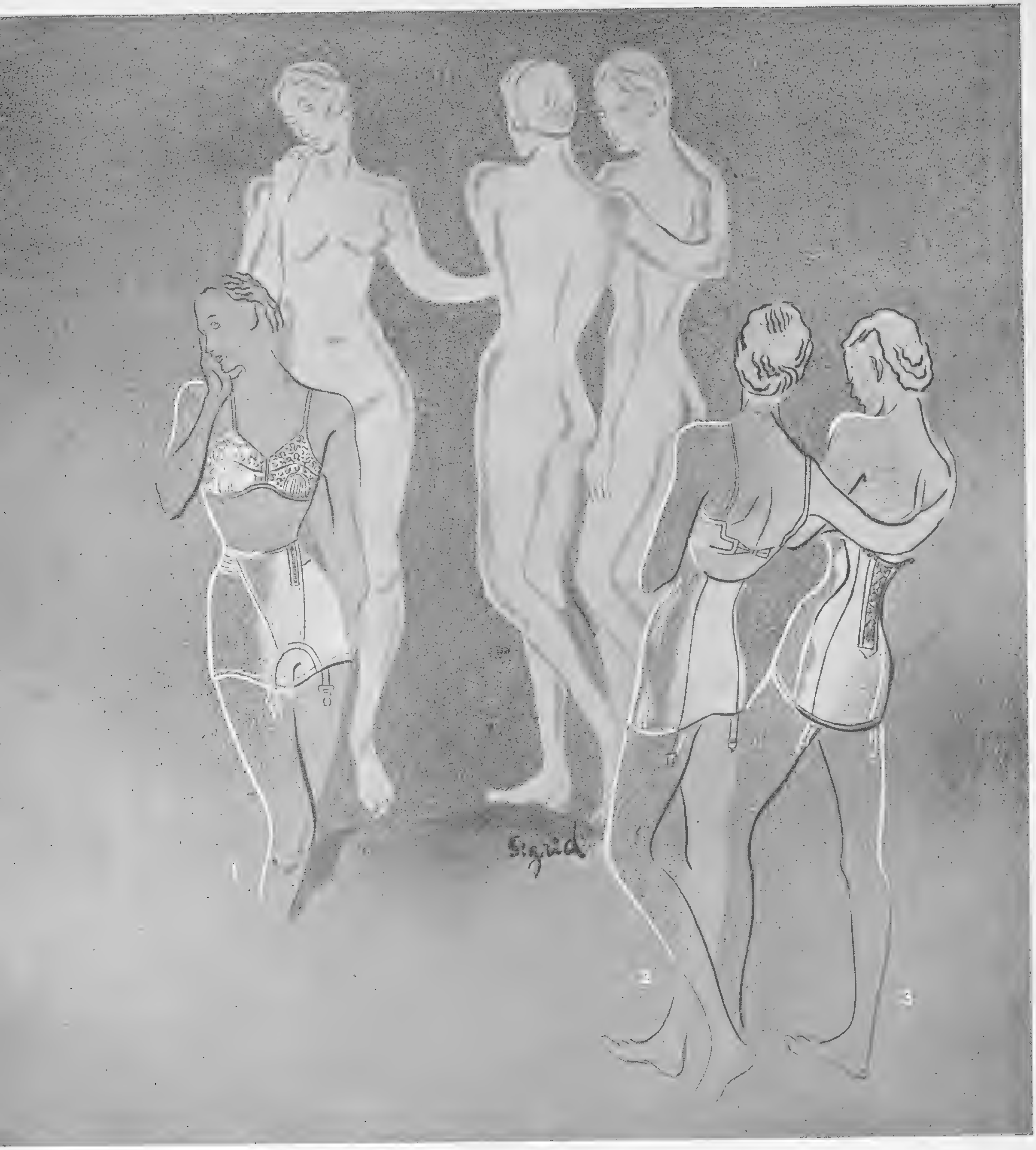
Mr. and Mrs. Inlaw

The most exasperating thing about the stale old mother-in-law jokes is that they so often come true. If they do in your case, look upon Mr. and Mrs. Inlaw as invaluable testing grounds for the tact and charm which it is to your advantage to display to the whole world.

On the other hand, it not infrequently happens that one comes to prefer having the in-laws about to one's own parents. The expectant grandmother on your husband's side is often less troublesome than your own mother; and a father-in-law often treats his daughter-in-law with just that touch of admiration that is lacking in her own father.

Give them breakfast in bed (this applies to all visitors). Far from causing more trouble, it keeps them out of the way while you are getting the house in running order. Nine to ten a.m. is the hour when hostesses wish they had never invited their visitors, and when visitors wish they had never come.





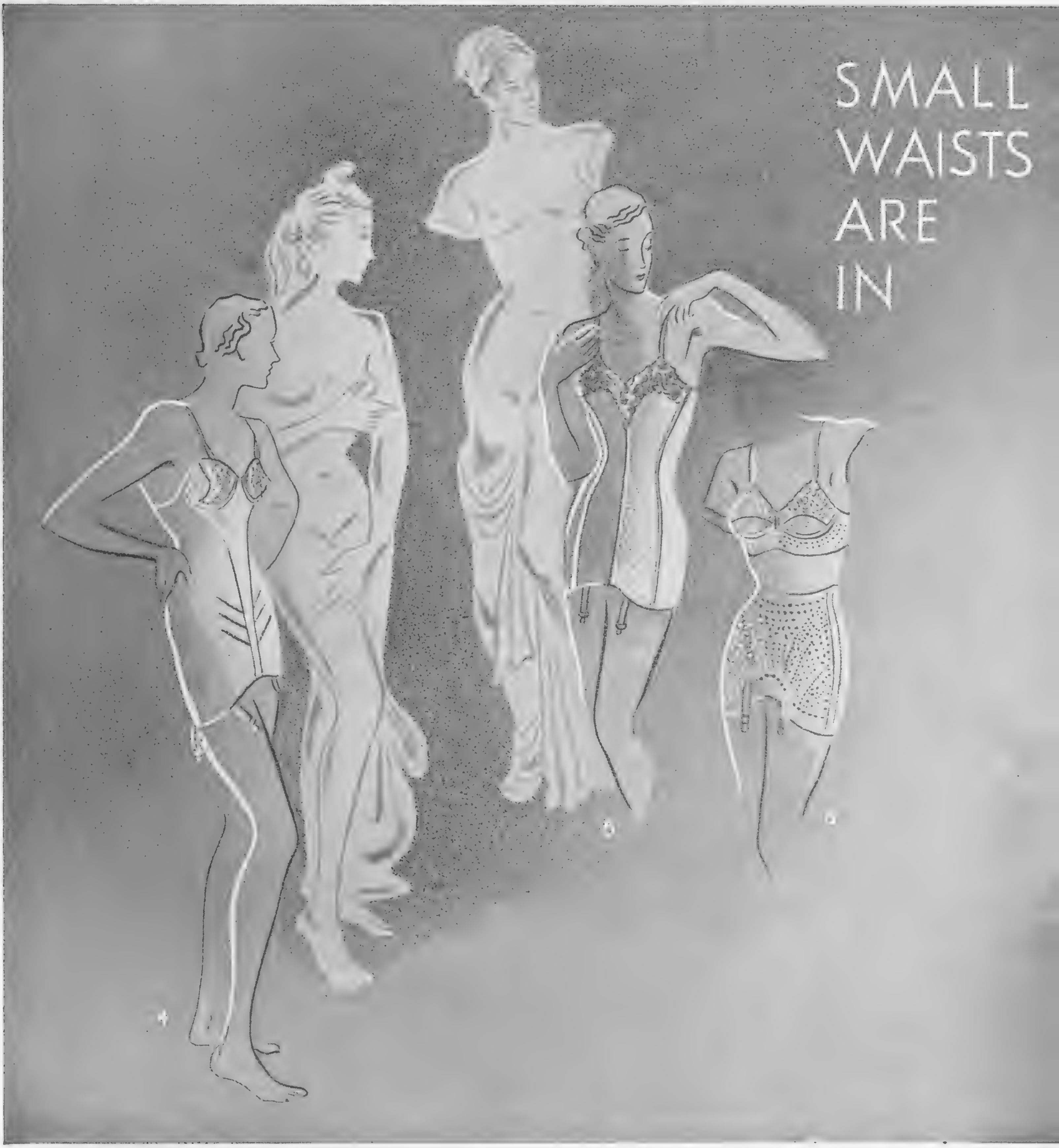
The silhouette alters. Curving breasts gradually ousted flat angularity. Now the waistline is pulled in, tiny, and hips are consequently and unashamedly larger and rounder.

Women's figures do not change so easily. Bosom emphasis was aided by the uplift brassière. The new small waistline is largely a matter of wearing the right foundation. Whatever garment you favour, the all-in-one, the bras and belt, they are all designed nowadays to give your figure the new nipped-in look about the waist.

1. Le Gant sports pantie in lastex satin with wide milanese crutch, lastex net sides, and "sta-up" band over each hip. *Warner Bros.* Lace over net bras with corded fabric support. *Kempat.*

2. Foundation featuring a semi-separate bras top that joins in front to side seams and can join belt for low-back wear. The bras is lace, the front panel is

SMALL WAISTS ARE IN



one-way satin, the back panel a patented double-stretch satin, the side panels lastex. *Warner Bros.*

3. Corset cut on old fashioned but very new lines in nude taffeta, with a curved-in waist, back lacing, controlastic side panels. *Berlei.*

4. Step-in controlette, in satin and elastic net with patent abdominal control, backless, boneless, weighs five ounces. *Berlei.*

5. Body hugging foundation in stretchable satin, with a small, shaped waist. Hooks or zipps down left side. *Marian Jacks.* (This house also offers a new revolutionary maternity corset for which you can be perfectly fitted by post. By clever lacing the garment is continuously adjustable.)

6. Pull-on belt made of light-weight latex. The perforations are adroitly graduated to give correct hip and abdominal support. Latex brassière. *Charnaux.*

MARY YOUNG'S GUIDE *to a* PLEASANTER *Life*

1

I have found a new kitchen help, the fruit and vegetable corer you've been looking for all your life.

It cores, sections, separates, garnishes. It will take the heart out of the toughest grapefruit, old cooking apple, or *passée* pineapple, in less time than it takes you to remove a pip by hand. It will section your grapefruit for you, and, if you are a fussy little woman, will make the sweetest little frill around its edge.

It has a way with peppers and tomatoes when you want to serve up a super salad, that will surprise your guests. It is so cheap that you can filch the price of it out of the housekeeping money almost without noticing it.

2

If you are one of the surprisingly large band of women who dislike putting cream on your face you will be specially interested in a new liquid beauty aid. It is described as a complete facial in a flask, and would seem to be just what the beauty doctor ordered for winter hangover: that rather dead, dingy look that the first rays of real sunshine pick out so mercilessly.

The lotion cleans out the pores and rids the surface of all blemishes. Then, by reducing enlarged pores it gives the skin a fine-grained velvety texture. It is also claimed to have a remarkable rejuvenating effect on the skin and contours of faces no longer young.

This preparation is equally suited to dry or oily skins, and the price is modest. It starts at 2s. 6d. a flacon.

3

Mass-produced potato chips, sounds like high-pressure factory sales talk. But it is mass production in the home kitchen with which this paragraph is concerned.

A new potato chipper splits the vegetable into convenient atoms at a single stroke. Given a fair sized potato, twenty-four chips is the average. And as every cook who has had to do the potato-cutting-up act by hand will tell you, this is nice work.

All you have to do is to place the potato against the grooves and press down the handle.

The chipper is a solidly constructed precision-sure machine. There is nothing to go wrong. It is rustless of course, and has steel cutters that never wear blunt. It can be used for other root vegetables besides potatoes. 4s. 9d.

4

A treatment for the skin of the whole body which is equivalent to a facial may sound rather chi-chi. So I hasten to explain that this new treatment is to be found in a bath tablet containing all the ingredients for cleansing, nourishing, and toning the skin of the body, just as one cleanses, nourishes and tones the face.

The tablet is not made of fats, and must not be confused with an ordinary soap. Its ingredients combine everything necessary for a complete beauty treatment of the skin of the body.

Used regularly in the bath, it gives really remarkable results, and no fastidious woman who likes to ensure against red rough elbows, coarse grained skin on the arms, back pimples, and other minor blemishes, can afford to be without a tablet in the bathroom.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your own problems write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving the numbers in which you are interested.

5

You are a business girl in your early twenties, working hard, having a good time. And before you are thirty, you hope to marry.

Your dreams come true. You are engaged. But you have got to wait because neither you nor your fiancé have saved a penny, and there's nothing to set up house on, let alone buy yourself a trousseau. "Why *didn't* I save?" you sigh. Possibly because no one ever told you about the security plan that has been specially drawn up for business girls.

By this plan, every girl can get dividends out of her shillings instead of frittering them away. When she marries, she gets her money back, plus a bumper bonus for every year. And if she doesn't marry, she will find herself in later life with a private income or a useful bit of capital to invest.

6

Knitting knit-wits, like myself, and many who are not so stupid at the gentle art, will rejoice to hear of a new type of needle that enables knitters to put their work away without any fear of dropped stitches. A patent "bayonet" fitting at each end of the needle definitely prevents this catastrophe, but does not interfere with speed when working.

There is another advantage in this clever invention. If the baby's eye is attracted by the gay bundle of wool in the work-basket, and he wants to discover what it is all about, there is no danger of his pricking himself on the pins.

The new pin is available in sizes 6–12 and in lengths of nine and twelve inches. There is a variety of colours to choose from. Price: 3d. for 9-inch needles, 3½d. for 12-inch.

7

A nerve builder, a sleep promoter and a necessary extra for children who are fast outgrowing their strength: all these excellent qualities are now available in a palatable drink that can be taken as a broth, or by milk-fans and children, with milk.

The sponsors of this new beverage are as open as the day as to its component parts. Mostly, they are vegetable, like carrot, barley, spinach, tomato, celery seed, onion and orange. Among the less familiar names are pimento, Irish moss, chilli and yeast.

Each component is carefully balanced according to its mineral content.

The net result is a food in liquid form that makes good the raids made on our nervous strength by the stress of modern life.

8

Smart American women, in spite of a madly strenuous life, always seem able to keep their faces in the pink. One of their secrets is that they always find time before a social event or special date, to have a very special facial.

A home treatment much prized by smart New Yorkers, is now available over here. It is a mask with a difference. For it is soft as mousse and lies like a cool caress on the skin, yet it is actively on the job of deep-cleansing the pores, refining the texture and stimulating the muscles.

The treatment is specially recommended to women with thin, sensitive skins, who are usually afraid to try anything in the nature of a pack. It is suitable for both dry and oily skins.

9

Stockings with a guinea look about them, usually cost a guinea. But there are some stockings that deceive all but the expert eye. I have recently tested a rinse that gives the cheaper grade stocking a lift into the luxury class. It does something to the weave, making it closer and finer, and, as a consequence, gives a fine stocking a longer life.

Before wearing a new pair of stockings, wash them with soap flakes and tepid water, then dip them in this rinse and wash through a second time. The rinse is perfectly harmless to the most delicate colour; in fact, regular use of it in your stocking wash, will help to keep the colour as new. Price, threepence a packet.

10

Whether hair is in an up-do, a down-do or an uproar, one thing is certain: to be attractive, hair must shine. Yes, I know you know all about daily brushing, but do you quite realise the importance of nourishing the scalp and hair? (*Of course I do. Messy oil rubs and all that*). Oil rubs, certainly. But, if you have the right medium, definitely not messy.

How do you like the sound of a non-greasy oil that looks and smells attractive and which has such charming names as Hyacinth and Flame? (Hyacinths for blondes and whiteheads: Flame for redheads and brunettes.) Brush this glamorous asset into your hair before you set it, and rub it into your scalp every time you have a shampoo and set. You will like the result, as much as you like the price, which is 1s. 0d. and 2s. 6d. a flacon.

11

The other week, I was invited to a party. It was a big party, given in the grand manner. And rightly so. For it was in honour of an invention that is going to make life considerably easier for you and me, and every woman who likes to wear pretty frocks in light colours and prints.

So many frocks of this kind are now made up in rayon crêpe, and much as we love them and can't do without them, they certainly make the cleaner's bill heavy in summer. Well, in future, they won't have to go to the cleaner's. You will be able to send your dress to the laundry or wash it out yourself at home.

At the party, we watched these anti-shrink fabrics being put to the most drastic tests, trial by thunderstorm and wash-tub among them. In each case the frock came out as good as new.

TWO LUNCHEONS

Mixed hors d'œuvre.
Curry omelette.
New salad.
Crème de fruits.

The hors d'œuvre course should take little time and trouble; keep a stock of suitable tins: sardines, tunny fish, filleted anchovies, and use one of these with a few olives, tomato salad and so on. Don't ever have too many, two, or at the most three, hors d'œuvre being quite sufficient.

The only item of this menu which might take long to prepare is the salad, not because it is difficult, but to make a really good show of it you will have to be rather fussy. Omelettes, as you know, are cooked in a matter of minutes, almost seconds, but in this case the vegetables will take a little time.

Curry Omelette

Eggs, potatoes, bacon fat or butter.
One onion, curry powder, salt.

As a rule omelettes require two eggs for each person, but for two or more persons three eggs for two will be sufficient, with one small potato and a tablespoonful of chopped onion.

Peel the potato and cut into small cubes. Peel and chop the onion and fry in bacon fat until nicely browned. Remove and fry the potato cubes, put back the onion and add salt and a sprinkling of curry powder.

Beat the eggs, melt a small piece of butter in the omelette pan (already hot on the fire), add the potato preparation to the eggs, stir well and pour into the pan and make an omelette of the Spanish type that is flat in the pan. You should toss it like a pancake to brown the other side, but if you are afraid of this, hold the pan under a very hot grill for a minute or two.

New Salad

Lettuce, hard-boiled egg, beetroot, tomato ketchup.
Salad cream, salt and pepper, lemon.

Remove outside leaves, and wash, drying well in a cloth. Arrange a bed of leaves on each plate and sprinkle with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Have the beetroot and the hard-boiled egg finely chopped and put a layer of beetroot on the leaves, then a smaller layer of hard-boiled egg with a circle of salad cream in the middle.

(*Continued on page* 128)

Grapefruit.
Pilaff gratiné.
Jamaica tart.

In this case it is the Pilaff which takes the most time but while the rice is cooking you prepare the other things. The tart should be no trouble, as I really mean a "rough puff." I once had some ordinary pastry dough left over, and made, quite as an afterthought, some very good cheese puffs by putting a little butter into the dough, rolling it and repeating the process three times without any pauses in between, contrary to all rules. The result was excellent.

Pilaff Gratiné

Rice, liver (or chicken livers).
Prawns or shrimps, meat stock.
Onion, tomato purée, spices.
Saffron, olive oil, butter, salt.
Pepper, grated cheese.

Take a small handful of rice for each person and one onion for any quantity of rice up to six handfuls. Peel and chop finely the onion and cook it (without browning) in a mixture of olive oil and butter. Add the rice dry and cook slowly until the rice loses its transparency.

Now add meat stock—if none available, water will do—using twice the amount of liquid as you have of rice. Cover the frying-pan and simmer for about twenty minutes.

In another pan, melt a small nut of butter and brown in it the liver, (cut in cubes and dried in flour), or the chicken livers. Season with salt and pepper, a teaspoonful of mixed spice and a tiny pinch of saffron powder.

Add now the shrimps or prawns—a tablespoonful of shrimps or three or four prawns per person; these of course cooked and shelled, unless you use tinned ones, and cook together for a few minutes.

(*Continued on page* 128)

Quick COOKERY

By A. H. Adair

TWO DINNERS

Grapefruit cocktail.
Tournedos diable.
Sautée potatoes.
Cheese rolls.

The grapefruit cocktail is prepared in advance, and the *Tournedos* take at the very most fifteen minutes from beginning to end, during which time you prepare and cook also the potatoes, which are made with cold boiled ones. The savoury also is very quickly done. Have a very large pan for the potatoes so that you can get them all in flat, at one time. If you haven't got this, use two smaller pans but don't try and overcrowd them.

Grapefruit Cocktail

Grapefruit, Kirschwasser,
lemon peel.

Cut grapefruit in two, remove pips and take out the sections (without any skin) with a sharp pointed knife. Put them in a bowl and add a little Kirschwasser, a good large teaspoonful for each person. Put this on ice to get really icy cold and serve in individual glasses. Just at the moment of serving, squeeze a piece of lemon peel over each glass. Hand sugar separately in case some prefer this kind of thing unsweetened.

Tournedos Diable

Fillet of beef cut in tournedos.
French mustard, cayenne pepper.
Tomato ketchup, breadcrumbs.
Butter, salt, lemon, parsley.

Tournedos, as I have explained before, are round pieces cut from the fillet of beef. You can order these all prepared from the butcher. Rub each one on both sides with a little salt and a little French mustard, and then dip them in tomato ketchup. Have ready a dish of fine white breadcrumbs and coat the *tournedos* in them.

Melt a piece of butter in a frying-pan or *sauté* pan, and when it begins to foam put in the *tournedos*, taking care of course not to overcrowd them, as they must be free to slide about. When one side is brown, turn and brown the other, reduce the heat and finish cooking for

(*Continued on page* 128)

Soupe gratinée.
Poulet sauté paysanne.
Salade d'oranges.

This dinner is an example of what can be done in a very short time. I could cook it myself in about twenty-five to thirty-five minutes from beginning to end if the chicken were a really tender one. The soup is a variation of the well-known *soupe a l'oignon*, and the *poulet sauté* can be treated in various ways. Start with the chicken and when that is cooking prepare the sweet and finish by making the soup.

Soupe Gratinée

Onions, tomato juice, salt, pepper.
Grated cheese, butter, French bread.

Peel and cut into small pieces the onions—a large one per person—and fry quickly in butter in a saucepan, letting them brown. Add now boiling water, allowing a little more than you will require for evaporation.

Season with salt, pepper and a teaspoonful of tomato juice. Put in a teaspoonful of grated cheese and simmer. Stir well, pour the soup into individual fireproof bowls and put a few rounds of French bread on top. Sprinkle heavily with grated cheese and brown quickly in the oven.

Poulet Sauté Paysanne

A young chicken.
Small onions, parsley, thyme.
Bayleaf, garlic, potatoes.
Milk, an egg yolk, butter.

Carve the chicken raw into six or eight pieces: two wings, breast in two and also legs. Peel two large potatoes and a few very small onions (button ones if possible). Melt a piece of butter in a casserole and brown the chicken, starting with the leg pieces.

Add the onions, a clove of garlic, the herbs tied in a bunch and the potatoes cut in very small cubes. Season with salt and pepper and cover the casserole. Simmer for fifteen to twenty minutes and prick the legs to see if they are getting soft.

Put the yolk of an egg in a cup and mix in about a coffee-cupful of milk. Just before serving, remove the

(*Continued on page* 128)

By Louisa Kay

It is worth while risking triteness to repeat that one cannot begin too early to foster good habits in children. This is specially true in regard to walking and talking.

Because these functions develop so naturally we are tempted to let nature take its course. This is right enough, so long as nature's course is coerced into the right channels.

In regard to walking, intelligent guidance will guard against habits of carriage and posture that the child is much better without and, in connection with talking, there is just as much need for supervision.

It was thought at one time that babies should be discouraged from walking early lest the weight of the body should be too much for the legs and cause distortion. This is now known to be a fallacy.

Bow legs are attributable to rickets. This infection of the bone structure which is largely due to the lack of Vitamin D in the diet, leads to misshapen legs because the bone structure is softened by the disease.

In a normal child, co-ordination of development is such that his limbs are adequate to support him as soon as he feels the urge to use them. Nature's timing, when everything is functioning normally, is perfect.

Crawling is an essential preliminary to walking, as it helps to develop muscles.

If the child sits in his perambulator or chair a lot, set aside a certain time of each day for crawling. Give him plenty of floor space. Divest him of hampering clothes. Shut out draughts and let him go to his heart's content.

When he begins walking in earnest, see to it that he is perfectly shod.

If parents were quicker to realise the importance of scientifically fitted shoes there would be fewer ailing, limping adults.

Cramped toes, shoes that disturb that natural balance of the body lead to more serious complaints than misshapen and uncomfortable feet. They lay the foundations of bad posture which, in its turn, leads to sagging muscles and numerous other complaints.

Start your baby with shoes that protect his feet and permit development without hindrance. While his little feet are growing so rapidly, be watchful and replace shoes as soon as he outgrows them even if it seems extravagant to do so.

When he walks, watch for habits of limp carriage and posture. Encourage him to walk with his chin up and his stomach drawn in. It is so easy to start this now.

Begin as soon as possible to do simple daily exercises with him. When he comes out of his bath, practise deep breathing and simple movements to strengthen the spine. He'll think it fun if you present it in the right way and it will only occupy a few extra moments of your time.

About talking: be as watchful in regard to this as in the case of walking.

From the moment your baby begins to form his first words you can lay the foundations of an attractive speaking voice and of good enunciation.

Baby talk is really absurd, however endearing. At the time when he has so much to learn, why burden the child with things that he must unlearn again?

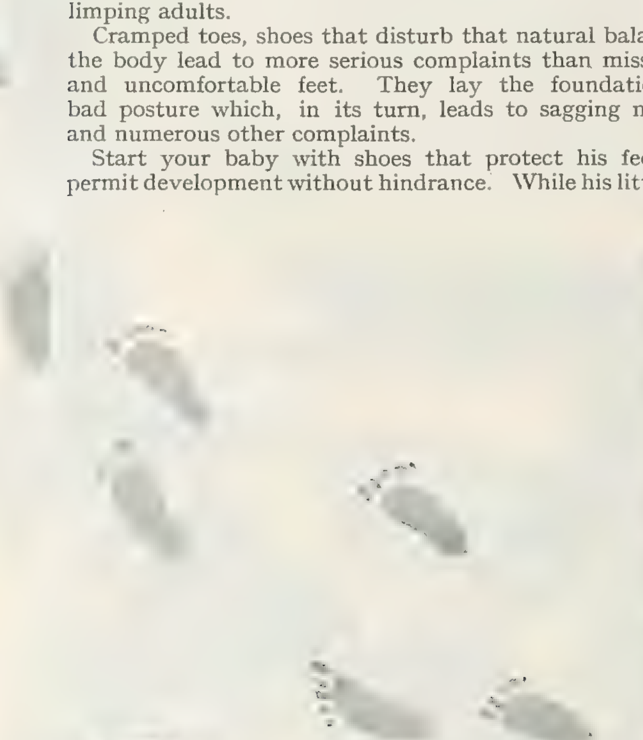
"Gee-gee" and "quack-quack" may sound sweet and endearing as he enunciates them, but horse and duck come just as prettily from his lips, and don't confuse him later.

Get the habit of talking clearly and rather slowly when you converse with your baby. Do this even before he attempts to answer you. He may lisp and stumble at first, but that won't hurt.

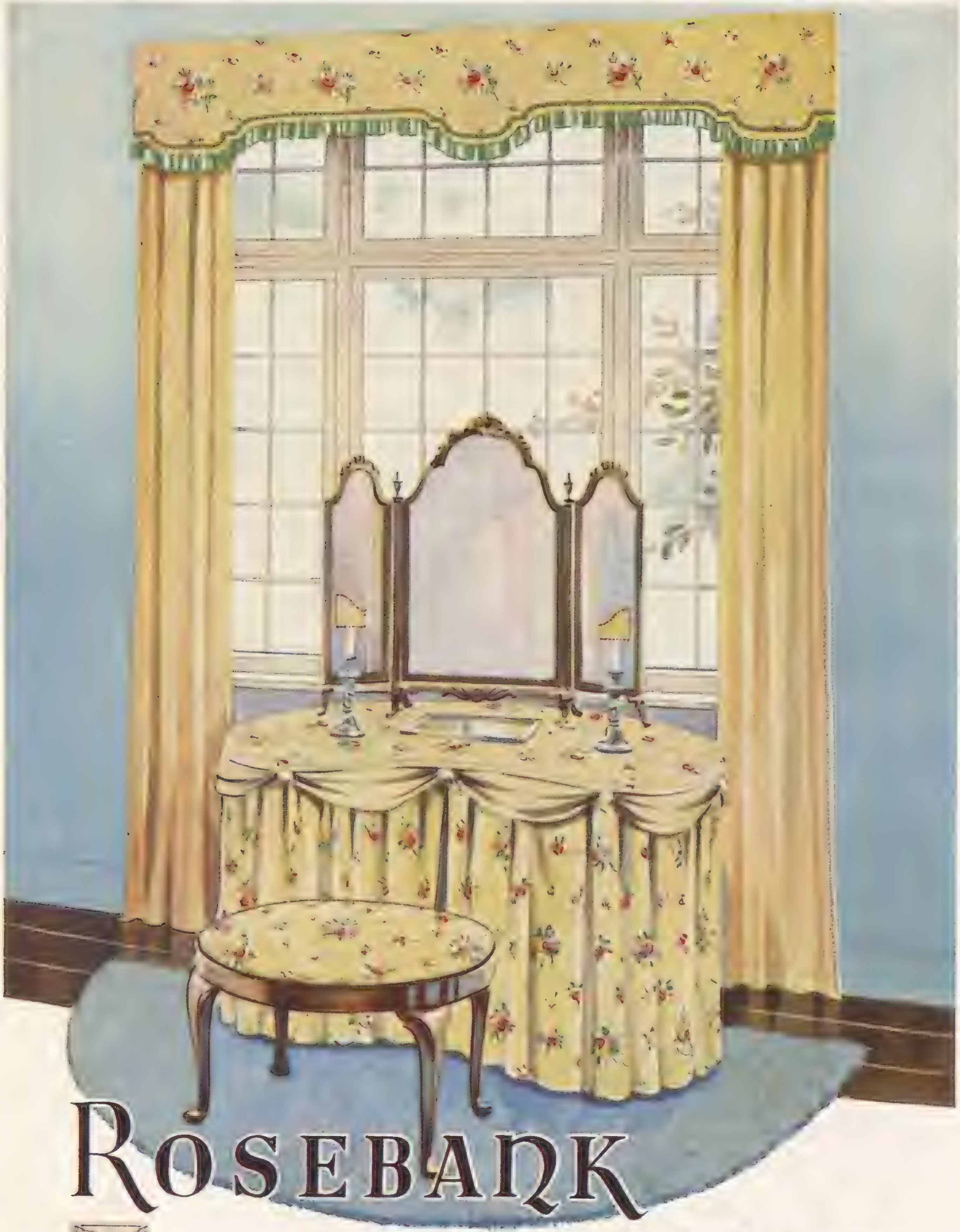
Watch out that, in his anxiety to make himself understood, he does not acquire the habit of careless, slurring speech. Teach him from the start to round off his words. You need not be perpetually correcting him. Start right and he will learn quickly enough.

Try, if you can, to encourage in him a soft, expressive speaking voice. Discourage hysterical shouting and shrill noises. The habit of enunciating in a voice that is expressive may prove to be the best gift you have made him.

There is really valuable and impartial information on the subject of babycraft in the illustrated booklet which Benger's Food Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, are offering free to the public. We feel amply justified in calling attention to this useful little work which can be obtained free on application to the above address.



First Steps



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Very hot, please.
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spoonfuls of the chocolate
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That's all. But what a
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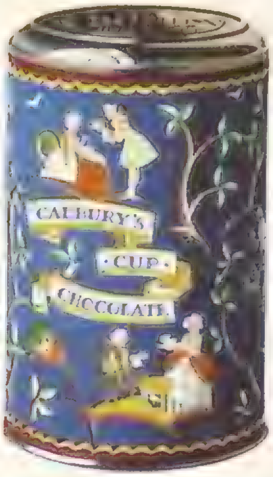
M-m-m! Lovely!*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We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

Glamour, when it is counted by the drops, as it is with Goya perfume, can be very expensive in large bottles; but Goya is now pandering to the woman who has to be discreet about her expenditure. You can now buy a phial of Goya perfume for a shilling, handbag size. It contains a couple of dozen drops of exclusive fragrance—and with Goya a drop goes a long, long way.

The larger 6s. 6d. size will last a long time.

Studio breathes adventure and fascination. No. 5 wafts an atmosphere of rare orchids and rich sleek furs. Gardenia whispers of scented gardens in moonlight. You can try them all, have one for each mood.

The most ardent beauty enthusiast could not imagine herself creaming and lotioning her entire body as she does her face. Yet why should the body be neglected? Summer is coming, the season for bathing suits, play suits.

With this in mind, Jane Seymour has created a cream soap that is capable of giving your body a real beauty treatment. Massaged in, the lather cleanses, nourishes and brings out the glowing beauty of your skin. Price 3s. a tablet, 8s. 6d. a box of three tablets.

If your face needs a quick, vital, beauty-reviving treatment, you must try Jane Seymour's Vitamin Cream—it will make the skin radiant with new vitality. In a very absorbent base, it contains Vitamins A, B, C and D, specially treated to penetrate into the glands and tissues. Leave it on all night and remove it in the morning with Juniper Skin Tonic (if your skin is dry), with tepid water, then Astringent Lotion, if your skin is greasy. Price, 7s. 6d.

A tender, chafed skin may be souring your baby's life. He cannot sit up and say, "Wash me with Cuticura Soap, please, mummy, and then powder me all over with that soothing, moisture-absorbing Cuticura Talcum Powder." It is up to you to see he does not suffer that way.

Cuticura Talcum Powder and Cuticura Soap are as good for grown-up "baby skins" as for real babies. If the inflammation takes the more serious form of pimples and rashes, Cuticura Ointment can soon bring relief, and then all that is needed to prevent a repetition of the condition is the daily bath with Cuticura Soap, and powdering with the soothing Talcum.

If you enjoy trying different preparations in sample sizes for a minimum cost, you will revel in the latest Coty trial size bottles of Hand Lotion, Non-Drying Foundation Lotion, Bath Oil, and Calavo Avocado Beauty Milk.

The Hand Lotion perfumes, whitens and softens the hands delightfully, trial size 9d. The Non-Drying Foundation Lotion is the answer to the dry skin problem, it soothes, smoothes and holds powder. It is obtainable in Naturelle (colourless) and Gitane (slightly tinted); trial size, 1s. The Beauty Milk nourishes, cleanses and softens the skin, trial size, 9d; and if you like a really luxurious bath that breathes Coty's famous perfumes over you (clinging to the body for hours), use three or four drops of the Bath Oil. It is available in perfumes L'Aimant, L'Origan, Chypre and Le Nouveau Gardenia; trial size, 1s. 6d.

Fashion and times create problems. Then the brains of the beauty world get together and supply you with the answers. For instance, it is essential nowadays that lips tone perfectly with clothes. Tattoo have supplied the answer to this with their Black Magic Lipstick. Applied on well-moistened lips, this black lipstick becomes gay light red; applied on slightly moistened lips it becomes a useful medium shade; on dry lips it turns into a deep rich crimson and once applied it never changes colour.

The long winter, a recent attack of "'flu," prolonged nervous strain, or just plain overwork may be making you feel completely exhausted physically and mentally. What you need is a good tonic, something that has proved to be reliable and permanent in its results, Phosferine, for instance. Take this, and you get a steady build-up and sustaining of the nervous energies.

If you want to enjoy the fun of the months to come, and not take your holiday as a period of convalescence, start a course of Phosferine to-day. It is obtainable in liquid or tablet form, prices 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s. Trial size of the tablets, 6d.

If you have had the taste and sense to drink "gin and lime" on the night before, there is no need to advise you about the morning after, because you won't notice it.

If, however, you have not been so wise, there is nothing quite so refreshing for the morning after, as Rose's lime juice.

This is made from fresh West Indian limes, grown by Rose's on their own plantations, with nothing added to the pure fruit juice except a little cane sugar.

Rose's lime, if taken with gin, counteracts any acidity, keeps the head clear, the heart light.

Most seasonably a little bottle of Mischief Perfume has popped into a gleaming Ivory-tex egg-shell this month. It makes an intriguing little Easter gift. The price is only 1s. 9d.

Sufferers from varicose veins should be interested in a free booklet called *Varicose Veins Conquered*, introducing Academic Surgical Hose, a successful modern treatment which is medically approved. Academic Hose are made in England from the famous Lastex yarn and rubberless yarns. They are washable, invisible, and give correct support and unmistakable comfort. If you would like a free copy of this booklet, write to Academic Depot, 156-158 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

"I have never driven a car which gave me a more pleasant journey"

L. H. CADE, 'The Star'

writing of the 3½ Litre Jaguar

The luxurious comfort of riding in a Jaguar . . . the deep sense of satisfaction that comes from driving it . . . the spirited yet effortless performance it gives . . . all these things, and more, the critics have extolled. Owners and critics alike unanimously agree that the Jaguar gives motoring pleasure only expected from cars in the £1,000 class. You too should experience such motoring!

JAGUAR

3½ litre Saloon £445. (Drophead Coupe £465.) 2½ litre Saloon £395. (Drophead Coupe £415.) 1½ litre Saloon £298. (Drophead Coupe £318.) S.S. Cars Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: Henlys Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

Special Spring Motor Section: *Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan*

The New Cars *are now on the* Road

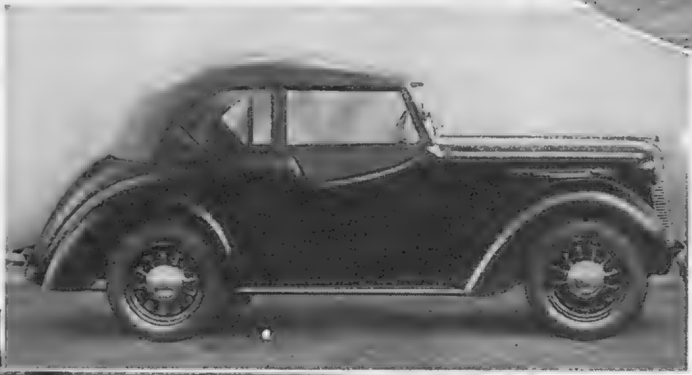
By The Earl of Cardigan

I HAVE once or twice commented on the apparent folly of the motor trade in holding their show in October—a month when few private motorists are in the mood to buy. Please, note that I say "apparent" folly, for actually this is a case where there is a good deal of method in what may at first sight look like madness.

For example, we have now had six months since the Motor Show in which to think over the merits or otherwise of the new models which were then exhibited. (Incidentally, a few others have appeared since then.) We have been able to see many of them on the road, and to form clear impressions as to their performance.

Similarly, the motor trade has had six months in which to judge what reception the new models are having. In every factory, one may expect that the full rate of production has now been reached.

The result is that in April, when people really *do* begin to think seriously of buying, both parties may be regarded as "all set" for doing business. The purchaser should be clear about what he wants, and the manufacturer in a position to supply it.



The new Austin "Eight" two or four-seater open touring model. With its hood and sidescreens erected this car is completely stormproof. The large door allows of exceptionally easy ingress or egress. Price £128

A smart and efficient little car is this new Singer "Ten." The saloon model pictured here costs £195

It may be helpful, however, if, in this and the following pages, I briefly note once again the various new models from which a choice may be made. I shall not, in so limited a space, be able to mention all; but I shall try to deal with at least a majority of those which are best worth considering.

Perhaps, since there are more poor motorists than rich ones, I had better begin with the strictly value-for-money types. In this category, the Morris "Eight" is obviously outstanding at £128. (By the way, when I quote prices, these will be for the lowest-priced saloon on the chassis referred to.) For a car of more substantial size, the Morris "Ten" is attractive at £175, and likewise the "Twelve" at £205.

The new Wolseley 16/65-h.p. Saloon is very pleasing in its flowing lines and lack of freakishness. Many extra inches of body space have been obtained by careful planning of the chassis and forward engine mounting. The price is moderate: £320

The above are four-cylinder cars, but there are also Morris cars of 14 and 25 h.p. which are "Sixes." All these except for the "Eight," have overhead-valve engines. All have synchromesh gearboxes, and powerful hydraulic brakes. The "Twenty-five" is perhaps specially notable, as being a really luxurious model selling at only £320.

NO less interesting is the Austin range. As is well known, this comprises a number of different models, from the small two-seater at one end of the scale to the powerful seven-seater limousine at the other. Greatest interest, perhaps, will centre about the newest arrival, namely, the Austin "Eight."

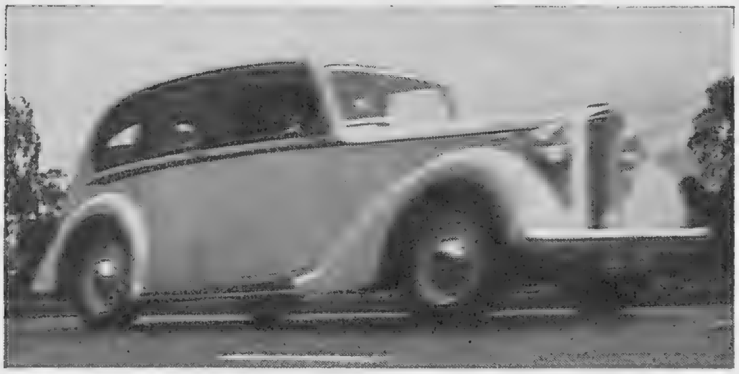
This is a remarkable little car with a side-valve engine, a four-speed gearbox with three synchromesh ratios, and brakes of the Girling pattern. The coachwork is surprisingly roomy, and prices range from £128 upwards, so that the new Austin should quickly find a large following.

FIRST-RATE value is offered also by the 1939 Standard models. There is an attractive 8-h.p. "Flying" Standard with independent front springing which sells at only £129. This has a side-valve engine, with a three-speed synchromesh gearbox. A speed of 60 m.p.h. is claimed for it.

There are other four-cylinder Standard cars of 9, 10, 12 and 14 h.p., all very reasonably priced. The "Nine" is listed at £152 10s., the "Ten" at £169, the "Twelve" at £225, and the "Fourteen" at £268. All these have side-valve engines with four-speed gearboxes, and in several instances the purchaser can choose between the independent and the normal type of front suspension. Finally, there is a 20-h.p. Standard, with six-cylinder engine, very modestly priced at £299.

FOR sheer value, the Ford is, of course, always pre-eminent, and the 8-h.p. Ford for 1939 is listed at the exceptionally low price of £115. This is a sturdy little car, having a side-valve engine and a three-speed gearbox (*Continued on page 79*)

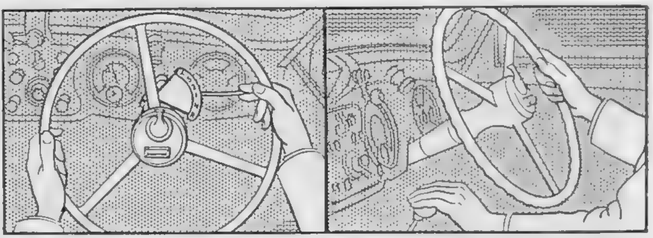
The car that gives you EVERYTHING . . .



Put down your foot on an open road — and sample speed with safety . . . Fifty . . . sixty . . . seventy . . . more to come . . . and still she steers like thirty and rides like thirty . . .

Room for all five? Not only that, in the new de-Luxe 14—but comfort for all five. It's a very big car, in the medium h.p. class.

Take it on the road and your praise will know no bounds. Fly along at 70, and the independent front wheel springing carries you without pitch or sway, while Lanchester steering gives effortless control. Crawl through traffic, and the Daimler fluid flywheel makes jerks impossible, lets you forget gear lever and clutch entirely. It's a wonderfully roomy car with comfort for five — yet the appearance is beautifully modern and compact. Startling get-away and a cruising gait in the sixties. Annual tax of no more than £10.10s. A really fine car is the new LANCHESTER Roadrider — the car that gives you *everything*.



Daimler Fluid Flywheel transmission — gears that you preselect without taking your hand off the wheel—no gear lever, no clutch . . .

Instead, if you still prefer the old style of gear change—a silent synchro-mesh gearbox and a very sweet, smooth clutch. Have which system you like in the new Lanchester!

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Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission is licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents

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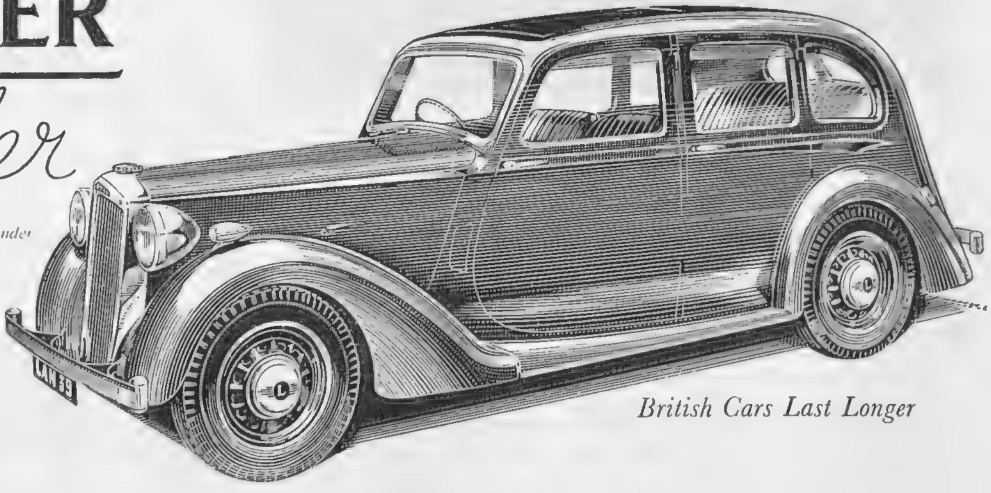

British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY · LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

THE NEW CARS ARE NOW ON THE ROAD (continued)

(two synchromesh ratios). The 10-h.p. "Prefect" is a larger car of very recent design, selling at £145.

For those who appreciate generous power, there are two "V-8" Ford models of 22 and 30 h.p. respectively. Both have eight-cylinder engines, three-speed gearboxes, hydraulic brakes and transverse springing. A fine road performance is a feature of these cars, of which the smaller sells at £240, while the larger costs £40 more.

This car, the new Vauxhall 12/4 de luxe saloon, has a maximum speed around 68 miles per hour, and yet gives 35 miles to the gallon under average driving conditions. Saloon model as here costs £198

For summer touring this smart little "Flying" Standard is sure to prove popular. It is on the new 8-h.p. chassis

A LIGHT car of recent design which has proved highly successful is the 10-h.p. Vauxhall. This has an overhead-valve engine, with independent front springing. Incidentally, it will do a good forty miles per gallon of petrol: 43 m.p.g. was recorded during an R.A.C. test.

Then we have two Vauxhalls of moderate size — the four-cylinder "Twelve" and the six-cylinder "Fourteen." In both cases, independent front springing is employed, and prices are extremely moderate. In saloon form, the smaller car costs £189 and the larger £230. Finally, there is a big Vauxhall—big enough to be capable of taking seven-seater coachwork. This is a really fine motor car of 25 h.p., and is available at prices from £345.

A remarkable little car is the Ford "Eight." It sells at an exceptionally low price, yet gives a most sturdy performance, and is a comfortable four-seater

IN the light car field, the Singer range for 1939 is decidedly attractive. The Singer "Nine" is a roomy little car with a highly efficient engine, having overhead valves driven from an overhead camshaft. With three-speed synchromesh gearbox and Girling brakes, the price is £149 10s.

The 10-h.p. Singer is of similar construction, but with a four-speed gearbox having three synchromesh ratios. It sells at £195. The largest of the 1939 models is the "Twelve." This is a car of substantial size, listed at £249.

TURNING now to cars in a rather different price class, the Rover "Ten" is an excellent little car, with its overhead-valve engine and four-speed gearbox assisted by a free-wheel. It costs £275, and there is a "Twelve" at £300. These are notably good looking, apart from their practical virtues.

There are three six-cylinder models, of 14, 16 and 20 h.p. The "Fourteen" is of very recent introduction—actually it is rated at 15 h.p.—and is listed at £330. The "Sixteen" and "Twenty" both are cars of genuinely luxurious type, with especially well-finished coachwork. The former costs £360, and the latter £425.

It will perhaps indicate the attention to detail with which the new Rovers are constructed if I mention that all of them, even the smallest, have special tyres of the Avon "Duo-tread" type. These Avon tyres have, in effect, two treads. When the first, or outer, tread is worn down, the inner tread makes its appearance, thus giving a continuance of non-skid running.

The total thickness of rubber is naturally great, but this does not mean that over-heating need be feared. The piercing of the second tread actually provides a form of air cooling—another feature in which these Avon tyres are, so far as I am aware, unique.

A VERY full and attractive range of cars has been produced for 1939 by the Wolseley company. The new Wolseley "Ten" has an overhead-valve engine, four-speed synchromesh gearbox and hydraulic brakes. It has remarkably roomy coachwork and is priced at £215.

There is a "Twelve" of similar design, carrying full five-seater coachwork at £245. Then there is a "Fourteen" at £285, which has a six-cylinder engine. Other Wolseley "sixes" are of 16, 18, 21 and 25 h.p. All these offer a high degree of luxury—and the 25-h.p. model, with long wheelbase, is available with seven-seater limousine coachwork at £775.

RECENT Triumph models have been particularly interesting, and the new "Twelve," which has just appeared, is already attracting attention. This is a really fast little car, of very smart appearance, costing rather less than £300.

The other Triumph "Dolomite" models are, or should be, already familiar. All are strikingly good looking, besides being extremely good performers. Their chassis design includes overhead-valve engines with twin carburettors. There is a 1½-litre, 14-h.p. car which is sold both in standard and sports-model form at prices from £348. This is a "four"; but there is also a six-cylinder, 2-litre, 16-h.p. Triumph "Dolomite," which is similarly sold in standard or sports form from £425.

AN attractive car which is making a successful "come-back" nowadays is the Lea Francis. It is sold either as a "Twelve" or as a "Fourteen"—the engine in the latter case being a 13-h.p. rating. In either case, it is a highly efficient power unit, having four cylinders with twin overhead camshafts and overhead valves. A synchromesh (*Continued on page 81*)

Here comes the NEW

Power-in-action lines typify the modern design, smooth performance, roomy comfort and up-to-the-minute construction of Britain's most sensational small car — the Austin '8'.

AUSTIN '8'

THE "EIGHT" INTERIOR. Look how much room you get in an Austin '8' — wide doors, wide seats and ample head and leg room. Both driver and passengers travel in comfort and the well-sprung soft upholstery makes big mileages possible without strain.

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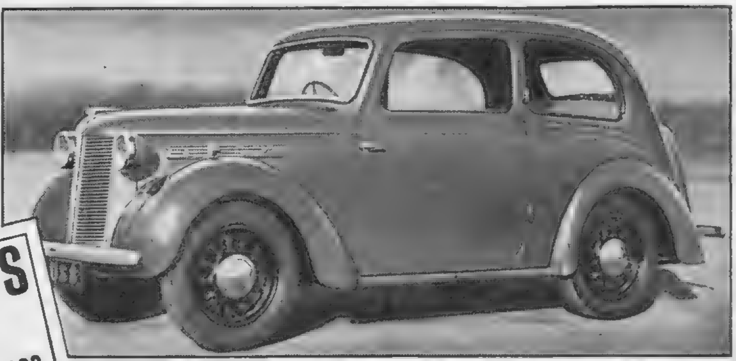
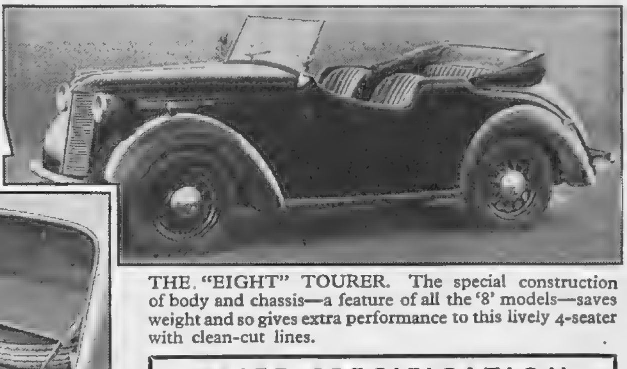
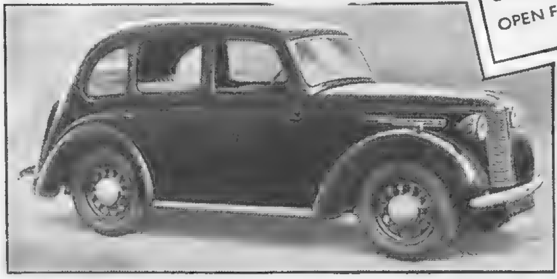
4-DOOR Sliding-Head SALOON	£149.0
OPEN TWO-SEATER	£132.10
OPEN FOUR-SEATER	£135.0



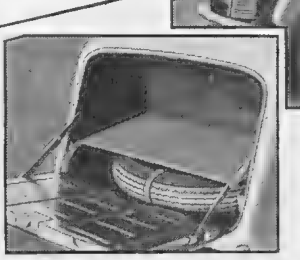
THE "EIGHT" 2-DOOR SALOON creates a new standard of comfort, appearance and performance, with its luxurious interior, good visibility, all-steel coachwork, powerful Girling brakes and other special features.



THE "EIGHT" TOURER. The special construction of body and chassis—a feature of all the '8' models—saves weight and so gives extra performance to this lively 4-seater with clean-cut lines.



THE "EIGHT" 4-DOOR SALOON. This attractive car has a roomy interior similar to the 2-door model. The steering column is comfortably raked for easy driving and smooth riding is assured by long low-periodicity springs.



OUT-SIZE IN BOOTS! The large luggage locker when open will accommodate two suitcases, hat box *and* golf clubs as well.

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INVEST IN AN AUSTIN—THE CAREFREE CAR

2. I. 51

THE NEW CARS ARE NOW ON THE ROAD (continued)

gearbox is standard, but a pre-selector 'box can be fitted at an extra charge.

There is a sports chassis also, and a wide choice of coachwork styles is offered. Altogether, at prices from £395, the Lea Francis is worth studying.

TALKING of out-of-the-ordinary motor cars, the S.S. "Jaguar" range can by no means be overlooked. There are three standard models, in addition to the "100" model which is of the full-blooded sports type. The 1½-litre car has a four-cylinder overhead-valve engine of 14 h.p., with a four-speed gearbox, giving three synchromesh ratios. Prices are from £298.

The 2½-litre model is a "six," rated at 20 h.p. but otherwise of similar design. The largest "Jaguar" is of 3½ litres or 25 h.p., and is far from expensive at £445. These 1939 models are all uncommonly handsome, besides being "good 'uns to go."

Another fast car which deserves attention is the Railton. This is perhaps best known in its 29 h.p. form, with a "hefty" eight-cylinder engine which gives it a remarkable top-gear performance. This big Railton sells at various prices from £498.

There is, however, also a 21-h.p. car, which is naturally more economical to run, and there is also the new Railton "Ten." This last is a lively little car, selling at £299. It has a four-cylinder side-valve engine with a four-speed gearbox, and its pleasantly smart appearance makes it easily recognised.

AN unusual and very interesting car is the Jensen, and for 1939 this appears in two forms. There is the 3½-litre model, with an eight-cylinder engine of the "V" type, having a three-speed gearbox with a pre-selective over drive. In effect, this means that the driver has six ratios at his disposal. The rated horse-power is thirty, the performance very fine, and prices are from £695.

The more powerful 4¼-litre Jensen has a straight-eight engine of 32 h.p., with independent front springing and the same over drive transmission. On a long, fast road, this last is certainly a very valuable feature. Saloon prices are from £895.

WHERE sports cars, either small or of medium size, are concerned, the M.G. range must, of course, be kept in mind. The M.G. "Midget" has for years had a great reputation—and this little car is now powered by a 10-h.p. overhead-valve engine, having a four-speed gearbox with two synchromesh ratios. Very sensibly, it is sold only in two-seater form at £222.

Then there is the 1½-litre M.G., which also is a "four," rated at 12 h.p. and selling at £325. The 2-litre model, on the other hand, has a six-cylinder engine and is able, at £389, to carry coachwork of very comfortable dimensions. Finally, the 2.6-litre M.G. is a big car of 20 h.p., and offers a high degree of luxury at £442.

The new "12/70" (14 h.p.) Alvis is one of the fastest small cars on the road. It is here seen with attractive open coachwork

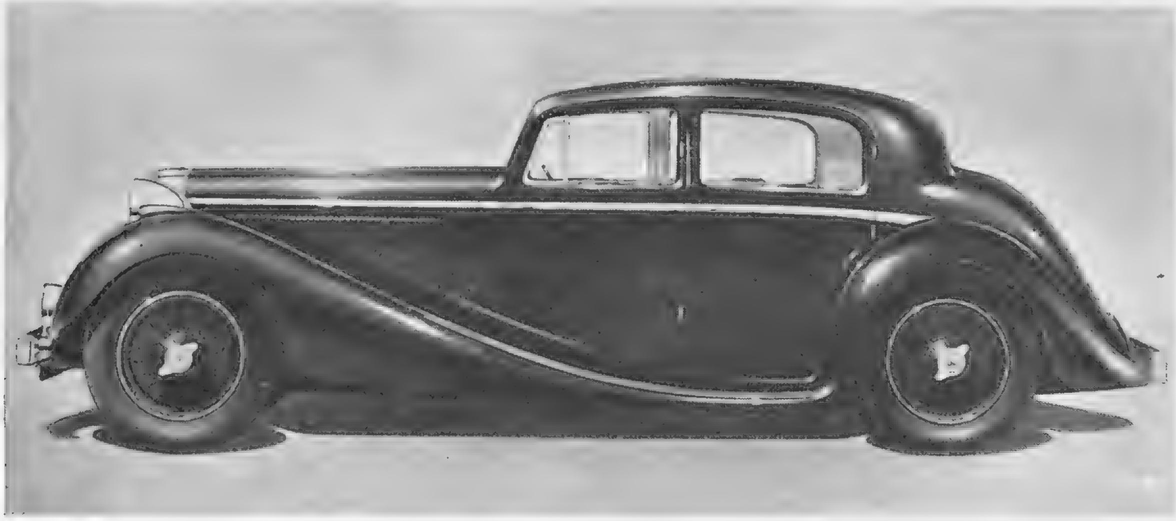
All modern Rovers are notable for their good looks, and this 14 h.p. saloon is no exception. It has a six-cylinder engine, and is priced at £330

A NEW Riley is always worth studying—and for 1939 two new Riley models have been produced. An interesting point is that both have overhead-valve engines of four cylinders, although the larger is of 16 h.p. The modern "four," of course, is very nearly as smooth as a "six," and gives a trifle more power, so that this 16 h.p. car should have a first-rate performance. Prices are from £385.

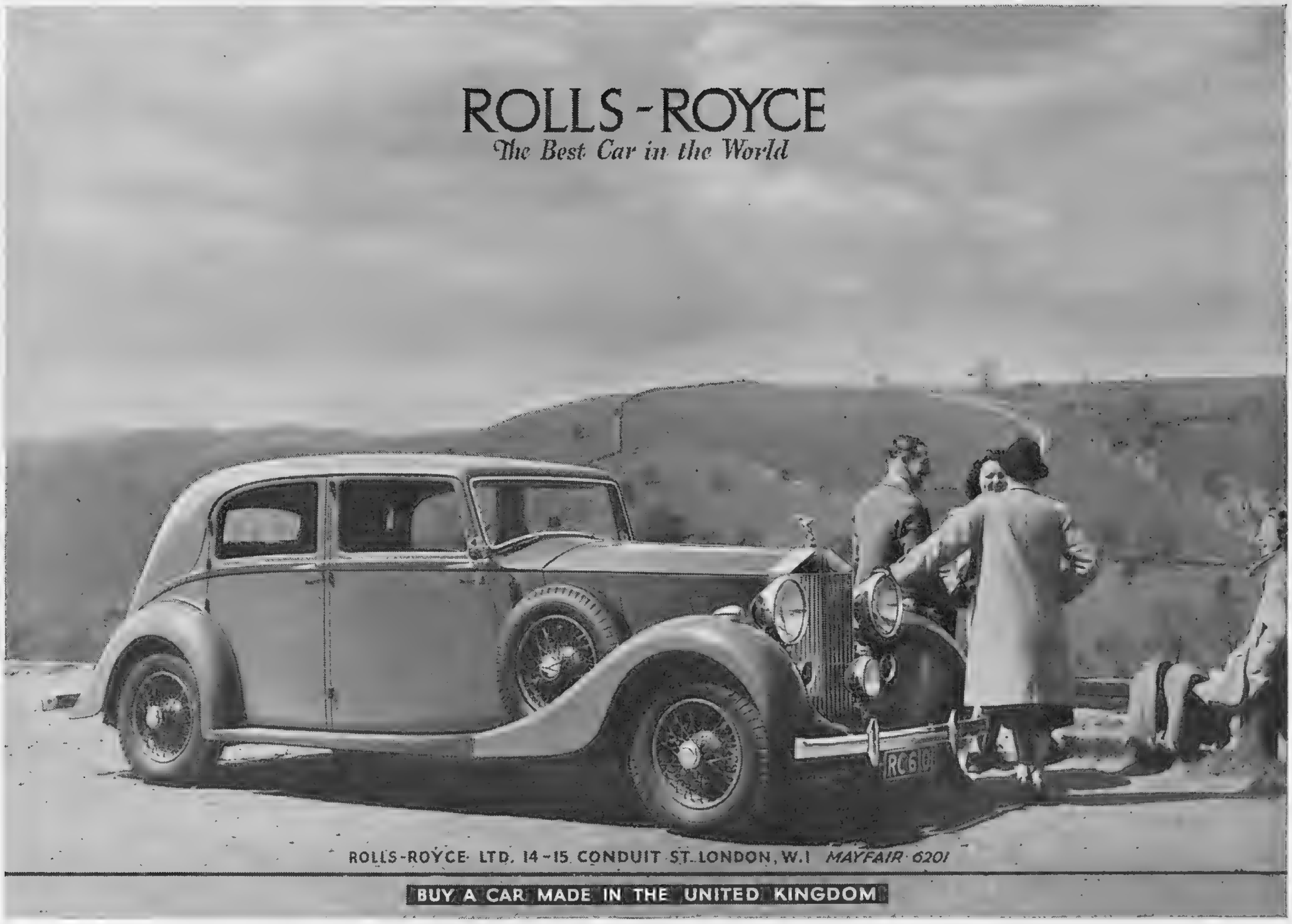
The smaller Riley is a "Twelve," costing £310 in saloon form. At extra cost, it can be fitted with the "Sprite" engine, which is a high-efficiency version of the standard 12-h.p. unit, and has twin carburettors. In either case there is a four-speed gearbox, three of the ratios being synchromesh.

A VERY striking range of cars is the 1939 Daimler series. The 2½-litre Daimler is a recent model, having a six-cylinder overhead-valve engine of 18 h.p. At £485, it has, of course, the unique Daimler transmission system, which gives infinite flexibility by

(*Continued on page* 83)



Here is a really fast and powerful car selling at a very moderate price. It is the 3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar" Saloon, listed at £445



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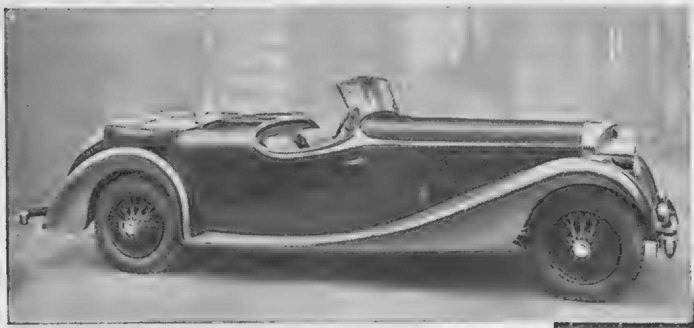
THE NEW CARS ARE NOW ON THE ROAD (continued)



This 3½-litre Jensen Tourer is a car of particularly attractive type. It is fitted with a pre-selective over drive, which gives it virtually six forward speeds

means of a "fluid flywheel" used in conjunction with a four-speed pre-selective gearbox.

There are two larger six-cylinder models, of 20 and 24 h.p., selling at prices from £595 and £870 respectively. Then there are two eight-cylinder Daimlers of 30 and 32 h.p. The larger of these "straight-eights" is designed to take limousine coachwork of the most luxurious type—and the same is true of the largest of the Daimler "sixes."

ONE can, of course, hardly mention luxury in motoring without thinking at once of the Rolls-Royce. The famous twelve-cylinder car is being continued during 1939 with little change, except for the detail improvements on which Messrs. Rolls-Royce are constantly engaged. The 30 h.p. Rolls-Royce, however, now known as the "Wraith," appears in a new form with independent front springing. It is safe to describe it as being now more than ever an ideal car for the most discriminating type of owner driver. Prices are from about £1,600 upwards.

TO those who require a sports car of the highest quality, the new Bentley must necessarily make a strong appeal. The most interesting feature of the 1939 model lies in its "over drive" gearbox, in which the direct drive is on third gear, while the indirect top gear provides an extremely high ratio for cruising along main roads of the *autobahn* type. This should prove most delightful for the purposes of long-distance touring.

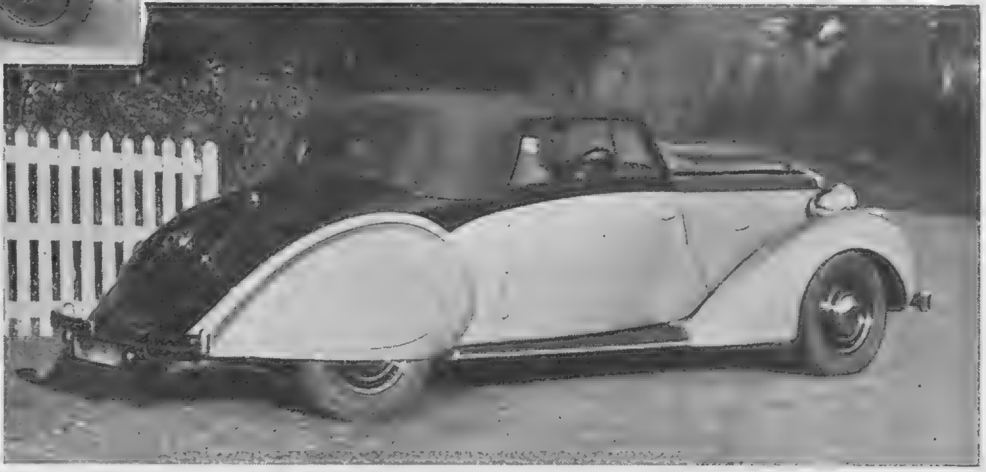
In other respects, the Bentley remains largely unchanged, with its extremely silent but powerful overhead-valve engine. Semi-elliptic springing is employed, with shock absorbers which can be controlled by the driver. Speed not far short of 100 m.p.h. is available, even with completely standard coachwork, and saloon prices range upwards from £1,510.

HIGHLY efficient sports cars from 14 to 32 h.p. are included in the new Alvis range. The "12/70," rated at 14 h.p., has a four-cylinder engine of the overhead-valve type, and gives a remarkable performance at £435. Then there is the 20 h.p. "Silver Crest," which has a six-cylinder engine and a gearbox of particular interest, all its four ratios being synchromesh. It is available, with an alternative 17 h.p. engine, from £595.

There are two "Crested Eagle" models of 20 and 25 h.p. Then we come to the impressive "Speed 25" Alvis, which at £885 is very far from being expensive. This has a silent but very powerful engine of 26 h.p., and is an exceptionally fast car. Finally, there is the 4.3 litre or 32 h.p. model—a recently introduced Alvis which provides fast and most luxurious motoring at the relatively moderate price of £995.

THERE are many others which deserve to be mentioned. Among sports cars, for example, there is the Lagonda, of which the latest twelve-cylinder model provides a genuine revelation in the matter of speed combined with controllability. For sheer ease of control, I should

(Continued on page 89)



The new 2½-litre Daimler is of really sport and sporting build. It is here seen with "Corsica" fixed head coupé coachwork

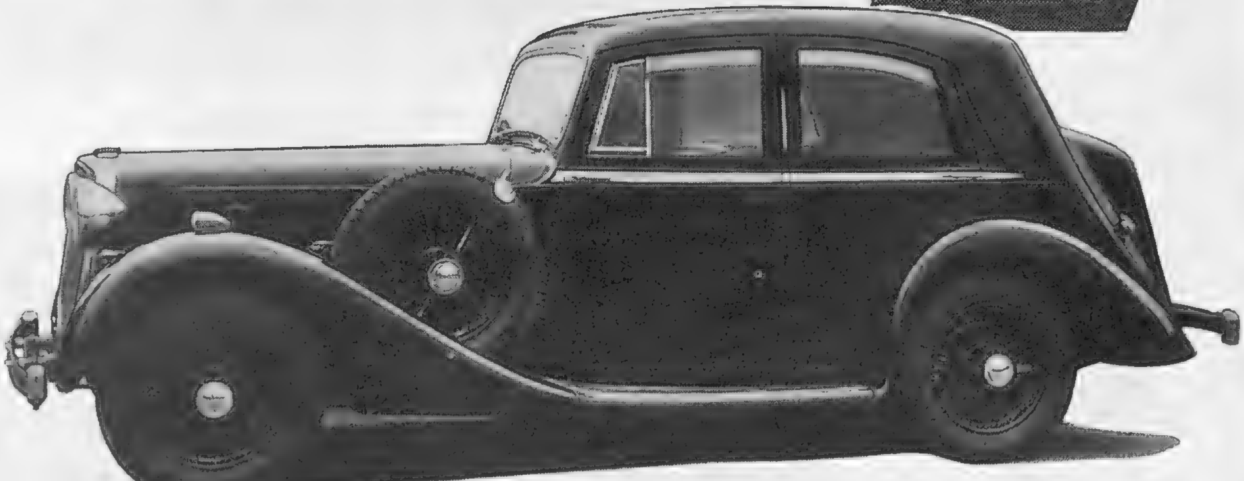
Of comfortable size and with luxurious equipment, this M.G. 2-litre folding head "Foursome" coupé should prove extremely popular

Certainly one of the finest of British sports cars is the new Bentley, seen here in saloon form

The Rover Company Limited *Coventry and Devonshire House, London*

SEE THE 1939 RANGE OF

LANCHESTER CARS



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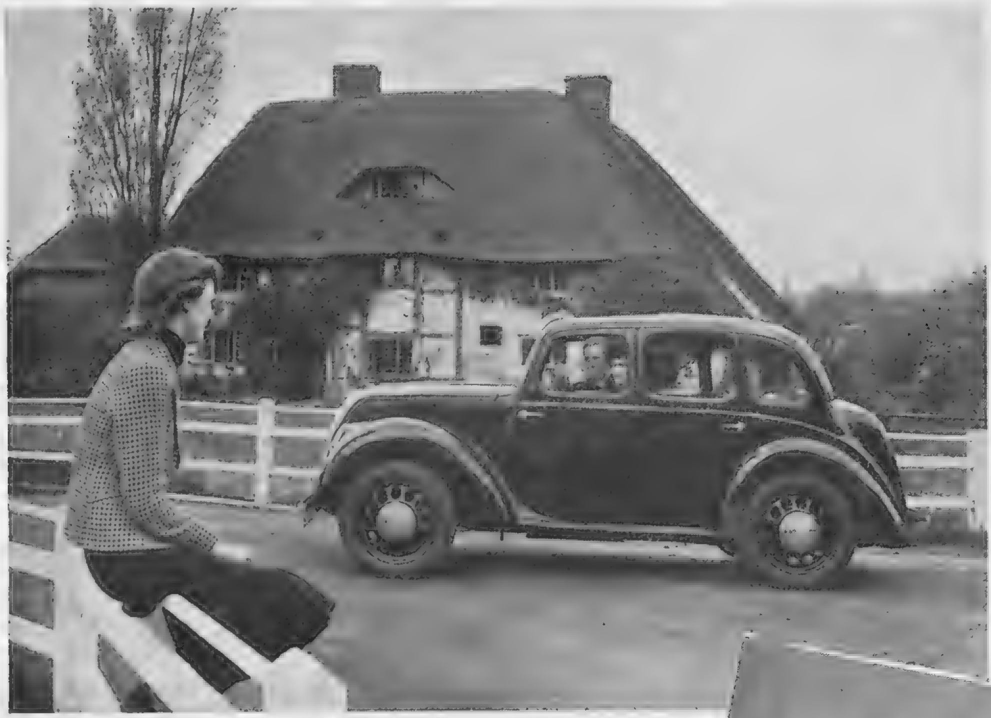
A Popular Light Car in Improved Form

The New Morris "Eight"

By The Earl of Cardigan



The new series "E" Morris "Eight." Features of the new model include greater roominess, luggage boot with external access and an improved engine with four-speed synchromesh gearbox

BEING rated at 8 h.p., the Morris "Eight" belongs to almost the lowest horse-power group among present-day cars. (Cars of 6 and 7 h.p. exist, but enjoy only a small sale.) Similarly the two-door saloon model, selling at only £128 in its fixed-head form, must be very nearly the lowest-priced of British light cars. If there are any which cost less, the difference cannot be more than a few pounds.

Thus it is a real virtue in this Morris that, when one handles it on the road, it does not give the impression of being particularly small, and still less of being cheaply put together. The engine, for example, is decidedly lively, and is much more conspicuous for the sturdy way in which it goes to work than for the fact that it pays merely a £6 tax.

The gear ratios are, I think, notably well chosen. Top gear is as high as in an average 10-h.p. car, and thus the Morris thinks nothing of cruising at 45 or 50 m.p.h. The maximum is over 55, and not far short of 60 m.p.h. Naturally, third gear requires to be used with some frequency, but here again we have a well chosen ratio. From a walking pace, acceleration in third gear is good and constant up to a maximum of at least 40 m.p.h.—a third-gear speed which few light cars are able to exceed.

THE gearbox is a good one in another respect. It provides synchromesh engagement for three out of four ratios, so that, normally, gear-changing difficulties simply do not arise. The only small criticism which I can make is that the gear lever, in certain positions, comes inconveniently close to the handbrake, assuming the latter to be "on."

I have said that the engine will run happily at cruising speeds in the region of 50 m.p.h.—and a further good point is that the car as a whole can be handled easily and with confidence at such speeds. The steering is light and pleasant, and the hydraulic brakes are particularly good. There can be few better-braked cars available at any price. As regards springing, a small car can never ride quite as smoothly as a big one; but the Morris "Eight" does pretty well in this respect, and holds the road with a really creditable degree of steadiness.

An interior view of the new Morris "Eight," two-door model, showing the roomy accommodation now available

The Morris "Eight" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with side valves; 8 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three synchromesh ratios.
Performance: Third gear 40 m.p.h.; top gear 55/60 m.p.h.
Steering: Light and pleasant.
Springing: Semi-elliptic fore and aft.
Brakes: Hydraulic, highly efficient.
Coachwork: Very comfortable in front, with adequate space behind.
Price: Two-door saloon £128; with sliding head £139.

THE coachwork, for a car of this size, is really of most generous dimensions. Personally, I am of considerably more than the average height, yet, in spite of that, the adjustable driving seat gave me ample leg-room, with plenty of head-room and elbow-room also. At the back, there is sufficient space for two well-grown passengers. I will not say that they can "spread themselves"; but at any rate they are very reasonably well provided for.

THE two-door saloon body, moreover, is very well equipped. The £139 version has real leather upholstery and a sliding roof. There is a big tray for parcels under the instrument panel, in addition to the useful rear luggage container. Incidentally — and I don't care how much this annoys some owners of sports saloons — this "Eight" is a better stream-lined car than most. Both side and head lamps are built into the front wings, so that four separate sources of "drag" are completely abolished.

In short, this is a real, lively, practical motor car, selling at a price which should bring it within every motorist's reach.

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SMITHS

The Rover "Twelve" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves; 12 h.p.

Transmission: 4-speed gearbox with synchromesh third and top gears; also controllable free-wheel.

Performance: Third gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear 70 m.p.h.

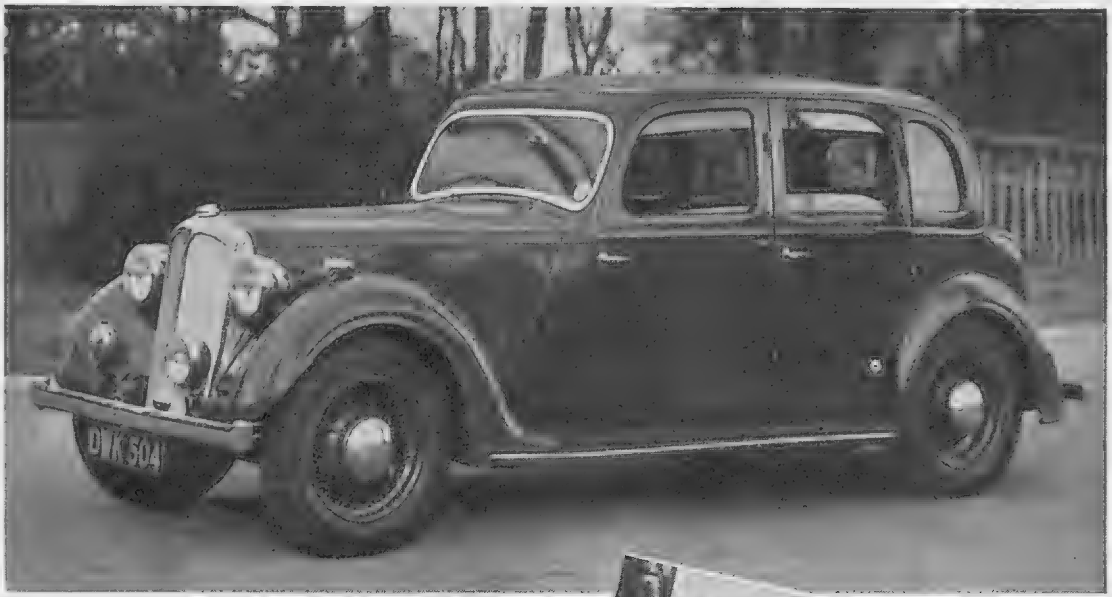
Steering: Exceptionally light, but accurate.

Brakes: Of high-efficiency Girling type.

Springing: Semi-elliptic fore and aft.

Coachwork: Coach built by Rover is very comfortable, and most attractive.

Price: Saloon, £300.


The 1939 Rover "Twelve" Saloon is both distinctive and attractive in appearance

A Light Car of Exceptional Quality

The 12 h.p. Rover

By The Earl of Cardigan

I AM inclined to think that a Rover must needs be a difficult car for a writer to describe. Its salient features, in a mechanical sense, are fairly obvious; but it has a special attraction, from the driver's point of view, which cannot be expressed merely in terms of facts and figures.

This difficulty is perhaps most evident if one begins by considering the car's appearance. The "lines" of the Rover "Twelve" are not strikingly different from those of any other 12-h.p. car. None the less, this car is markedly more handsome than many of its competitors. I do not profess to be able to analyse this superiority, beyond saying that the saloon model is very perfectly proportioned. It has a fairly long wheel-base, with no excessive frontal overhang. From any angle, one feels that it "looks good."

Again, with controls which do not vary too widely from the normal, the Rover is an exceptionally pleasant car to handle on the road. One feels assured, from the first moment of taking the wheel, that everything is going to work "just so"—and in this one is not disappointed. There is an *all-round* responsiveness which no driver can fail to appreciate.

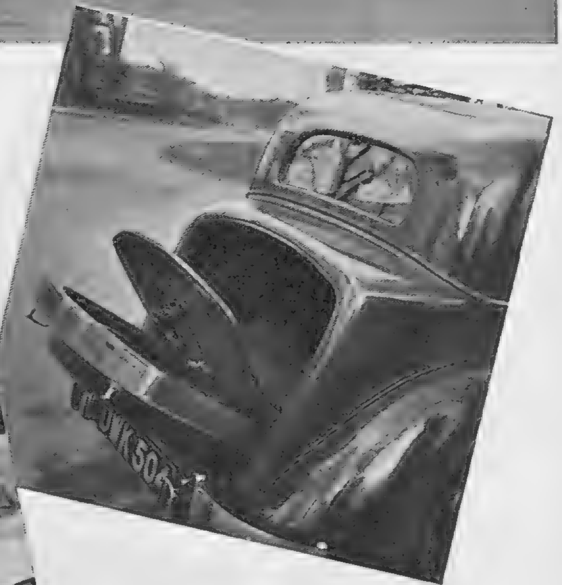
The 12-h.p. overhead-valve engine is really lively, and provides an excellent turn of speed. It accelerates well up to 60 or 65 m.p.h., and can do an honest 70 m.p.h. A most attractive feature is that, running fast or slowly, this engine never seems unhappy, and thus remains smooth and silent at any desired cruising speed.

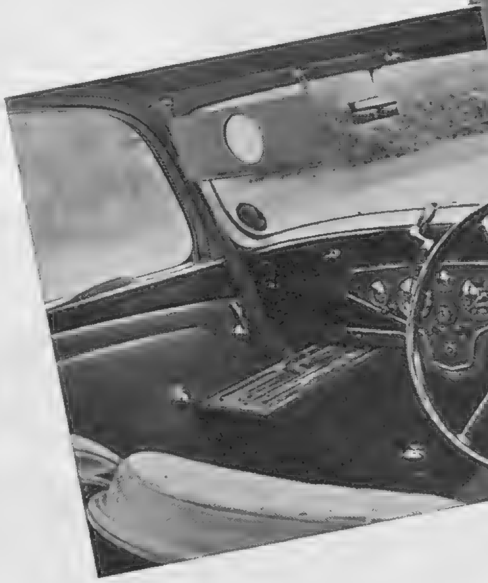
The transmission includes a controllable free-wheel—which of course, when it is in use, makes all the four gears entirely foolproof. With the transmission "fixed," third and top gears are synchromesh, with a "plain" second gear which none the less is quite easy to manipulate. I should have mentioned that, with third gear engaged, the very useful speed of 50 m.p.h. can be reached.

The steering is exceptionally light, but at the same time most accurate — and the semi-elliptic springing, besides being comfortable, enables the car to hold the road with admirable steadiness. High average speeds can therefore be maintained without effort.

The brakes, of Girling type, are likewise excellent. Indeed, if I am to make any criticism of the controls at all, it can only be that the traffic

(*Continued on page* 89)


A commodious luggage compartment is built in at the rear of the Rover "Twelve." The fall-down lid houses the spare wheel and the tools required for changing a wheel


Under the instrument board is a drawer which houses the small tools embedded in thick rubber for silence, and in the near side sun visor is a mirror which lady passengers should find useful

Below: The generous passenger accommodation of the Rover "Twelve" Saloon is shown in this interior view. There is plenty of leg and head room for the driver

MORRIS RECORD SALES are the finest

ASSURANCE POLICY

when buying a car

When the enthusiasm of the owner for his car is renewed every time he uses it, when he cannot help but talk and tell everybody how pleased he is with his car, then and only then are record sales created.

Just because record sales arise from this spontaneous enthusiasm, they are the finest assurance policy you can have to "cover" you when buying a car. You can know beforehand you are making the right choice, getting the best value, the finest motoring—because in Morris record sales actual owners are telling you so.

THE PUBLIC ARE THE BEST JUDGES

— and the opinion of the experts bears them out! Read what the leading Motoring Correspondents say about:
THE MORRIS 12-4: "An uncommonly successful car" . . . "Very definitely out of the usual run" . . . "Remarkable all-round performance" . . . "A world-beater." *Within 12 months this great car has become Britain's most popular Twelve!*

TWELVE-FOUR *(as illustrated)* from £205 ex works

PEOPLE TALK – that's the foundation of MORRIS success!

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, England M.354

A Light Car of Exceptional Quality

(*Continued from page* 87)

indicator switch is inconvenient. This is of course a triviality.

The chassis has a great many other good features, most important of which perhaps is that it is throughout, automatically lubricated. It is claimed that, with the particular system employed, no bearing can possibly be "starved." I like also the petrol reserve switch, in addition to the usual gauge.

The coachwork is as practical as it is attractive—which is saying a great deal. Both fore and aft, it is extremely roomy, and gives evidence throughout of skilful planning. The quick-acting front windows, for instance, are a real asset to the driver—and the passenger who came with me on my test run insists that I must mention the little mirror on the back of the near-side sun visor. This, to be sure, has its value, for it enables the driving mirror to escape being twiddled round and used by the front passenger for nose powdering or other alien purposes!

At £300, this saloon is of course not cheap—but neither is it expensive when one has regard to its many refinements and good qualities. Both in behaviour and looks, it has something of the genuine thoroughbred about it.

The New Cars are Now on the Road

(*Continued from page* 83)

no doubt have mentioned the Lanchester which is equipped, like the Daimler, with "fluid flywheel" transmission.

Then, among large and luxurious cars which can none the less be purchased at a modest price, I must surely include the Pontiac. Another big car of transatlantic origin is the Studebaker, which has many characteristics calculated to attract the English driver. Of European design is the Fiat, offering remarkable value for money in the light-car class.

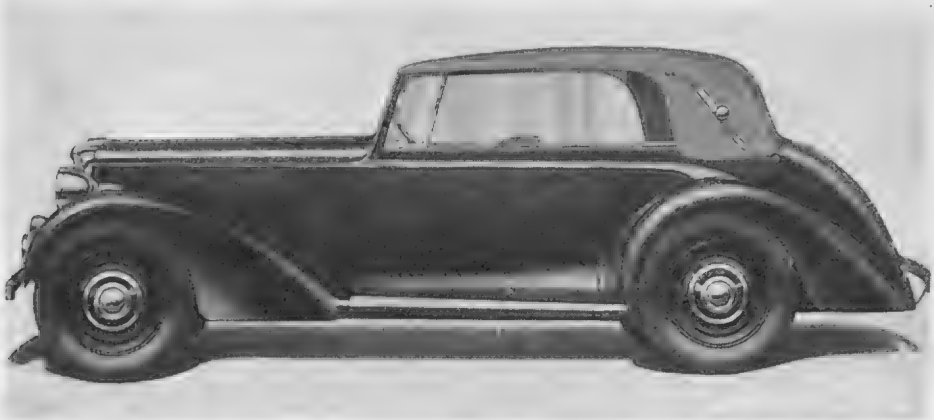
Perhaps also, when one is thinking of new cars, it is not inappropriate to think of new parts and new accessories for cars. There are few surer ways of bringing new life to an old engine than by fitting a new set of sparking plugs. The new Lodge plugs, in this connection, can be strongly recommended—and a pleasant little service rendered by the Lodge people is that they will send to any motorist, merely on recept of a 1½d. stamp, a neat and efficient spark-gap testing gauge.

A.C. Sphinx sparking plugs have likewise an excellent reputation. For 1939, the makers have produced a new 14 mm. long-reach plug which is notably effective in certain engines, among which are Daimler, Lanchester, Rover and Standard units.

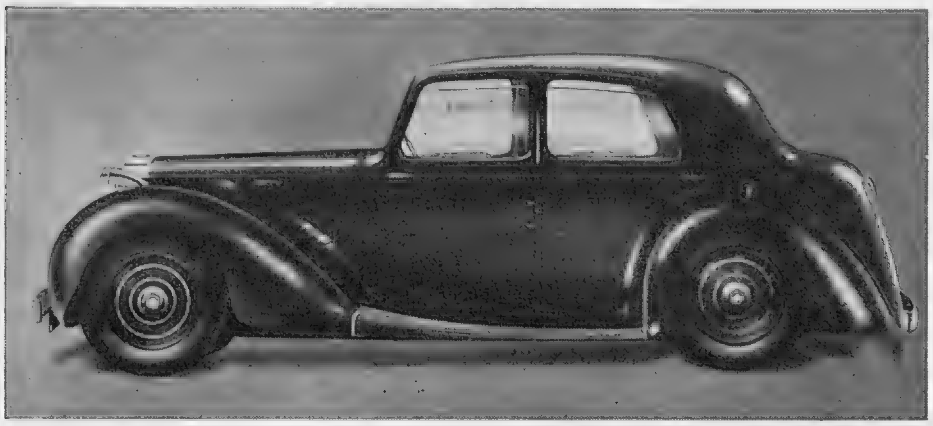
As regards accessories, Messrs. S. Smith and Sons of Cricklewood produce almost everything of a useful nature which can be added to a car—and there are many such items even to-day when standard equipment is generally so good. One may mention in particular "Jackall" hydraulic jacks, which are a real boon when tyre trouble occurs. The owner who looks ahead to the winter months will also be attracted by such things as windscreen de-frosters and de-misters, to say nothing of the very efficient car-heating apparatus which this firm has recently perfected.

When it comes to electrical apparatus probably no firm offers such a wide choice as Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Ltd. Up-to-date lamps, especially fog-lamps, make a great difference to an old car, and some special item such as a spotlight is a welcome addition to a new one. Particularly pleasant also are the Lucas "Mellotone" horns. These, although electric, give the effect of wind instruments, and a pair of them will sound a chord, giving a clear and penetrating warning which, however, is musical and therefore never offensive.

End



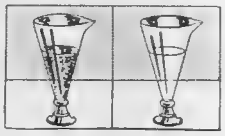
This new 16 h.p. Riley is a most interesting car with a big four-cylinder engine. It sells at £410



A new addition to the popular Triumph range is this "Twelve." It is of brand new design and sells at less than £300

"But Doctor, he's so weak!"

WHEN PEOPLE are very, very ill they cannot spare the energy to digest food, even though nourishment is vitally, desperately needed. But anyone—however ill and weak—can digest Brand's. Hospital tests have proved that Brand's Essence forms no solids at any stage of digestion. There is no strain whatever on the stomach or kidneys. No precious energy is diverted from the task of maintaining strength . . . promoting recovery.



Acid in the gastric juices causes ordinary protein to form solids which delay digestion. When gastric juices are mixed with Brard's Essence no solids are formed—digestion proceeds three times as quickly.

Brand's Essence can be safely given in all cases of weakness after operations, serious illness, childbirth, gastric trouble, and influenza. It does not cause thirst, contains no irritant meat fibre or added salty matter.

BRAND'S CHICKEN ESSENCE

If you know anyone who is ill or convalescing—take along a jar of

BRAND'S
Chicken or Beef
ESSENCE
2'6 2'9 3'- at all chemists

EPWM 538

"THIS JOURNEY SEEMS SO SHORT NOW"
FGJ 193

IT ISN'T THE JOURNEY—*it's the* EXTRA INCHES *of the*

FLYING STANDARD 'TWELVE'

THAT MAKE MOTORING SO MUCH LESS TIRING

Those *extra* inches in which to stretch your legs . . . that little *extra* elbow room, that *added* space above your head . . . . how *much* they mean to your comfort, taking the *tension* out of motoring, letting you relax! In this fine Flying Standard "Twelve" four people can travel in *really* uncramped luxury . . . Independent front wheel springing absorbs the rough of the road, handing on to you only the smooth . . . The new "thrift-engine" achieves an effortless 70 m.p.h. . . . yet keeps your petrol consumption down to 30/32 m.p.g. In the rear a large enclosed luggage locker holds all your luggage safe and sound . . . .

Independent front wheel suspension . . . automatic chassis lubrication . . . hinged quarter lights . . . window louvres . . . flush fitting sliding roof . . . extra roomy all-steel body, enclosed luggage locker, lid opens as firm, flat carrier . . . folding centre rear arm-rest . . . mellotone wind horns, dual note switch . . . telescopic steering column . . . 4-speed synchromesh gearbox, etc.

PRICE: TWELVE DE LUXE £225

Other 12 h.p. models: "Twelve" Saloon de luxe, normal suspension model, £225. Drophead Coupé £245. Other models, 8 h.p.—20 h.p., prices £125-299. All prices ex works. Triplex Glass. Dunlop Tyres.

Write for literature to:—The Standard Motor Company Ltd., Coventry

West End Showrooms: "Standard Cars," 37 Davies Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 5011.

BRITISH CARS ARE BEST—IN THE LONG RUN

North to the Fjords and South to the Sun

Cruising Plans for 1939

Fjordland in summer: Passengers coming ashore from a P. & O. liner which lies at anchor in the Fjord

WHEN the Quennells of the future come to write their History of Everyday Things in England in the Twentieth Century it will be their lot to record a host of changes in social life, and not least among those changes will be with regard to the manner of taking holidays.

For holidays in this new age have an entirely new meaning. The fortnight in August or September with mother, dad and the children spending their time together in a boarding house at a popular watering place, is now fast becoming a thing of the past. Man and woman, youth and girl, each tends to pursue his or her own line of inclination, and that family life is all the better for it in the other forty-eight or fifty weeks of the year cannot be gainsaid.

Holidays, too, offer a much wider field of choice, and contributing largely to this, of course, is the now established vogue for cruising.

Cruising has undoubtedly revolutionised holiday making. It has opened up wider horizons, and in a hundred and one ways commends itself.

Did not Francis Bacon say: "Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder a part of experience."

Well, he was right, but the travel he visualised was one of the utmost discomfort, and perhaps when he wrote those words, he was pursuing an essentially puritan line of thought. He was certainly not thinking of the P. & O. Line and the comforts they have to offer to the cruising holiday maker.

I have before me the P. & O. company's schedule of cruises for the late spring and summer. It is a tempting list, and in many ways an unusual one, including ports of call not regularly touched by the cruising lines.

WHAT about a day in Reykjavik, Molde, Andalsnals, Oie, Merok, Dakar, Zoppot, Oystese, Bizerta, Tinos, Volo, Navplia, Ulvik or Agadir (of crisis fame)? These are names to make you get out the atlas and see for yourself, to whet your appetite for sights and scenes beyond the sea.

The company is certainly to be congratulated on its 1939 programme, and its four "Strath" liners—the *Strathallan*, the *Strathnaver*, the *Stratheden* and the *Strathmore*—offer a standard of comfort that is already well known to vast numbers of travellers.

Now to particularise. On May 12 the *Strathallan* leaves London on an eighteen-day cruise to Alexandria and Malta (first class, £28; tourist, £17).

A fortnight later the *Stratheden* sets out from London on a seventeen-day trip to the Adriatic, Dubrovnik, Trieste and Venice being the ports of call (first class, £27; tourist, £16).

THOSE who like plenty of shore excursions will certainly favour the *Stratheden's* northern cruise which is starting on June 23, as this includes no fewer than nine ports of call (first class, £22; tourist, £13).

Very good value for money is the *Strathmore's* cruise starting from Southampton on August 19. It lasts twenty-one days, and among the ports of call are Bizerta, Athens, Alexandria and Port Said. The first class fare is £34 and the tourist class £21.

THOSE interested in the P. & O. programme should write to the company's booking offices at 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, and the fullest details will be forwarded.

L.V.

Venice never disappoints the visitor. It is just as one has always pictured it with stately buildings mirrored in the waters of the canals. The *Stratheden* calls there on June 4

GARDENIA by Goya
Be extravagant
. . . FOR ONE SHILLING!

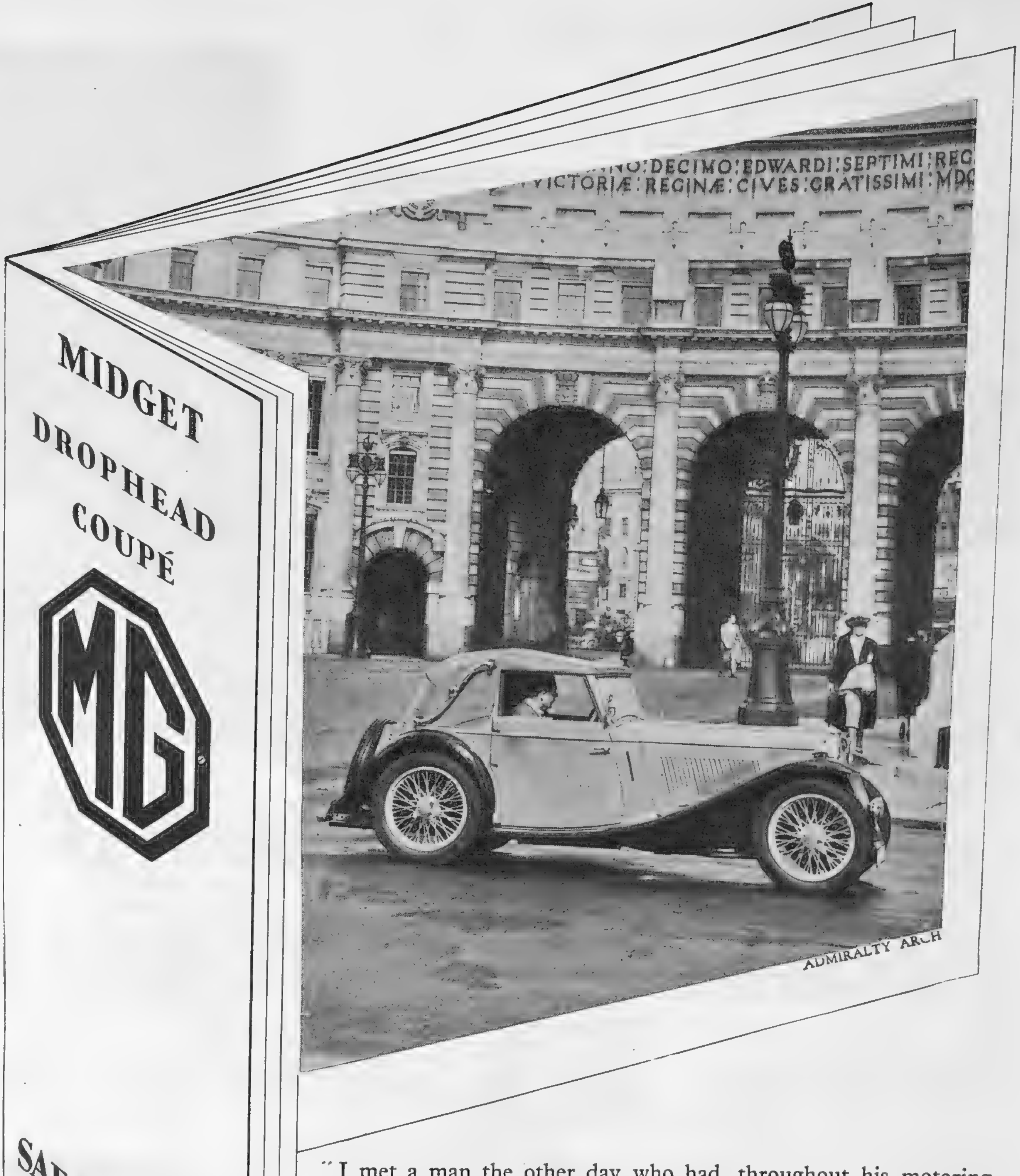
Today you can luxuriate in really expensive perfume, in a new way that even your conscience can afford! For Goya, creator of luxury scents for the world's leading couturiers, offers you in attractive handbag phials, *costing only one shilling*, exactly the same exclusive perfumes that he normally sells in two guinea flacons. And these exquisite scents are so concentrated that each little phial lasts several weeks. They fit your bag, your purse, your mood! Choose today from a captivating, *genuine* GARDENIA; STUDIO — an enchanting new creation; or Goya's intriguing "NO. 5."

Goya
PERFUMES

TWO GUINEAS AND
ONE SHILLING

Obtainable everywhere in bottles at two guineas and 6/6. and in handbag phials at 1/- from all stores chemists, hairdressers and Boots' branches. (These prices DO apply in Eire)

GOYA, PICCADILLY, LONDON


MIDGET
DROPHEAD
COUPÉ
MG
SAFETY FAST!
…NO·DECIMO·EDWARDI·SEPTIMI·REG…
…VICTORIÆ·REGINÆ·CIVES·GRATISSIMI·MD…
ADMIRALTY ARCH

"I met a man the other day who had, throughout his motoring lifetime, always bought the same make of car—a most uninteresting series. He also made a point of never driving his friends' cars. When I gave him a run in an M.G. and insisted on him taking the wheel he was, to say the least of it, a little staggered. He summed up his impressions rather well when he said at the conclusion of the run, "Well, now I know what 'Safety Fast' means!"

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS

M.G. Midget from £222 • 1½-Litre from £280 • 2-Litre from £389 • 2.6-Litre from £442 • (Ex works.) Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED . ABINGDON-ON-THAMES, BERKSHIRE . SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LIMITED . COWLEY . OXFORD . ENGLAND

The Early Call of the West

IF there is one thing British folk do not take easily to it is breaking a habit. But we are a logical race and when there are sensible reasons for doing so, and those reasons are put before us in sensible fashion, we are on the whole inclined to weigh the matter on its merits.

Now the railway companies are asking us to take early holidays and, of course, they stand to benefit, for, if the public responds, it means an enormous decrease in traffic pressure when August—the great holiday month—comes along.

Well, says the critic, what do I get out of all this? Why should I be regimented? Why should I change the habit of a lifetime by going on holiday in June or July when August has always been my usual month?

The critic is easily answered. Nature and the railways have it in their power to give him "a square deal."

In the first place the holidaymaker who goes away early finds the countryside in all its first freshness before the dust of July and August has spoilt the dawn flush of beauty.

"Young Spring has spilt her
magic on the wold,
The woodlands ring with rapture as of old,
And England lies new-washen,
green and fair."

That was the poet Crosland's view, and he spoke truth indeed.

There are other things, though, that lure one away early in the year. In late May, June, and early July the hours of daylight are wonderfully long. A day's tennis can last almost till the dinner bell goes. An excursion through the countryside does not necessitate driving home in the dark. The extra hours of sunshine mean the storing up of added reserves against the winter's cold.

YET another advantage of the early holiday is to be found in the cheaper rates for accommodation, while overcrowding both when travelling and at journey's end is most pleasantly avoided.

Among the foremost in championing the "go away early" campaign is the Great Western Railway, and, it must be admitted, the part of England the company serves is certainly at its most beautiful at the time when spring turns to summer.

Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and Dorset are particularly lovely in May and June, and by then many of the big resorts have already made giant strides in the sunshine race.

The charms of Torquay, that supremely sheltered resort of the South Devon coast where spring comes soon and nature is luxurious at every season, need no stressing here, but it may be said that Torquay epitomises all that is best in the West Country, and, by its very existence, is itself an argument for the May or June holiday.

IF you want more bracing conditions you will find them on the North Cornish coast; at St. Ives, pleasing mixture of the fishing village and the gay resort; or at Perranporth, where the smooth golden sands stretch out to meet the Atlantic breakers.

Slightly nearer London is Somerset—a county of pleasant seaside resorts possessing a hinterland of moor and pasture that inevitably appeals to the lover of the countryside. To stand on Dunkery Beacon and see the counties spreading away is indeed a noble sight, and from there you may look to Wales where industry—pervading as it is—has still left many a scene of glorious unspoilt beauty.

Yes, in early summer the golden west is unforgettably lovely and, if so, be that you are not bound hand and foot by hostages to fortune, whose school holidays fall inevitably in August, you will not regret a departure from the old routine.

In a hollow by the sea nestles Polperro, oft-painted village of the Cornish coast. On right: The stately spires of Truro Cathedral

Beauty goes back to nature

IT is not fashionable to smear your lips with garish scarlet . . . to colour up your cheeks to a feverish flush. Discriminating women have said goodbye to all that, and welcome Tangee because it makes them look fresh and young and natural again . . . deliciously in tune with 1939's feminine frills and furbelows.

Tangee is utterly unlike most cosmetics because of its wonderful Colour-Change Principle. When you touch your lips and cheeks with Tangee Natural Lipstick and Rouge you will see how its original orange-colour changes immediately to your own natural colouring. It's sheer magic . . . lovely magic too, because it reveals to admiring eyes the beauty that is really you.

For dinner or dance, use Tangee Theatrical, a richer colour for brighter lights.

TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE

Tangee Lipstick keeps lips smooth, youthful, appealing, **1/9** *and* **4/6.**

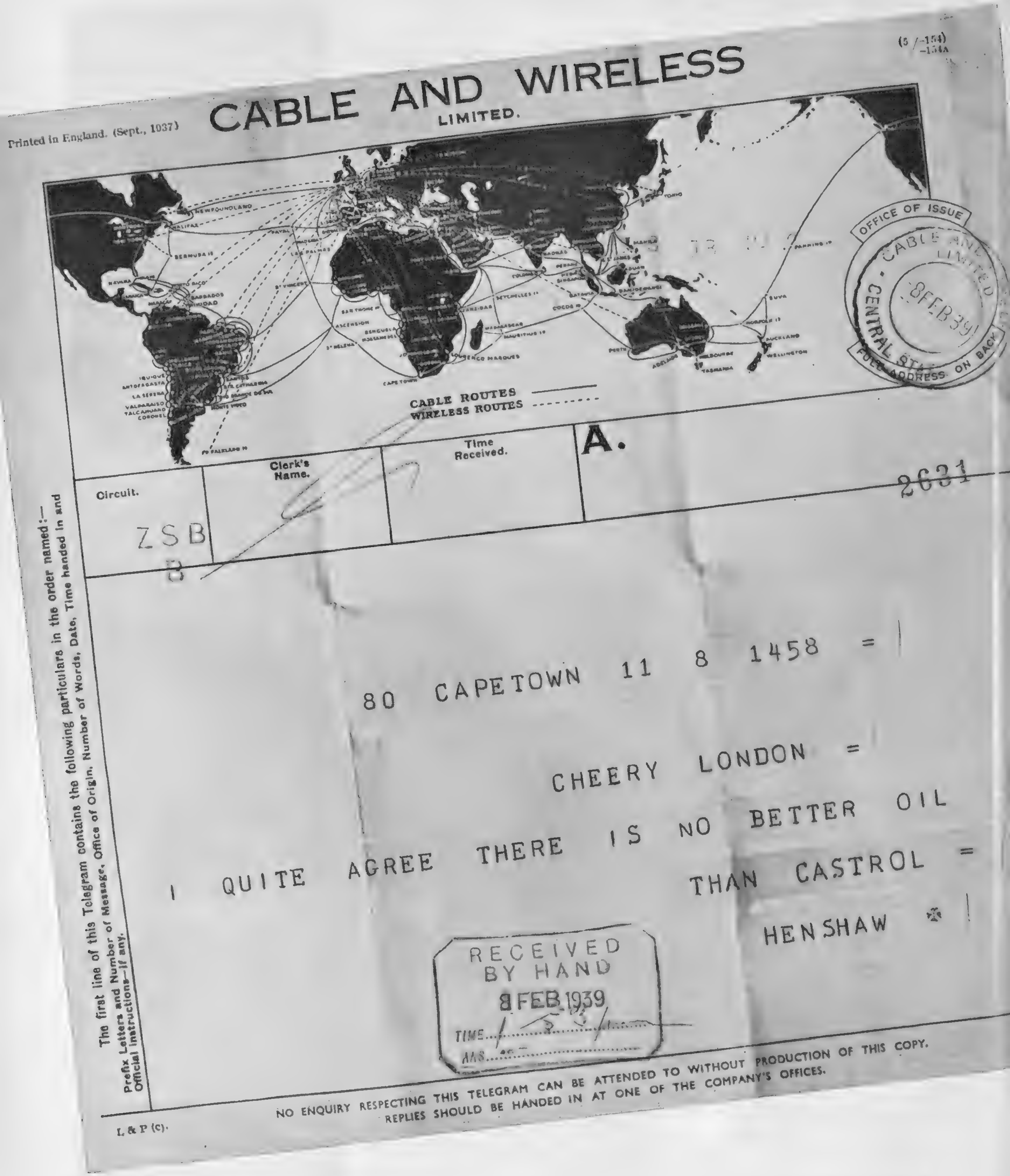
Tangee Rouge is its natura companion . . . Crème **3/6,** *Compact* **1/9** *and* **3/6.**

Tangee Powder, in the latest shades . . . Naturelle, Peach, Light Rachel, Rachel, Ochre and Sun Tan. **2/6** *and* **4/6.**

Obtainable at Boots, Harrods, Heppells, Selfridges and all leading Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Luft-Tangee (London) Ltd., 88 Regent Street, W.1



(5/-154)
-154A

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Printed in England. (Sept., 1937)

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I QUITE AGREE THERE IS NO BETTER OIL THAN CASTROL =

HENSHAW

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8 FEB 1939
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AAS

NO ENQUIRY RESPECTING THIS TELEGRAM CAN BE ATTENDED TO WITHOUT PRODUCTION OF THIS COPY.
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L & P (c).

Alex Henshaw's remarkable achievement in flying to the Cape and back in 4 days 11 hours, set up a new record. His Percival Mew Gull was fitted with a Gipsy Engine.

The Women I Meet

(*Continued from page* 37)

for, as well as her present amusement in it, she has a desire to write and finds that as she improves in self-expression, so the fascination of it grows upon her. There can be no doubt that when she comes to turn the pages, one day, she will find that as the months of this year have slipped by she has come into contact with so many aspects of London and with so many different lives in the interlocking circles of social life.

IN the world of politics she will see, for example, the dream loveliness of the LADY DIANA DUFF COOPER, who has given to the world a standard of beauty at which, all her life, the world has gasped. Her light, blue-green eyes, her pale hair and the rose tint to her transparent skin, if seeming perfection in the many portraits which have been painted of her, are more perfect in reality, for then there is the straightforward, unaffected charm of her personality added.

Lady Diana, who some years ago startled London by making her home in Gower Street, Bloomsbury, and only left it for the Admiralty, now lives behind two front doors, for her new house, at the back of Buckingham Palace, which was left her by her mother, the late Duchess of Rutland, who intended it to be Lady Diana's eventual home, is really two houses knocked into one.

And while from the street it looks small, once through the front door, which is used, the house spreads into considerable proportions, for in addition to the original accommodation, two enormous rooms were built on each side of the back.

One of them is being converted—for Lady Diana is still in the throes of arrangement, and has been living these last months in her bedroom—and is to be a wonderful library for her husband's collection of books. Shelves run up to niche windows on one side, under the high roof; in the panels between will be architectural designs by Rex Whistler, whose murals in Lady Diana's greatly loved Gower Street home are still preserved to her great thankfulness; on the garden side three great windows open on to a little tree in paved surroundings.

Windows, and such big windows, have been a major problem in Lady Diana's life, for there are similar ones on the other side of the house and six in the big drawing-room in which hangs a Shannon portrait, her favourite one of her mother.

"Curtains!" says Lady Diana, ruefully. "Curtains and more curtains!"

Some she has been making herself, for she is an ardent needlewoman, particularly if she can have someone to read aloud, as she works, and even if the making of curtains is not the stitching of her choice! But she has not much leisure at her disposal even for her pleasure in arranging the lovely things in her house. She has many claims on her time, and she is generous with it in the service of others. She is on many committees which do valuable work for the community and always in a practical capacity. Just now she is hard at work organising the Montmartre Ball, which under her chairmanship is to be held on May 4, at the Dorchester. It is in aid of the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage, in which Lady Diana takes a great personal interest and will be somewhat out of the usual run of such evenings, for it is rumoured that it is to be as French as French, with snails and mussels on the menu, a Continental floor show and—Maurice Chevalier flying over from Paris to sing!

All this certainly takes organising, but Lady Diana believes in well organised "in aid of" balls. In her opinion, beyond the fact that some deserving cause receives its essential support, extra trade is created and consequent employment; hotels, caterers, dressmakers benefit, hostesses have an easy opportunity to entertain and avoid staff disapproval, in fact a good time with a stimulated conscience can be had by all, with the exception, Lady Diana will tell you, of the organisers!

ONLY a few doors away from Lady Diana's lovely house lives little MADAME VINCENT PARAVACINI, daughter-in-law to the Swiss Minister, daughter to Somerset Maugham. She should, I suppose, be classed as one of the "young married" in social circles, but as she looks barely seventeen, it is really difficult to accord her that status of dignity. She is blonde with deep-coloured eyes and very slim, and although she wears the most sophisticated clothes in perfect taste, and has great poise of manner, one has very much the impression that it cannot be she but a little sister, pretending to impersonate her.

And yet she is the mother of a son now getting on into his fifteenth month, who has already entertained his friends with mature dispensing of hospitality.

"They start so young, these days!" sighs Lisa Paravacini, and confesses that her big son used to frighten her very much indeed. On the first occasion she took him out by himself he showed his utter scorn and resentment from the moment he left his door-step, until, embarrassed helplessly by the obvious impression of onlookers in the park that it was a case for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, his mother fled home with him, utterly shamed.

Madame Paravacini has spent the greater part of her life in America where she was at school in New York and Chicago, and even at Naussau which gave her a love of swimming—she is not otherwise, very "outdoor," but she has curiously enough, for it is so astonishingly contagious, no trace of the American accent. And she deplores that she has neither American efficiency nor domesticity. That is as it may be; perhaps she is right in saying that she has not inherited her father's literary genius, and that even the writing of a letter is almost beyond her, and that she has not either, her mother's famous flair for interior and artistic design, but she has a talent for running her deliciously appointed house. Her butler is Russian, her cook Esthonian, all else in the household staff are of varying nationalities with the exception of Master Paravacini's English nurse, and none understand each other's language. But everything runs as if by clockwork!

Madame Paravacini, despite her connexion by marriage with the diplomatic world, says that diplomacy is not one of her great interests, nevertheless it is more than obvious that she knows how to practise it!

BUT mention of the diplomatic world, even though flippant, brings the thought of LADY VANSITTART with the elegance and gentleness which is so much a part of her. She is the wife of Sir Robert Vansittart who was for eight years Permanent Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, and is now Chief Diplomatic Adviser.

To look at her it seems incredible that she can be the mother of three grown-up sons, the eldest of which is in the Foreign Office. She is certainly one of the most charming women in London; mention of her name evokes immediately the exclamation, "Isn't she sweet!" and is in no way related to her appearance, although with her lovely grey eyes, her matching hair, which looks as if it had had a dust of powder, and her graceful bearing, that description is equally applicable to her as to her personality.

As distinctive is the exquisite taste with which she dresses, which, despite its simplicity, has an air very un-English. But then Lady Vansittart has only made her home in England during the last eight years. She has lived almost everywhere, first in Paris where her father, Herbert Ward, well-known painter, sculptor and explorer—he took part in the Stanley-Livingstone expedition—had his studio. Then, following her first husband's diplomatic career, it was one city of the Continent after another, Budapest, Stockholm, Lisbon—then to the other side of the world, America and "Washington."

Few women have (*Continued on page* 97)

Beauty on tap

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(*Signed*) **Howe**

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had a more varied life, and she has enjoyed every minute of it. Perhaps it seems as if it had been somewhat unsettled, and perhaps it is that which gives her such serene repose in herself, for in the turmoil of to-day even the simplest remark in her quiet voice is soothing and those big, grey-blue eyes hold a trustfulness which gives courage to dampened hopes.

Which I feel sure comes from inner convictions. I am sure that no one could persuade Lady Vansittart of the presence of malice or unkindness in human nature. She believes only in the best side of every one, and in consequence finds it. And she has a great feeling for suffering. She is a constant visitor to the Mount Vernon Hospital, for she devotes a great deal of unostentatious energy for the furthering of cancer research, and having a complete lack of any fear of illness herself endeavours to share with others her wonderful courage and faith.

Lady Vansittart will tell you that she thinks a woman is of more value when concentrating upon the near-at-hand duties of her life, than in launching out into vaster ventures, but she herself plays her part in the furthering of schemes of value. She is the president of the British Women's Hospitality Committee, which was originally founded by Lady Muriel Gore-Browne as an organisation which would entertain overseas buyers and promote sociability as Governments see fit to do in other countries.

As president of this committee Lady Vansittart's success can be judged by the success of the British Industries Dinner Ball last month, which was attended by the Duchess of Gloucester, who was presented with a beautiful bouquet by lovely Valerie Cole.

Lady Vansittart hopes next year for even greater response to her work in promoting social intercourse between ourselves and those of such vital importance to our prosperity. As a relaxation from more serious matters, Lady Vansittart loves her country home near Denham, where she spends as many weekends as possible with her beloved Alsatians—at one time she had twelve, all of her own breeding. But even there she has outside interests, for she is the churchwarden of Denham Church now, in succession to Lady Victoria Braithwaite, who has recently moved, and as such finds herself involved in most local matters, and as busy as in her big town house which is one of those which have the to-be-envied double glass and wrought-iron entrances which are so imposing a feature of Mayfair.

NOT that such entrances are confined to Mayfair. In Westminster, LADY MELCHETT has a house which must be seen to be believed in, so wonderful is it, and as imposing inside as out.

It was built by Sir Edwin Lutyens—which of course is a beginning—but the interior with its treasures of pictures, sculpture and furniture is like a museum which, however, unlike a museum, has the warm glow of life.

A curving stone staircase leads under vaulted arches upwards to rooms which seem a bewilderment of originality and enchantment; the dining-room is Greek; Lady Melchett persisted in her intention although every one argued that the room was doomed to failure and a tomb-like atmosphere. Lady Melchett won the argument. There could not be a more exquisite setting for hospitality. The walls are panelled in great slabs of a warm, oatmeal-coloured stone, which glow under the reflected lighting, the furniture has a *motif* of pale green which matches the tops of the trees which are on the outside of the tall windows, and antique busts stare gravely down with an air of dignity as impressive in its simplicity as the room. Then there is a music-room which can hold six hundred guests for a ball. It has murals which are detachable, by Glyn Philpots, of mythological subjects, Leda and the Swan and so forth, all painted in coppery-silver tones which shimmer and yet are restful, while above the chimney-piece is a sculpture by Jaggers (who created the Artillery Monument at Hyde Park Corner), in dark contrast. This huge plaque is from a design of Lady Melchett's and is called "The Lovers." It represents a stylised nude embrace which has a background of gossiping harpies and peering faces. It is a hint, Lady Melchett says, that her music-room is unsuitable for gossip.

Which is an indication as to her character. Lady Melchett is too seriously thoughtful in herself for idle chatter. Although her smile has a childish sweetness, and her prettiness has that intangible Peter Pan charm of immaturity, she has decided opinions. And a very strong sense of responsibility. Women, she thinks, fritter too much of their energies away in the best of intentions. Collectively they could form a force which might well shape civilisation nearer to the dream all of us have of it, and while giving their best to the small things of life which are obligatory, in consequence, play a stronger part towards the organised solution of greater problems.

Lady Melchett is not a thinker without experience. She has read greatly and widely, for she was once Martin Seker's partner and with him published the first translations of Ibsen, Dostoevski and all the great Russians. Through her choice the first Feuchtwanger book, *Jew Süss*, appeared in English, and she still keeps her interest in new literary and artistic discoveries. Edward Seago's book of sketches and comments on gipsy life, which is so refreshing a delight and so valuable a record of the unusual in English peasant life, owes much to her, for it was she who introduced him to the "Forty-Foot Way."

I do not think many people know of the "Forty-Foot Way," which is older than any records of England, and was perhaps ancient when the Druids died. It runs from end to end of England, a free highway, bramble-hidden, with green turf above the track countless generations have trodden to a hardness the Romans did not know.

The gipsies know it and so does Lady Melchett, for it skirts her country home, a boundary between it and the estate of Lord Luke; there in its secrecy, the caravans pass, and camp fires smoulder in the undergrowth. And there Lady Melchett rides, unafraid, and returns to her gardening, which she adores.

ANOTHER of those who return always to London with regret is the COUNTESS OF ROSSE. She loves Birr Castle, her husband's home in Ireland, and when possible spends six months of the year there. But then, as well, she is heart and soul with one of her husband's main interests, which is the saving of the architectural beauty of Georgian London.

That has led her with her brother, Oliver Messel, back to inherited and traditional concern in their enthusiasm for the Bath Festival, which they are actively engaged in organising. They are descended from the Lindleys of Bath, noted for both beauty and musical talent in the eighteenth century.

Lady Rosse is slim, dark and vibrant. She has tremendous "chic" and grace, she is as pretty as her own portrait which hangs in her London drawing-room. And although she is as modern as modern, in some way there is an air of a bygone generation about her. Her drawing-room is lighted by wax candles instead of electricity and it seems right; she does the most exquisite embroidery—Queen Anne satin-stitch—the art of which is almost forgotten, she is feminine as few women are to-day, for as well as taking housekeeping most seriously, she makes most of her own and her children's clothes.

And she has four children. Susan, aged eleven, Tony aged eight, William who is two-and-a-half and the baby Desmond, now three months old. Susan is going to be a beauty, and Lady Rosse looks like her very slightly elder sister. I'm not sure that it's awfully fair!

END

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Death of a Dictator

(Continued from page 17)

all of you, I agreed, so that our brethren might be free. To-day they told me, insolently, casually, five hours before our ultimatum expires, that the other Powers were prepared privately to concede almost all that we asked, that their reply to form a basis of discussion had been sent, three days ago, to Steuben, the Secretary of State, and that he and Goltz had suppressed it deliberately, because, to increase their own power and their glory, they wanted this war."

The crowd's silence was something active in its intensity now. Movement and a muttering began to stir in them, before the voice from the loudspeaker hushed them again. Reinmar was seeing this scene repeated in miniature all over the land, in the barracks, in the cafés, in the peasants' cots, in a thousand settings where now by his own decree the people huddled round the loudspeakers to hear one voice.

That voice went on: "I ask you then, all of you, even at this last hour, to join with me now, to strengthen my hands, to prevent this war, and to see justice done on those others, who for their own selfish ends, would have sacrificed ten million lives. . . ."

Reinmar felt a pluck at his sleeve. He glanced down impatiently to see Ilse there. Her eyes were green now, she seemed to quiver in tune to the pulse and stir that throbbed through all the crowd. Her voice trembled, as she cried up to him: "We're saved, Reinmar, do you realise, we're saved! We've got our miracle! Father Victor did get through after all——"

He gazed down at her with a queer look on his face. He was about to speak, when there came through the loudspeaker a sharp sudden noise like the crack of a whip. He saw on the distant balcony two tiny figures emerge, and then a faint blue mist rise above all three of them. The dot by the balustrade seemed to jerk forward and up, before it toppled forward on to the faces below. Someone near them said very quietly, regretfully: "So they've shot him." A groan jerked from the crowd, and then very slowly the mass rolled forward towards the Chancellery.

Reinmar pulled Ilse to him and on to the base of the statue. He put her arms round his waist, and then with his head down, began to force his way through the crowd to the edge of the square.

"We've got to get out," he called over his shoulder to her. "There may be fighting. These here will take Steuben and Goltz. But the Secret Police may put up some sort of a fight. . . ."

When at last they were safely across the street and into the park, Ilse could only murmur at first: "They shot him. The one who had raised them up. They shot him, Reinmar, shot him down from behind. Steuben and Goltz did that, Reinmar, what can happen now?"

"The Army chiefs will take over now. And they don't want war."

"The poor Shepherd. . . . Ah, God, Reinmar, I feel as if in ten minutes I'd lived ten years. . . . I think I want Kaspar now." She gazed up at him with a sudden new alarm. "He'll be safe in the Chancellery? You're sure he'll be safe?"

Reinmar did not answer her. He took her hand and led her to a green bench. He sat down by her side, and stared out for a moment at the pink blossoms drifting down from the tree behind.

He said at last: "Ilse, I have to tell you something. And I think I will tell you it all at once, because there are some things one cannot soften or make small. . . . Ilse, Kaspar is dead."

She stared at him, wordless, too uncomprehending even to pale.

He nodded. "Kaspar is dead. You yourself saw him die. You saw him die ten minutes ago, there on the balcony of the Chancellery. That was his secret, Ilse, the secret that you and I guessed at, but never knew. That he was the Shepherd's double, to take his place whenever things might be dangerous. He was of the height and pallor, and with the beard and the eyebrows added, there was no telling those two apart. The voice too he had been trained to imitate perfectly. So on public occasions, when there was the chance from the crowd or a roof-top of a bomb or a pistol shot, it was Kaspar, not the Shepherd, we saw."

She said slowly, like a child repeating a lesson: "Kaspar is dead. I saw him die. And the Shepherd still lives——"

"No, Ilse. The Shepherd died two days ago. Father Victor did get through, did persuade him not to go on with the war. So Goltz and Steuben killed him. They killed him in secret and made Kaspar take his place. Told Kaspar to be the Shepherd, at least till their war was launched. . . . Do you see it all now? Kaspar got word through to me what had happened, what he had been before and what he had planned to do then, by one speech to turn the whole nation against the war party. Against Steuben and Goltz. . . . I think he knew they would kill him at once for that."

Her face was rigid as she turned away from him. He could hardly hear her whispering: "And you let him die that we might live——"

He said gently: "Yes, Ilse. I let him die—that we and the world might live."

END

The B.B.C. Calls it a Day

(Continued from page 28)

Mr. Chilman, the house superintendent is pleased to instruct porters to send that piano up to the studio on the fourth or fifth floor, *provided* it is there before nine o'clock. Furniture removing is frowned upon in office hours at Broadcasting House.

ONE of the busiest places early in the day's proceedings is the letter registry. Miss Mills and her little army of assistants get down to the letters as early as possible. The actual opening of the envelopes is entrusted to an electric machine which slits open the envelopes without damaging their contents. These are then removed and sent round to the various departments where they belong. The B.B.C. never gets off with *less* than a hundred thousand letters a year, and they take some dealing with.

For all that, the B.B.C. would not be without its correspondence, because it is the only means by which knowledge of listeners' likes—and more particularly dislikes—is obtained. Long before these letters are read, two girls begin answering telephone inquiries. They do nothing else all day.

As for the letters, there were several hundred a few days ago, because some music considered to be *dance* music was broadcast on a Sunday. It was *not* popular. Not nearly so popular, for instance, as the broadcasts in foreign languages seem to be. The B.B.C. received over a thousand postcards recently from listeners all over the country asking that these broadcasts shall be continued. Most of the cards were directed to the Director-General, Mr. Ogilvie.

The great time for the B.B.C. is when a comedian says *damn*. Every *damn* uttered means five hundred letters of indignant protest. On the other hand, some of the letters are very appreciative; there are bouquets as well as brickbats. Others, again, are unconsciously funny. I often ask about them. Here is what I got for the last asking.

"Please don't put *Band Waggon* and *The World Goes By* on at the same time. I have two sets but it is *so* difficult to concentrate on both *together*."

Another correspondent recently asked the B.B.C. to close down for an hour in the evening so that really good music might be heard on poor sets.

"Please let me know the dates of the Toscanini concerts next summer; it would enable me to decide on my holidays," was another recent request.

This furiously:

"It's about time restraint was put upon comedians who insult the fish and chip trade."

This more reasonably:

"Please to forward to above address the sum of 10s. 6d. being price of a new shirt burnt with a cigarette while listening too intently to *How He Lied to Her Husband*."

I forgot to ask whether the B.B.C. complied with the demand, but I do know that they answered this successfully:

"Please give me the name and number of a gramophone record played at 2.51 last Monday or Tuesday in the National programme—or it may have been the Regional."

Occasional requests for a tip for to-morrow's 3.30 come in, and recently someone asked for a list of unusual feminine Irish names as he had a daughter to christen. A butler asked how he should address an Italian countess. All these form part of the B.B.C's regular correspondence. The place is becoming an information bureau from the looks of it.

THE first Empire transmission ends at 10.15—the very moment the home broadcasting begins with the Daily Service. And after that there is no stopping anything. There are twenty-two studios in Broadcasting House; but it is rare to find one of them empty, for rehearsals go on all day long. For any dramatic show of importance, for instance, six daily rehearsals are held, and the dramatic control panels—indeed, all the mechanical appliances—are working the entire day. What are called balance tests are taken through the day for anything meriting them. The news and weather bulletins arrive at the appointed time and have to be dealt with, and announcers have to study what is theirs to read later on. They are very busy people, these announcers. Sheer use keeps them out of the studio until a few seconds before they are due to announce—but they are always there.

APART from the actual carrying out of the programmes, there is the arranging of them. This is done under Mr. B. E. Nicholls who is head of the Programme Division. He and those under him meet every Thursday to discuss programmes weeks ahead.

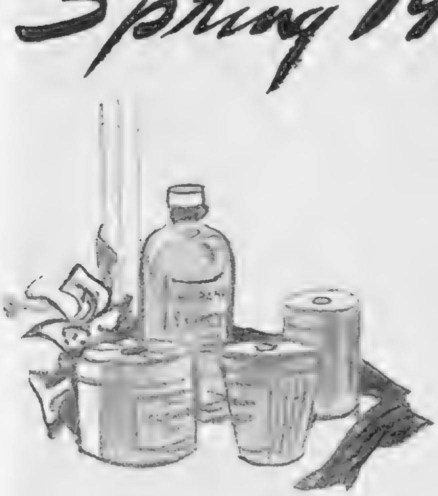
The Administrative Division is one of the hardest worked. It is their job to take responsibility off the shoulders of those responsible for the actual programmes. A producer who casts a play is not expected to spend his time deciding how much he will have to pay twenty actors, or to send out their contracts, or book studios for the rehearsals. He leaves that to the administrative people and keeps to his own job, which is to produce the play.

The Public Relations Division is naturally responsible for the B.B.C.'s correspondence, and also for what goes out to the newspapers. In fact, the Press Department is one of the liveliest in the building. Hundreds of journalists all over the country are in constant touch with it; otherwise the information to be read in the daily Press would not be forthcoming. The

(Continued on page 100

THE MODERN WOMAN – ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Spring 1939



Into the depths of the wardrobe go your winter dresses . . . your face, too, must discard that wintry look! Even the loveliest face is apt to emerge dull from the long winter months. So Cleanse—Tone—Nourish with Miss Arden's Essential Preparations—*Cleansing Cream Skin Tonic, Velva Cream* or *Orange Skin Food.* Bring beauty and vitality back to your cheeks with her incomparable *Velva Cream Masque.* Now the foundations of Spring-time loveliness are laid and you are ready for the great adventure of an Elizabeth Arden Make-up.

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head of the Press Department is Mr. B. B. Chapman; the head of the whole division is Sir Stephen Tallents.

The libraries are hives of industry. Hives, not archives. There must be something like 25,000 pieces of music in the music library, and the requests for the use of them never end. There are something over 40,000 gramophone records in the library that houses them, but so long as you can describe the work, or whistle a bit out of it intelligently, they will find it for you. If you give its proper name they will get it in far less time than it takes to play one side. The play library contains most plays that have been written. Those written specially for broadcasting are typed out and reduplicated on a machine. Girls are typing plays there all day.

The Engineering Division, apart from its activities within the building, is responsible for all outside broadcasting arrangements. The term "Outside Broadcast" does not necessarily mean the Derby or a rugger match; a Queen's Hall Prom. comes within the meaning of the term as understood at Portland Place. Mr. de Lotbinière is chief of the O.B. Department and a very busy man. In the control room there is a board showing that several large buildings in London and elsewhere have post office lines laid on permanently: Big Ben, for example, has his own private wire. So have the Greenwich "pips." They, incidentally, are represented by a valve capable of producing a long howl. It is the clock at Greenwich which cuts up the howl into pips, the last of which is the actual time. As commentaries on outside events occur most weeks, it can be imagined that the department is not idle. One thinks of the Boat Race, Wimbledon, cricket, football, the Ceremony of the Keys, service from churches and cathedrals, and the Tidworth Tattoo.

Not even the copyright department dare go to sleep. You would find them very much awake there, for on their shoulders rests responsibility. The department undertakes negotiations with authors, composers, publishers, and other owners of copyright, and it is their business to see the B.B.C. is not landed into lawsuits for infringement. Hundreds of pounds in royalties are payable on songs sung and pieces played in the course of a year.

THE Corporation's finances, too, take some handling. Thousands of cheques are paid out each year, and every one is signed. Some idea of what the work entails may be gathered from a few round figures. There are well over 3,000 men and women on the B.B.C.'s pay roll. Over a million pounds goes annually in salaries performing rights and copyright fees. The engineering plant and everything connected with the mechanical side of broadcasting accounts for another £400,000, and rent, rates, taxes, insurance, heating and lighting come to about £100,000 a year. These figures, rough as they are, at least give some idea of the size of the staff that has to be retained to deal with them.

If you went into the cafeteria at Broadcasting House you would find it open and active at any hour of the day or night. Meals are obtainable there at exceptional rates, and it is well patronised. At least, it would seem so, for over half a million meals are served in it every year, in addition to the six hundred teas that are *daily* taken up to offices in the building.

And long after the evening programmes are over, and the home announcer has bid listeners good night, an Empire announcer is cheerfully saying good morning, or more likely good afternoon, according to where his transmission is going. And if—at 4.20 a.m.—a somewhat dejected announcer comes off duty after the last of the Empire transmissions, he can have a good meal in the cafeteria, even if he finds himself in company with a colleague who has arrived for the first transmission of a new day of broadcasting.

It is an eerie business broadcasting in the small hours. I have done a good deal of it, not least from Big Ben's tower alone at midnight on a wild December night, and again (this with pleasurable memories) at sunrise on a gorgeous summer morning. It will be a long time before I forget the sight of the sun rising behind St. Paul's Cathedral. I remember wondering, as I heard Ben declare five-thirty (in rather overpowering tones so near), where his voice had gone. But that is the frequent thought of a broadcaster. A programme has gone, and none of us have the least idea where it may have gone to.

END

The Courage of Mrs. Allen

(Continued from page 23)

a bungalow on the outskirts of the town.

She must have dozed, for when she awoke, the c'hen was silent and beyond the thick curtains of the window, the snow lay piled high. There was something majestic in the night, something that, for a moment caught at her heart so that she grew afraid.

She remembered how the sound of the telephone made her start, yet how from that feeling of isolation, it called her back to people and warmth. She hastened to it.

"Mrs. Allen, I've been worrying—I know there really isn't any need, and all that's happened is that you young people are having such a good time that you've forgotten to look at the clock." The American voice with its good-humoured drawl came slowly over the wire. Yet even she detected in it an undercurrent of fear. "I've been telling myself that I'm as bad as any old grandmother, worrying about my Babs. But you see, when your husband so kindly called to take her to dinner at your home, he said it wasn't going to be a very late night, and what with the snow and Babs not home yet——"

Mr. Bradley, for it was he, broke off with an apologetic laugh, adding: "That's the worst of having an only daughter."

She wanted to say: "What are you talking about? Your daughter isn't here, has never been here and I haven't given a dinner-party to-night. My husband couldn't have fetched your daughter. He's at the hospital, fighting for a patient's life."

But the saner part of her took command of the situation. She said reassuringly: "Your daughter should be home soon, Mr. Bradley, they left a short time ago."

He was charming and apologetic. He said even a blizzard in New York was nothing to this and she must forgive a nervous old man.

She remembered laughing weakly when she put down the receiver, thinking she need never worry about being gauche, for no wife could have been more tactful.

WHEN Clifford returned, she was still standing by the telephone, shivering a little, but not through cold.

"Not in bed?" he said gaily. "Naughty girl, I told you you mustn't sit up." He pulled off his coat and began clapping his gloved hands, stamping his feet on the hearthrug. "Ever known such cold? My patient's made up his mind to live—what a time I've had at the hospital! I think I'll pour myself a drink, unless you'd like to——"

She thought how incredibly handsome he was, standing there on the hearthrug, looking at her with his engaging, candid smile.

She told him then: "Mr. Bradley telephoned a little time ago. He was worried about his daughter. He said that you told him when you called for her, that it was not going to be a very late night, and as she was not home yet, and because of the snow storm——" Her voice clicked off, like a machine that refused to go any further.

Clifford's face changed. "What did you say to him?" he pounced the question on her.

She answered in jerks: "That—his daughter would be home soon—that you and she had already left."

"Splendid work!" His smile flashed out and he began taking off his gloves. "I might have guessed you'd never lose your head, when your husband was caught in a slip-up."

She stared at him, seeing him for the first time. His effrontery was something she couldn't help admiring. Incidents from the past seemed to fall into place, form a pattern. . . . The attractive young widow on the voyage from England—the woman whose conversation Clifford said he enjoyed—nights when Clifford couldn't sleep, coming into their cabin in the early hours—the brunette in Shanghai, whose brother was pointedly rude to Clifford—a woman in London about whom she had been puzzled. . . .

She saw kindly, bespectacled Mr. Bradley, his lovely daughter, with her delicious pout and red-gold hair, leaning across the lunch table at the club, her eyes riveted on Clifford. . . . She saw too, the tiny house, half surgery, half laboratory which Clifford had rented, with some talk of using it as a nursing home. She saw it in the snow, cosy behind drawn curtains.

"I wonder why"—like him she made no pretence—"you ever married me?"

"Because," he said, "I liked your poise. If you forgot about being shy, you'd be very attractive. Besides, I liked you, my dear, I thought you'd make an excellent wife for me and I haven't been wrong, have I? Look, how marvellous you were with old Bradley to-night!" He moved impatiently. "As if his daughter can't take care of herself. I haven't met an American girl who can't."

He came over to her then—he dared to!—with another woman's perfume on him, his hands that should have been only for her. . . .

She backed and he said lightly: "Oh well, if that's how you feel about it! After all, what's wrong with a little flirtation? And I had to lie, how was I to know that old Bradley would ring up?"

Beyond the curtains, the snow lay glittering. She looked out on it and a sob rose in her throat for England. And she knew then that she would never have stayed, in spite of her marriage. It didn't seem to matter any more. She would never have stayed, if Clifford hadn't trapped her in another way. For she was going to have his baby.

Harbin had been the beginning.

The post in the Tientsin district came four years later. In that time she had learnt to be dumb and deaf to humiliation, to make her face a blank, so that none may guess, and those who knew of her husband's intrigues, think her ignorant of them. Outwardly she was dead, but inwardly she lived—for her son.

There had been no option but to accept the post in the Tientsin district. Clifford's debts had mounted, and the Tientsin work, with the research it entailed, meant a fixed salary and nothing to spend it on. As a temporary measure, more especially as Clifford's popularity as a doctor was on the wane, they were glad of the change.

IT was a lonely life, primitive in some ways, with the missionary colony their closest neighbours. But the house provided for them was spacious—wide verandas hung in wild jasmine, a garden where crotons, oleander and poinsettia ran riot. In the long hot evenings the sun dropped slowly behind the curving *(Continued on page 102)*

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ZIBELINE
NOIR
WEIL
CASSANDRA
ZIBELINE
WEIL
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PARIS
NEW YORK

"My dear—
why don't you do as
I suggest? Let me get
you a drop of **Gordon's**
out of the bottle in
the sideboard. You
will find it will
put you right at
once, and is far
more pleasant to
take"

Gordon's

The Gin that has
medicinal properties

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road, sank beyond the distant knoll of trees. The after-glow held peace in its shadows. In clouds of dust villagers would pass, returning from their work in the fields, talking in their pleasant lilting voices, or a lone traveller, singing to keep his spirits up.

They were happy, these simple Chinese folk, living on what they wrested from the land. On walks sometimes, with her little son and the amah, she would see them, squatting by their open doors with their bowls of rice, the scent of joss-sticks heavy in the air.

Her son was too agile for the old amah who brought a girl from the near-by village to play with him. She was a lissom young creature, her skin of the texture and colour of cream silk, her black hair looked as though it had been painted on to her head. Young John adored her. In the early mornings they romped in the garden, little John grabbing excitedly at her slim trousered figure, while she ran from him in a game of hide-and-seek. The language barrier did not seem to trouble them.

The girl soon made herself useful about the house. She was gay and intelligent, more neat-handed than the old amah. But after a time she seemed to grow spoilt.

There was a morning when, on entering John's playroom, she found the old amah and the Chinese girl in the midst of an altercation, talking excitedly in their own tongue. The girl grew quiet when she entered, standing, a sullen look on her face, but the amah's flow of words did not cease.

"She bad girl, Missy, you send her 'way," the amah told her mistress.

But the amah, she thought, was being far too drastic, jealous probably, of young John's affection for his playmate. And yet there was something about the girl—a veiled insolence—that for a moment made her uneasy. Suddenly she realised how the girl had changed, what a difference the little money she earned had made to her appearance. Her peacock-blue trousers were new, as was the silk of her blouse, there was a carved ivory bracelet on her arm, a poinsettia stuck in the black braids of her hair. But she was young and it was understandable that, where the amah was sober in her appearance, the girl was not.

SHE called the amah from the room: gave her some work to do. Soon John and the girl were playing, the amah, her wrinkled yellow face bent over a piece of sewing. . . .

Had Mrs. Allen ever been to Peking? The man on her left was asking.

She shook her head. From scraps of conversation she realised that the others were discussing world politics. A part of her registered the fact—a superficial part—but she was back again on the jasmine-hung veranda of the house in the Tientsin district.

She felt the heat scorching through the thin voile of her frock. It had been a hot morning and the afternoon sun blazed down out of a brilliant sky. Not a breath of breeze, from the garden the faint almond scent of oleander flowers.

Clifford's Ford was parked half-way between the gate and the house—the car that was later found burned to a cinder.

John was asleep in his nursery, Clifford dozing with a book in his room.

The sound of the old amah's heavy breathing came from the nursery end of the veranda. It came at regular intervals and was the only sound.

She was on her way back to her bedroom, with the magazines she had found on a table on the veranda, when another sound reached her ears. So faint at first that she was not sure she had heard aright. A ripple of a sound, a laugh, connected with little John and rompings in the garden. It came again, as faint, but surer—from Clifford's bedroom.

She stood still. She knew what she would find behind the closed doors of her husband's room. She wondered she had not guessed before. Never had she felt calmer, as though the earlier humiliations and discoveries had been a preparation for this. Standing there, she viewed the future—a sordid, shamefu thing, with her son growing up to learn of his father's worthlessness. Her son who was the only decent thing left in her life. . . .

The door was of course locked; but they hadn't expected her to come through her husband's bathroom, and that was the way she went.

She found them together—her husband and the Chinese girl—and she shot her husband—only one bullet through the head—as the missionary who found him, said.

The girl fled. But she never meant to hurt the girl.

He lay there, staring up at the roof, and looking down at the revolver, she thought it ironical that it was he who had taught her to use firearms, "as a protection."

She must have fainted then, or lost all count of time, for the next thing she remembered was the old amah shaking her and pleading: "Quick, Missy, quick, I take baby and Missy come! Leave home and come with amah and baby quick!"

She tried to remonstrate: of what would be the use? They would catch her fast enough. She had shot her husband and must take the consequences. But little John was safe. She kept telling herself that. He would go home to her people in England and never know of his father's worthlessness. He would grow up in a clean, healthy atmosphere.

"Quick, Missy quick!" And now the amah was pointing outside, gesticulating, explaining.

Her brain jerked back into action and she understood that the amah was not concerned with the dead man, lying, his eyes upturned to the roof. For her, there was a more pressing matter on hand—the dreaded one: *Bandits!*

They were seen in the village but a quarter of an hour ago by the farmer's boy who brought the milk. From the knoll of trees he and his father had seen them and come to give warning. So if Missy would come now, with the baby, there might yet be time to escape. . . .

She left the house, as she was, her child in her arms, the old amah leading the way. From the back of the house, they escaped into the surrounding stretch of wild shrubbery.

IT was evening now and in the dusk they went slowly, crouching and hiding for fear of detection. John was too heavy to carry, so she put him down. But he thought it was a new game, and behaved splendidly.

They had not gone far, when the bandits swooped down from the knoll on their horses, passing close to them, where they hid in the undergrowth. There were at least ten horsemen, but she watched them pass, unafraid, right down the curving road to the house where Clifford lay dead.

The bandits had made for her the perfect alibi. They gave her the chance to live and be happy with her son. . . .

After that, a night of stumbling in the darkness, at dawn a village where the amah obtained for them a portion of goat's milk and rice.

Her plan was to reach the coast without the aid of the missionaries, and let the world, for a time, think her dead.

The discomfort and privation mattered nothing. She was reprieved and so, in a sense, was her son.

In the little house at Highgate, she would watch over him while he grew up to be a man she could be proud of. . . .

And now there was a subdued murmur, the sound of a chair being pushed back, a hush. The speeches were just about to begin.

They were all looking towards her. She smiled. There was the momentary glare of a flashlight photograph.

The speaker cleared his throat. From the opposite end of the table his voice came clearly: "We are here to-night to pay our respects to the courage of Mrs. Allen."

END

Plenty of partners for Polly .

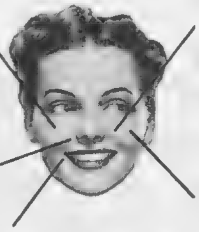
Make *your* skin glamorous with
Pond's Creams containing the
"SKIN-VITAMIN"!

THE LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON (above)

"I USED TO ENVY the wonderful smoothness of skin that the smartest women always have. Then I learned how to have it for myself. You see, Pond's Vanishing Cream melts aways little rough bits of skin the instant it's applied. So powder goes on with alabaster smoothness. And *besides* holding powder on so perfectly, Pond's Vanishing Cream protects the skin and helps it with the 'skin-vitamin.'

"IT'S FATAL for one's complexion if dirt is left in the pores. I've found the way to get it out—Pond's Cold Cream. I use it *every* night. Thanks to the 'skin-vitamin,' Pond's Cream has made my complexion smoother, more radiant, finer and younger-looking—in only a few weeks! I use it at night as a skin-food."

ANALYSIS OF POLLY'S GLAMOUR



NOTICE THE PETAL SMOOTHNESS. She couldn't be thrilling if her skin were rough, dried-up. Neither can you. And the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream will make your skin extra-smooth.

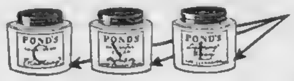
DELICATE, CLEAR COLOUR. Dull, muddy skin couldn't win admiration. But the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream actually gives a NEW skin—clear and transparent!

NO LINES—WRINKLES Even slight frown or smile creases would harshen her face. But the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream makes lines soften!

FINE TEXTURE. Big pores in her skin would turn all eyes away. But tests have proved that Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" makes pores smaller.

NO SKIN FAULTS. No chances for her if her face were marred with spots and blackheads. You can avoid those defects—by faithful use of Pond's Cold Cream, for the "skin-vitamin" in it makes skin healthy.

THREE years of research by leading biochemists proved that when the skin lacks one certain vitamin, glands dry up, cells flatten, under-tissues become shrunken—the skin becomes rough and scaly. But when Pond's Cream containing this "skin-vitamin" is applied daily, glands become normal, flattened cells and shrunken tissues fill out — the skin becomes smooth and healthy. These beauty results were so amazing that Pond's have now put the "skin-vitamin" into all their creams. It is in Pond's Vanishing Cream and in Pond's Cold Cream. Women who have tried these creams say their skin has become much finer, smoother, brighter, younger-looking—within a few weeks. Start using Pond's Cream *today* and see the wonderful difference in your complexion within a few weeks.



Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the "skin-vitamin" is in the cream. This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, especially good for quick cleansing.

Love is of the Valley

(*Continued from page* 27)

obstinate when it came to turning back from a climb. And anything may happen in the Himalayas. . . anything may happen in the Himalayas. It would be damned bad luck if something didn't happen to Skeffington. . . .

EVERYBODY liked Skeffington. He was even-tempered, ready to make himself useful, popular with the porters, silent on the march, and good company in the evenings in the dark bungalows of the steaming Sikkim forests or in camp on the wind-swept star-roofed Tibetan plain. John Simpson, a hefty youth who had climbed in the Carpathians, held strong views about minorities, which he aired without ceasing, until an attack of high-altitude throat effectively silenced him; Morven, a grumbler, disturbed the *moral* of the porters; Hatt laboured under the misapprehension that he was the leader of the party; and it was soon borne in upon Tempest that Skeffington was the best man in his team. He had intended all along to be friendly, but never intimate, with Skeffington: nevertheless, on one occasion, behind Hatt's back, he had made a face at Skeffington, and when Morven was bucked off a mule and landed in a bog, they had howled with laughter together. It didn't matter, Tempest told himself; they hadn't got to their mountain yet, and it was on the mountain, on a slope swept by avalanches, on the ridge with the drop into Nepal, that anything might . . . that something *must* happen.

They crossed the Zeemu-la and then could see their mountain, a long snow shoulder rising to a yellowish rock ridge, so steep that no snow could lie there. The ridge, seamed by huge gullies, soared to a snow peak, pyramidal in shape and lovelier than a dream. Tempest and Skeffington stood together in silence, while Morven pronounced the peak unclimbable, Hatt indicated the route to the summit, and John Simpson croaked out that, considering its geographical position, the mountain should have belonged to Nepal.

They pitched their Base Camp at the foot of the long Junga glacier, Camp One far up on the moraine, and the first to go farther were Hatt and Skeffington, scouting for a site for Camp Two. They were late back; the slopes under the rock ridge were an unknown quantity; snow was falling; anything might have happened. But not yet, prayed Tempest; he'd never see this job through without Skeffington, who, besides being the only fellow in the party who didn't get on his nerves, had, by virtue of his willingness, cheerful common sense and genius for handling the porters, become his right-hand man. Night fell. Morven remembered Beckenham; Simpson partitioned the Near East; Tempest listened, but not to either of them. Presently he heard the sound he had been listening for—the ring of an axe on rock; and there was Skeffington, and he had found an easy route for the porters and an ideal site for Camp Two, and Hatt, who was feeling a bit done, poor chap, was close behind. "Thought something had happened to you," said Tempest gruffly, and Skeffington looked up from his steaming bowl of tinned soup and grinned at Tempest, and didn't feel mean. But later on, warm and drowsy in his sleeping bag, he wondered a little. Why hadn't he felt mean? Oh well, here, it was all so different. What mattered desperately was the weather, the state of the snow, the condition of your boots, keeping the porters cheerful, cutting your steps big and sloping inwards, avoiding frostbite, playing the noblest and the most exciting game of all, the game against death. Far away, far down in the valley you'd climbed from, lay your other life—Cranchester, mother, the gem of a house in Chapter Street, Tempest's wife. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, you were right, you funny old beaver! "Love is of the valley." Charming yet insignificant, an exquisite miniature that you'd seen once and had remembered with pleasure—that was love, up here in the silence, among the stars. . .

On the following day the four Englishmen, with a picked party of porters, established their second camp on Skeffington's site above the snow slopes, which rose to the foot of the rock. Here Hatt rested, while Morven and Simpson returned to the Base Camp to bring up stores, and Tempest and Skeffington, with two Sherpas, climbed one of the snow gullies which seamed the rock face, and pitched a third camp on the ridge. Camp Four was to be a mere bivouac at the end of the ridge, from which the assault on the summit would be made.

Camp Three was airily situated under the shelter of an imposing rock tower. When the tents were pitched, there was just room to stand outside them and enjoy the bird's-eye view of Nepal. The porters went down to Camp Two to collect some of the stores which were coming up from the Base Camp, and Tempest and Skeffington slept at Camp Three. Tempest was never badly affected by altitude, but that night he couldn't sleep. Was he being a fool, he asked himself, waiting for an accident that might never happen? At Camp Three a man had only to turn his foot on a stone, stumble over the shaft of his ice-axe, or absent-mindedly step backwards, and in half a century his body would be spewed out, meat for eagles, on some moraine in Nepal. Skeffington was taller and heavier than Tempest, but there need be no struggle: an unexpected blow while he stood making up his mind about the weather, or crouched over the cooking stove, would send him staggering over the edge and down . . . and down . . . and down. . . .

Yes, now was the time and here the place. You never knew—the weather might break; Skeffington or he himself might at any moment develop throat trouble or dysentery and be forced to return to the Base Camp. Evening after evening, brooding by himself in a corner of the lounge and later on deck, while the ship ploughed her way through the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, he had told himself that anything might happen to Skeffington in the Himalayas and that, if it didn't, something *must* happen. Then why was he loath to seize this heaven-sent opportunity? He knew why. It was simply because out there in the starlight, the great white peak of Chowojunga awaited him, and in the hour of danger and difficulty it wasn't Morven or Hatt or Simpson, but Skeffington, his wife's lover, whom he wanted at his side.

Dawn broke, and over the Everest *massif* the sun rose into a sky of cloudless blue. Skeffington had slept well; bless him, he felt no aches or pains, was almost entirely free from lassitude or loss of appetite. He cooked the breakfast, predicted a spell of fine weather, discussed modestly and intelligently the route to the summit, and accepted as unquestioningly as if they had been orders, Tempest's plans for next day. Early in the afternoon Morven appeared with a couple of Sherpas carrying stores and fuel. Simpson's throat was worse and Morven had sent him down to the Base Camp with Hatt, who would then return to Camp Two. Morven was to remain at Camp Three to support Tempest and Skeffington. He was tired after an arduous climb up the soft snow of the gully and he complained of insomnia and headache.

Tempest was on edge because Morven, starting late for no adequate reason, had barely allowed time for the porters to get back to Camp Two before night fell: to Tempest's mind there was no crime worse than that of imperilling the lives of these loyal servants, and not for the first time he found himself thanking heaven for Skeffington.

All three men turned in at sundown and in the clear icy dawn of next morning Tempest and Skeffington started along the ridge. Tempest was not a jealous climber; he knew that on rock (*Continued on page* 106)

Absolutely Fit!

DEPRESSION BANISHED

ANOTHER STRIKING TRIBUTE TO PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE

"I take **Phosferine Tonic Wine** at 11 a.m. and at 3 p.m., also as a nightcap, and believe me, I derive from it wonderful nights of sleep.

"I get up very fresh in the morning having lost that tired feeling and after taking a couple of bottles I am now a different woman. **Phosferine Tonic Wine** stimulates, energises and tones the whole system, and is a wonderful nightcap."

(Signed) Mrs. D. Islwyn Lewis,
Bryn Gwyn, Gwn St., Alltwen,
Pontardawe, Nr. Swansea.

★

Take a wineglassful of **PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE** *two or three times a day. You will soon feel wonderfully benefited by this health-restoring beverage. Sold by all Stores, Wine Merchants & Licensed Chemists.*

★

LARGE BOTTLE
3/9
CHAMPAGNE QUART SIZE
PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE

PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE

THE BEST THE WORLD PRODUCES

A MOST DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE —CHEERING AND COMFORTING

Streets

Player's

CORK-TIPPED MEDIUM OR MILD

Her choice of a cigarette is guided by taste rather than by precedent. But a majority verdict endorses her preference for Player's Cork-Tipped

10 for 6^{D}
20 for 11$\frac{1}{2}^{D}$

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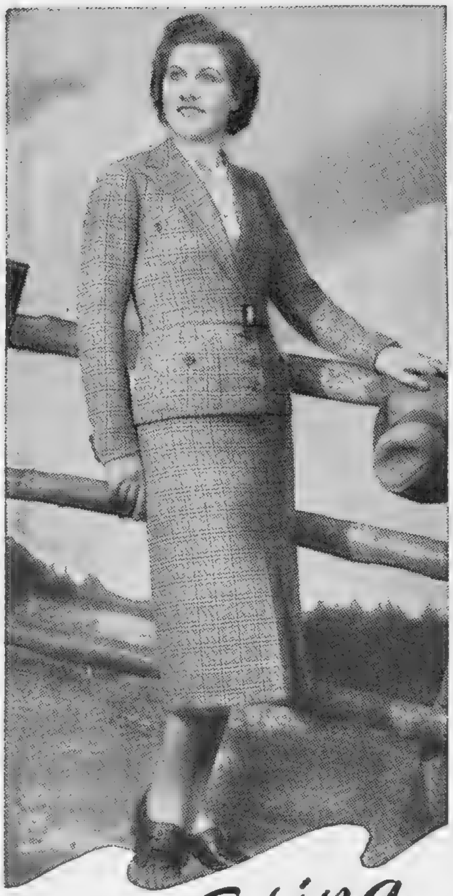
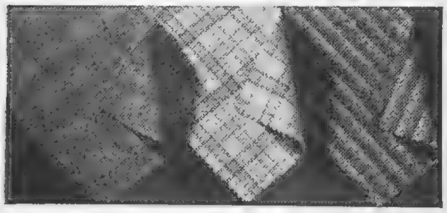


New Spring Tweeds from Otterburn

We know we are putting temptation in your way by offering this new range of Tweed patterns—but those who are already wearing Otterburn Tweeds have no regrets that *they* were tempted.

Attractive designs, pure new wool and conscientious making by a family of craftsmen combine to provide a complete and convincing reason why Otterburn Tweeds keep their good looks and their high place in the favour of those who like *good* clothes. Quality of Otterburn character is always worth the little extra asked for it.



Otterburn Tweeds are 54″/56″ wide—obtainable from most first-class stores, and most Tailors and Costumiers will readily quote an inclusive price for any garment. Should you find initial difficulty, write for the full range of patterns, to:

OTTERBURN MILL LTD.,
Otterburn Valley, Northumberland

(36) EFJ

Skeffington was the more brilliant, and so Skeffington led. Between the leader and the second man there should exist a kind of sympathy, the sort of understanding that exists between a horseman and his mount, and all the long day that sympathy was between Tempest and Skeffington. To climb with a man in whom you have perfect confidence is a different matter from climbing with one to whom you must continually shout warnings, explanations and complicated suggestions about belays; and when they bivouacked in the shelter of the last of the rock towers, they felt far fresher than they had expected and their nerves were unfrayed. Their bivouac was on snow and now there was nothing but snow before them, just the long grind to the summit and the fulfilment of their hopes. If only the weather held! The sunset sky was cloudless and Everest had put on his plume of snow. If only the weather held! There wasn't room for another thought in Tempest's mind that night.

THE weather held. They reached their summit, stood together where no man had stood, saw together what no man had seen. They shared the bitter regret of the first step downwards, the perfect satisfaction of rest after a hard task achieved; that night, in the same heaven of contentment, they looked back at the remote and lovely pyramid, shining up there, among the stars. "Good night, old man," they said, and meant that they had sweated, shivered, feared, hoped, carried on and got there together, and were bound by something stronger, possibly, than love—the bond of comradeship.

Next day the weather changed. A strong wind came howling out of Tibet and the rocks of the ridge were slippery and treacherous under the blowing powder of snow. They varied their route, keeping on the leeward side of the ridge and, as they traversed down over slabs at the base of a rock tower, Skeffington's foot slipped from a ledge that sloped the wrong way, and the sudden weight of his body jerked his numb hand from its fingerhold. It must have been a nasty moment for Skeffington; he slithered, swung for a foot or two and was held by Tempest's stout belay; and it never occurred to Tempest, intent on the taut rope, that now was the time for the accident that *must* happen. Skeffington was swinging helpless over a drop of eight thousand feet; Tempest had a knife in his pocket and the clean cut across the rope could be rubbed on a rock and frayed. The only thought in Tempest's mind was how to pull a man heavier than himself back to safety. He braced himself against the rock, hauled, and Skeffington, with his chest on the slabs and the friction of his clothes to help him, struggled up to a kneehold and then to the safety of the belay. Above the howling of the wind they shouted at one another, Tempest offering to lead across the slabs and Skeffington replying that it was as Tempest liked, but he was quite all right; he could carry on. He carried on, and, belayed from the other side, Tempest followed him.

In spite of the bad condition of the rocks, they reached Camp Three well before dark, and Morven came out to meet them, and the food waiting for them was as hot as it could be at an altitude where nothing boils. Signals to Camp Two brought Hatt up on the following day with the porters, and Camp Three was struck, and, a few days later, the whole party was reassembled at the Base Camp. Then came the march back over the Zeebu-la and through Sikkim, a pleasant time with the afterglow of success softening the anti-climax and every one in the mood for botany, photography and geology. Tempest, his mountain climbed, didn't in the least mind being put right by Hatt on such subjects as these.

Darjeeling, with its baths and bands, was the brief enchanting paradise that civilization is after sojourn in the wilderness, and then came the journey home. Tempest and Skeffington got out their diaries and wrote in collaboration, *The Conquest of Chowojunga*, and lived their great days again, and it wasn't until they had landed at Southampton and the train was pulling out through the smug amenable suburbs that their mountain-mindedness left them, and Tempest saw his wife's lover sitting in the corner seat opposite him.

They had been remembering Skeffington's slip on the slabs at the base of the rock tower: somewhere in their book, Skeffington had said, they ought to give the name of the makers of the rope which had held. Then Tempest, staring out of the window at the suburbs of Southampton, saw the taut rope holding, and it occurred to him that he had had a knife in his pocket and that the clean cut across the rope could have been rubbed on a rock and frayed. But he had never thought of it. Phillipa and Phillipa's lover, Cranchester, measles, masters' meetings and immorality—they might have been part of another man's life, they had seemed so far away. And now it was too late. God, he had been a fool! Anything might have happened to Skeffington in the Himalayas, but nothing could happen to him here.

Tempest had broken off in the middle of a sentence. He had said, "Yes, I think they deserve——" and then had fallen silent and sat staring, white faced, at Skeffington. Skeffington hadn't climbed Chowojunga with Tempest for nothing. He realised that something, somewhere, was badly wrong.

"What's up?" asked Skeffington.

"Nothing," said Tempest. "I've remembered something that I meant to do in India, that's all."

The train flashed through Brockenhurst. Skeffington said, "There's Brockenhurst," but Tempest made no reply.

At Basingstoke, Skeffington said, "Look here, Tempest——" and Tempest jumped. In the Himalayas Tempest had never jumped, not even when a two-ton boulder had whizzed past his ear. Skeffington couldn't make it out. He opened his mouth to speak, but Tempest forestalled him.

"I know what you're going to tell me. You and Phillipa are in love with one another. I knew that before we left for India."

Actually, that wasn't what Skeffington had been going to tell Tempest, but, now the thing was out, it had better be faced, so he said, "We meant to tell you, but—well, one thing and another prevented it, and now——"

"And now I suppose you're going to ask me to oblige with an hotel bill," Tempest said.

For a long moment Skeffington didn't speak. He was remembering a night of stars and silence, when Cranchester, mother, the gem of a house in Chapter Street, Tempest's wife, had seemed far away, far down in a valley you'd climbed from, and love like a miniature, seen once and remembered with pleasure—a small, charming, insignificant remembered thing. He said, "No, I'm not. It's all over," and he said, "I shan't be living in Cranchester from now on." And, after a bit, he said, "I'm sorry, Tempest," and Tempest grunted and stared out of the window at Woking, smug and amenable among its trees.

Anything may happen in the Himalayas, the engine said.

END

Let Ranee read your Character
from your Handwriting
See Announcement on page 128

A MOTTO FOR MATCHMAKERS

Stockings must match both skirt and shoes

DORVILLE MODEL

and that's what Aristoc do!

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS **3/11** TO **10/6**

Everyone's matchmaking — make-up to clothes, lips to nails — and of course, stockings *must* match, too, and that's what Aristoc do! You see, the new Spring shades are blended to 'tone in' with both dress and shoe colours. For example, here are just two 'matches' to set you thinking:

SKIRT AND SHOE COLOURS	ARISTOC SHADE
Red and Rose Tones	'APRES MIDI'
Pastel Tones	'ROSEBEIGE'

Incidentally, when you buy Aristoc you can concentrate exclusively on this shade question. For the other valuable qualities of hard wear and washability are implicit in Aristoc, long famous as the Aristocrat of silk stockings.

DIRT...

GERMS

STRAIN

Living in large towns, where the air is laden with dirt and smoke and germs, our eyes are bound to suffer, unless we take special precaution to protect them. There is additional strain during the winter, as we spend most of our time indoors, often in difficult light, reading, playing or working.

To protect your eyes from ache and strain, and to preserve them from becoming sore and red and inflamed, you should bathe them regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion. Optrex washes away all dirt and germs, brings back circulation to the tiny veins, tones up the muscles. The dull, tired feeling disappears from your eyes at once, and they take on the clear sparkle of health.

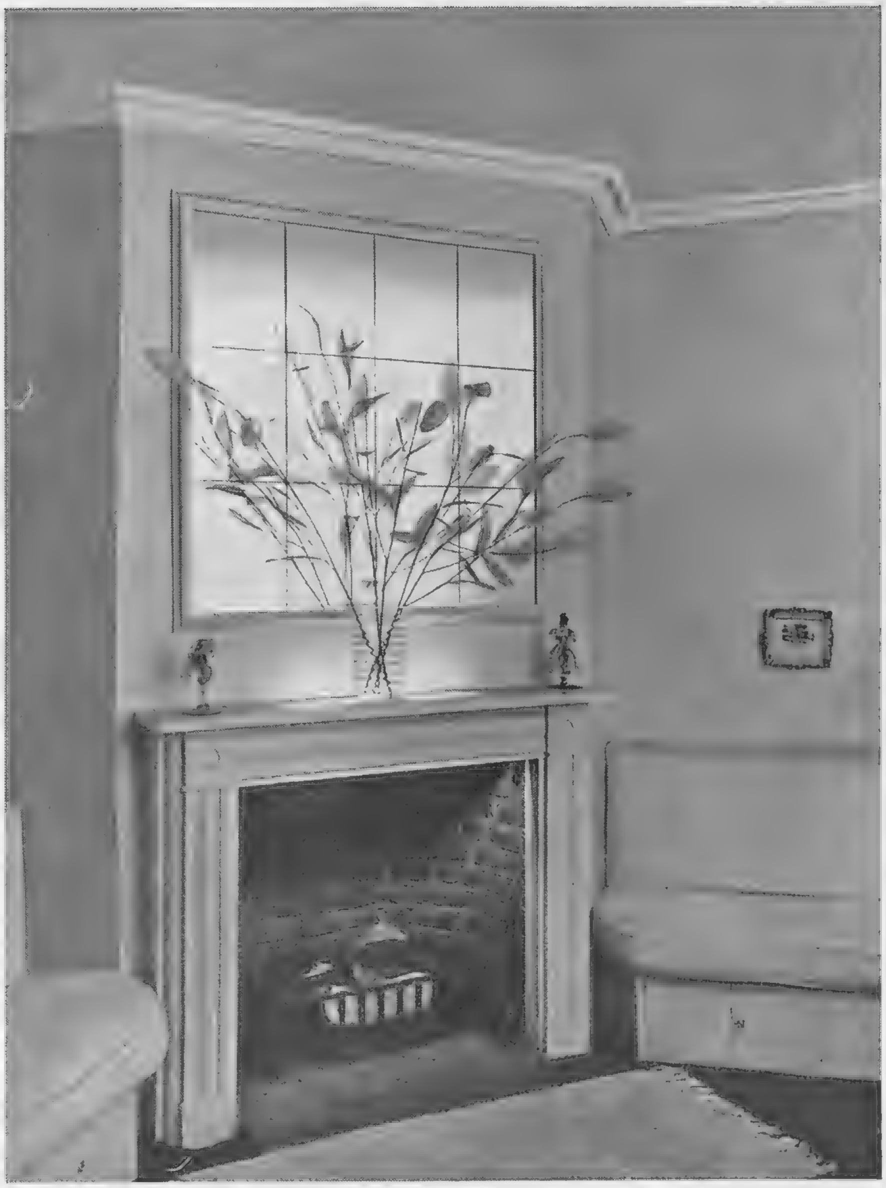
Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined regularly by a qualified optician or oculist.

Optrex BRAND

EYE LOTION

OPTREX, which is recommended by doctors and opticians, is obtainable from all chemists at 2/- (with free eye-bath) and 3/6 nearly three times the quantity (without eye-bath).

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex



A slotted panel in the surface of the mantelpiece is fitted with strip lighting covered with frosted glass to give the lighting effect to this attractive arrangement of skeleton leaves

Floodlit Flowers

The natural grace and loveliness of fresh flowers is such that attempts to reinforce their beauty seems, in some ways, an attempt to gild the lily, but that is not the whole story.

Flower decorations, if you like them really lovely, are an important item of the budget. Except for those few months of the year when flowers are cheap, it is possible for the weekly flower bill to become a minor embarrassment. That is to say, if you spend freely enough to achieve anything really artistic at all.

One hears and reads of people who, by some magic are able to make a few stems of foliage and a blossom or two into a stunning floral arrangement, but although this undoubtedly is possible only a few have such skill at their finger-tips.

The average woman who loves distinguished flower arrangements and who appreciates their value in the decorative scheme, looks for some simpler way of getting unusual effects and, for her, lighting as an enhancement to the natural loveliness of the flowers is a splendid solution.

Well-blended colours and artistic flower holders make even the simplest arrangements of flowers and foliage attractive, but add some cleverly arranged system of lighting and you have, at once, something dramatic.

It is not an extravagant nor even an expensive matter to set up a special system of lighting for flower arrangements. There are more elaborate ways of doing it, of course, but some of the most enchanting effects have been arrived at in the simplest way.

Before you think of installing any system of lighting for this purpose, consider well where your group will give the best effect.

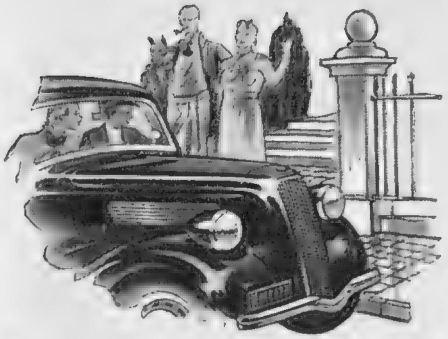
Arrange your set-piece with an eye to the general layout and character of the room. Group your lighted flowers against a background that will set them off well. Make the colouring and the grouping of the flowers, as well as the play of light, something to enhance or contrast cleverly with other colours in the scheme.

If you decide to have a lighted flower group on the mantel, take into consideration the design of the fireplace and the architectural features of the

(*Continued on page 110*)

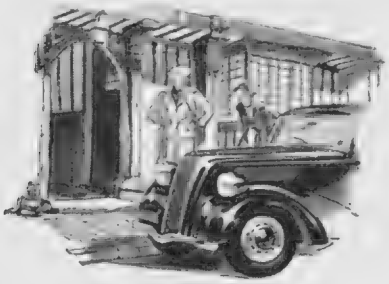
Week-end in Sussex

BY Mary Hutton.



I HAVE always enjoyed driving our Ford "Eight," but for sheer joy I'll always remember a week-end on the Sussex Downs with a friend of mine. With suitcase and picnic basket packed neatly into the space behind the back seat, we waved goodbye to the family and slid out of the driveway into the sparkling morning.

We drove southward through *Ashdown Forest*, along lovely Sussex lanes, to *Lewes*.

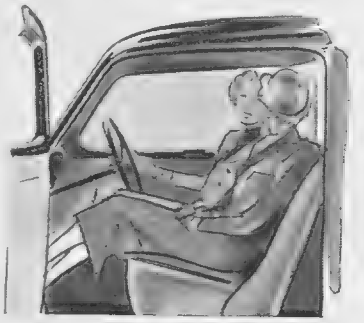


The steep, narrow streets which give the town a quaint and picturesque air provide a real test for the motorist. The perfect brakes and instant acceleration of the Ford "Eight," though, saved me from any embarrassing incidents in the busy Saturday morning traffic.

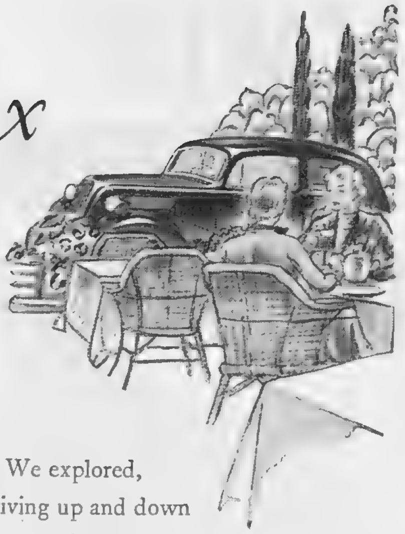
And suddenly the Downs!

The air was marvellous, the tang of the sea all mixed up with the spring—we took off our hats and just sang! As we wound up the corkscrew hill out of *Eastbourne* to *Beachy Head*, we stopped the car to look at the view—no difficulty about starting again, with these smooth, simple gears. Parked near the edge of the cliff, we finished a huge lunch, talking and watching the sunlit water.

We planned to spend the night at the *Star*, in *Alfriston*, and arrived for tea. It's an old smugglers' inn, with interesting relics and things, dating back hundreds of years. In the lounge I overheard a man talking about *his* Ford "Eight"—how smart it looked and what amazing value. It *is* smart, outside and inside, too, with soft, deep cushions and modern fittings you generally find only in an expensive car.

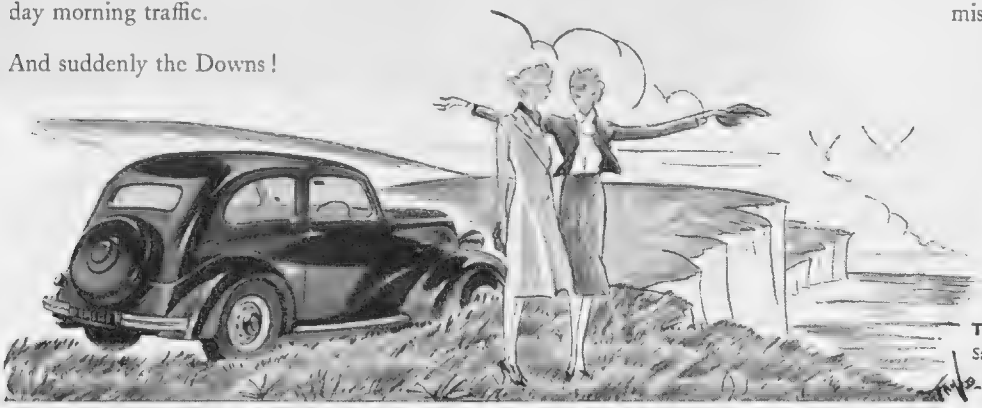


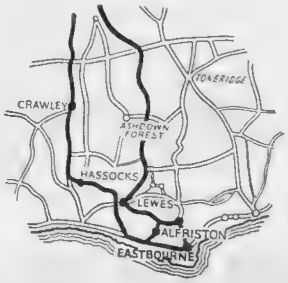
Next morning we took our leisurely way toward *Hassocks*, and beyond to *Ditchling Beacon*—you can see for miles from the top.



We explored, driving up and down the most incredibly rough cart-tracks in search of primroses and early palm. Then on to *Crawley* and the *George Inn* for the night. Everyone else had the same idea, apparently, because it was jammed with cars. But parking a Ford "Eight" is the easiest thing in the world and I slipped into line between two cars without the slightest trouble.

It was astonishing to find how little the week-end had cost, and ours is not a new car. The speedometer clicked over 25,000 miles as we rolled up our drive. It is so economical of both oil and petrol that motoring isn't a luxury at all. So we're planning more adventurous week-ends—glorious days on southern beaches and the upper reaches of the Thames, long tours through the Lake District. I'm sorry for people who don't drive—they miss so much!





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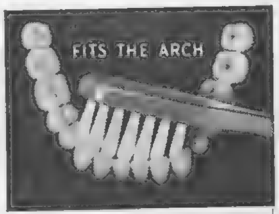
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The tooth-brush with a plan

Asking 'what shape is a tooth-brush' is like asking how long is a piece of string! Tooth-brushes are long and short, straight and curved, uneven and smooth. And the prices — some 2/9, some 2/6, some 2/-, some 1/-, some 6d. In all this muddle there is only one tooth-brush different from all other tooth-brushes — TEK. TEK is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing — clean your teeth, as no other tooth-brush can clean them. TEK is the tooth-brush with one idea — to clean your teeth. The tooth-brush with a plan — to clean your teeth! It was designed by a dentist, and afterwards 92 dentists out of every 100 said it was an improvement on other tooth-brushes. Naturally TEK tooth-brushes cost more than some brushes.

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For the children—TEK Junior, one shape, one size, one price, smaller! . . . 1/-

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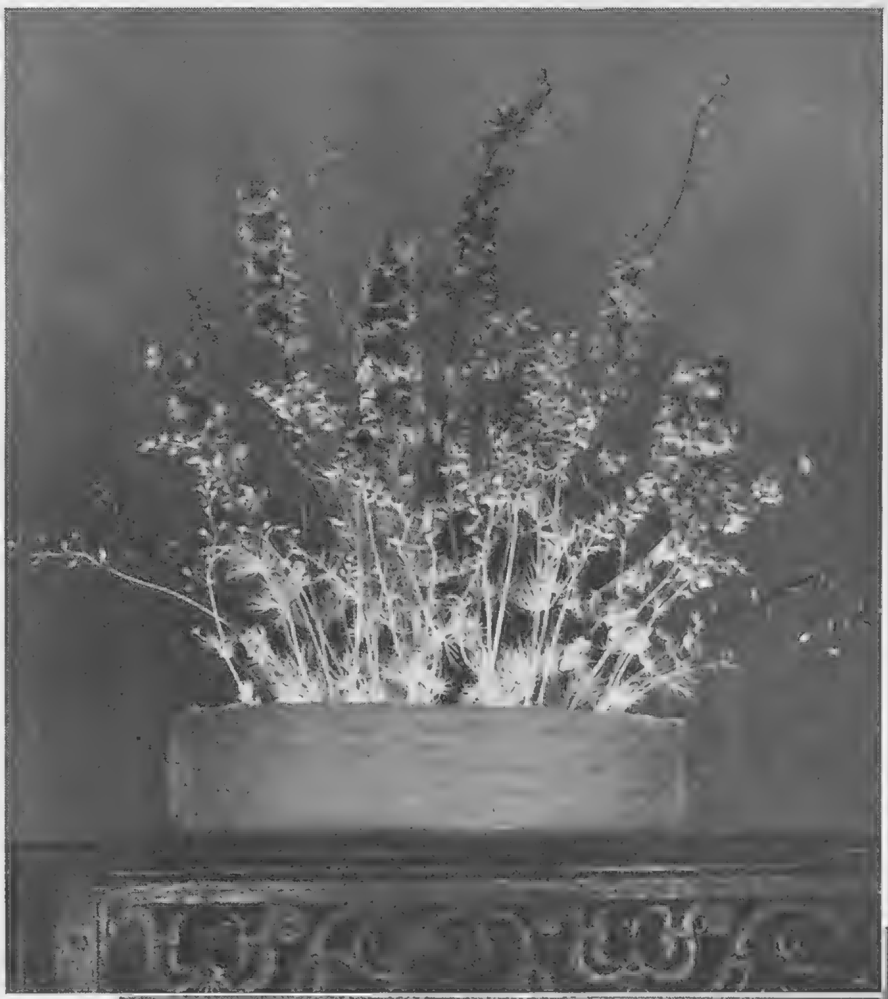

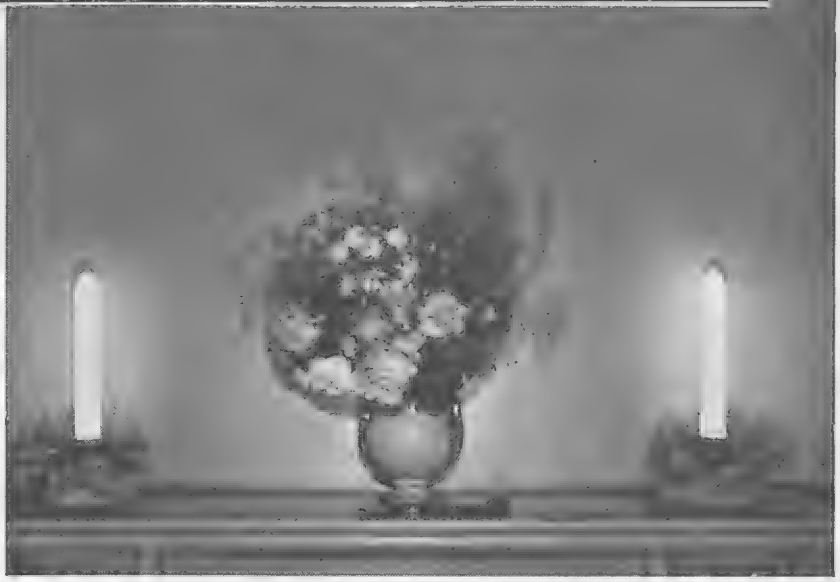

(At top) Strip lighting running round the inside of a stone bowl gives an enchanting radiance to this arrangement of blue and lavender delphiniums

Roses in a beautiful porcelain bowl make the centre-piece for this mantel, and on each side is an electric candle set into a simple china trough of flowers

chimney surround before you begin to plan the shape and character of your group. If the fireplace is low, a tall slender flower group with, perhaps, a narrow lighted panel of glass behind it will have a balancing effect. If, on the other hand, the mantel is high, something low with lighted candles will undoubtedly prove best.

Suppose you wish to introduce a colourful flower group into a rather bleak corner of the room. A corner bracket or shelf with a graceful urn standing on it and holding trailing fronds of creeper or one of the more delicate ferns would look lovely and original in a softly diffused light thrown upwards on to the vase.

This effect is very simply arranged by slotting the surface of the bracket or shelf and inserting an electric bulb which is then hidden by a glass

(*Continued on page* 112)

"How can I shut open pores, Jane Seymour?"

"These open pores of mine are a perfect nightmare," said a woman who came to my Salon, "I can't get any powder to stay on. I wish I could improve my skin!"

"Well, that's not so difficult," I said. "It's simply a matter of a little scientific treatment."

"But just what?" she asked. "Stop all greasy creams," I said. "Your oil supply already exceeds the demand! Clean your face at night (and during the day) with Cleansing Milk. It tones as well as cleanses, and will bleach out a lot of your sallowness. Then smooth on Pore Cream. It has antiseptic properties, and soon refines the texture of your skin in a remarkable way.

"In the morning, brace with plenty of Astringent Lotion to close the pores and keep them safe from harmful dirt. Then make up with Greaskin Powder, using Pore Cream as your foundation on and round your nose, and Petal Lotion for the rest of your face. You'll be shine-proof the whole day!"

Well, she did it! I know, for I had an amusing note from her. "I'm so 'refined' I hardly know myself. The subject of open pores is now closed for me! Thanks a million."

Get my book 'Speaking Frankly' from any shop that sells my preparations—and read it. Or write for it to Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon Extension 3.

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Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

panel. Frosted glass is best if the lighting is to be white, tinted glass gives, of course, a tinted light which can be exciting and lovely if well chosen.

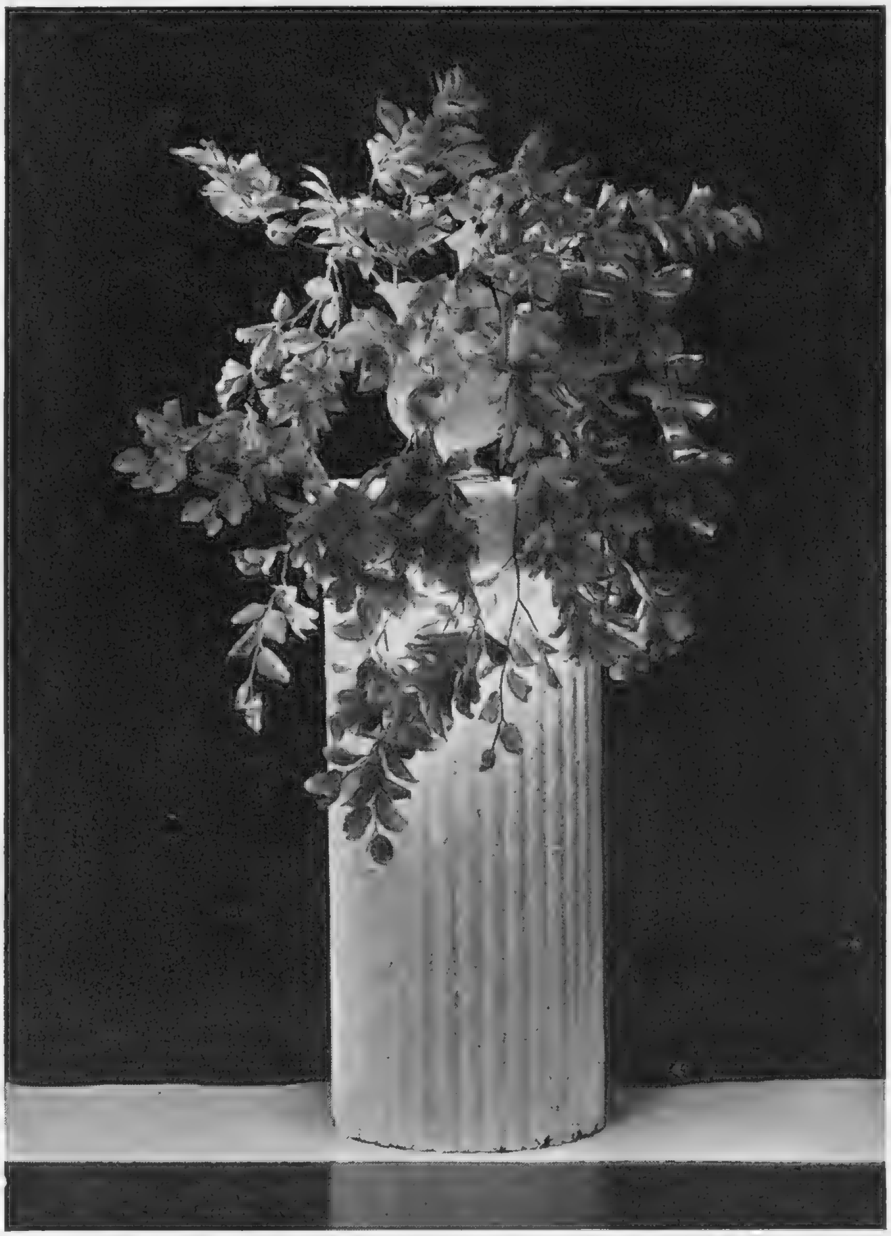
The same idea has been successfully introduced in the room photographed on page 108 which shows the mantel backed by a square mirror.

A slot cut in the surface of the mantelpiece holds a strip light which is concealed by a frosted glass panel. The light is thrown upwards from this point to the artistic group of skeleton leaves arranged in a glass vase.

Another simple but most attractive arrangement reproduced on page 110 is that in which a centre flower-piece is flanked by two electric candles lighted from within and wreathed at the base with flowers.

This charming group is one of the easiest to reproduce. The electric candles are merely stood in one of the small flower troughs which most china dealers sell now at a very low cost. Flowers are arranged in the trough and the candles which are lighted from within appear to spring from the very centre of them.

Since dripless candles were introduced, the possibilities of wax candles as a decorative combination with flowers has been much improved.



A plaster column has a lighted panel at each side and another in the top which throws the gracefully trailing foliage into prominence

One of the most delicate and charming of centrepieces for the table is that of a group of mixed flowers from the midst of which rise, taper-like, coloured candles. These, when lighted, blend their radiance with the natural colouring of the flowers in a delicate and charming effect.

Candles which will not drip or bend and which burn with a clear, steady flame are specially sold for this purpose, and with them the wire holder is sold, which holds them firmly in position among the flowers. The whole cost of a set of candles, complete with holder, is no more than a few shillings, but the effect is very lovely indeed.

Indoor window boxes offer another way of illuminating flowers. Even artificial ones take on an unexpected gaiety when floodlit.

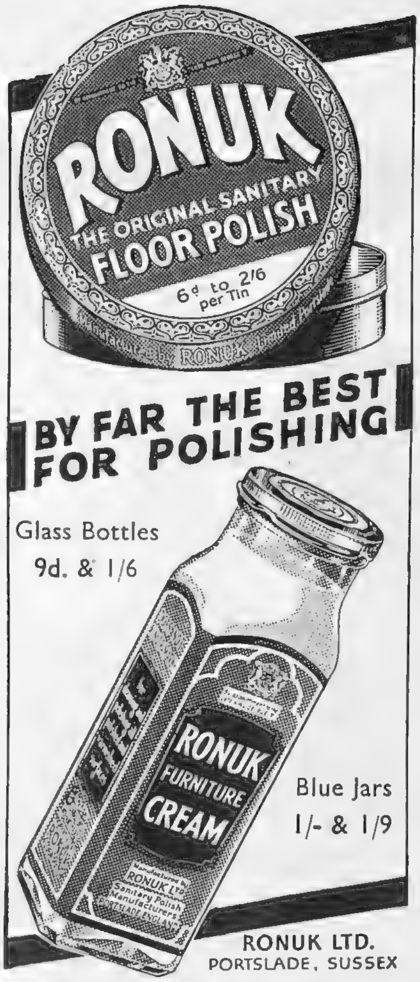
A clever example of this is seen in one of the accompanying photographs which shows what was done to rescue from drabness, a frosted glass window on a staircase.

The front of the window box was an ordinary plywood affair, faced with green plate-glass. Behind this, flowering bulbs stand in flower pots and, also concealed by the glass, is a strip light which throws the flowers into colourful prominence.

This very simple contrivance had a most impressive effect in what is, to be truthful, a quite undistinguished setting.

There is no need

(Continued on page 114)



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Wears silk next-to-nothings
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"Stockings of sheerest silk"
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"And diaphanous
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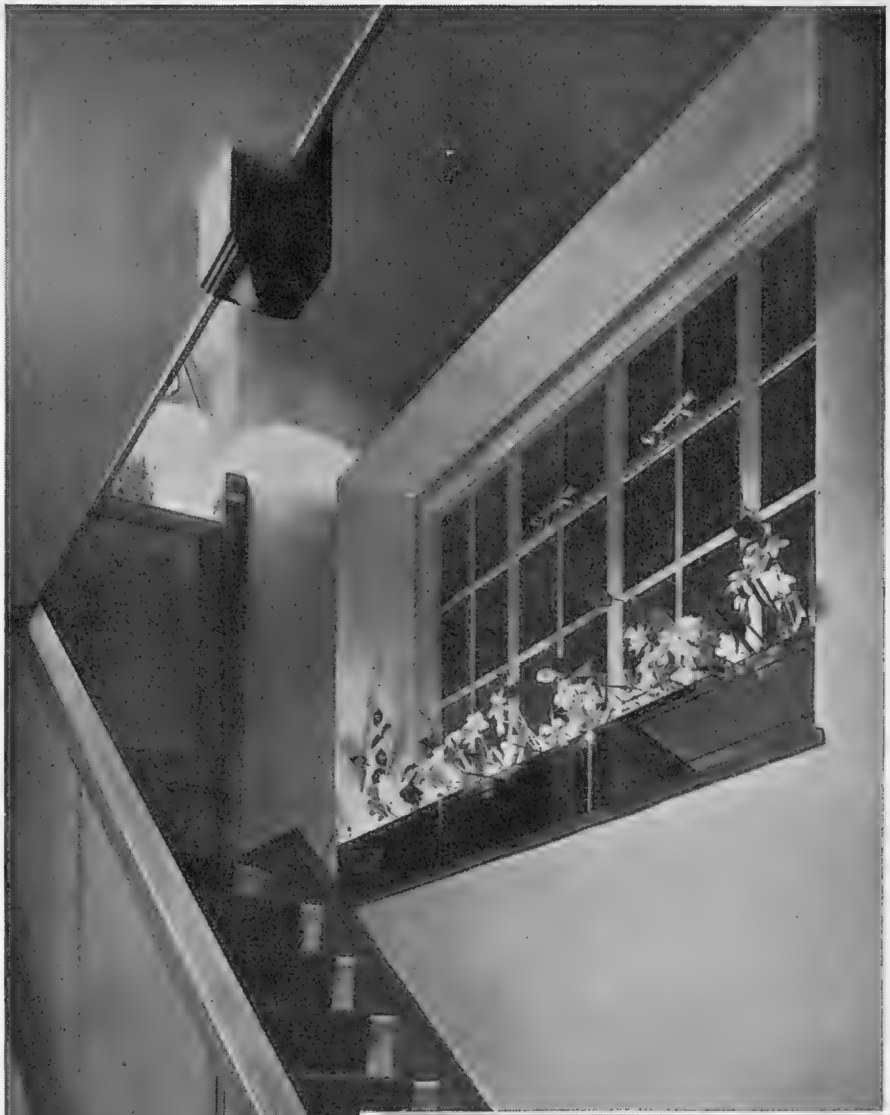


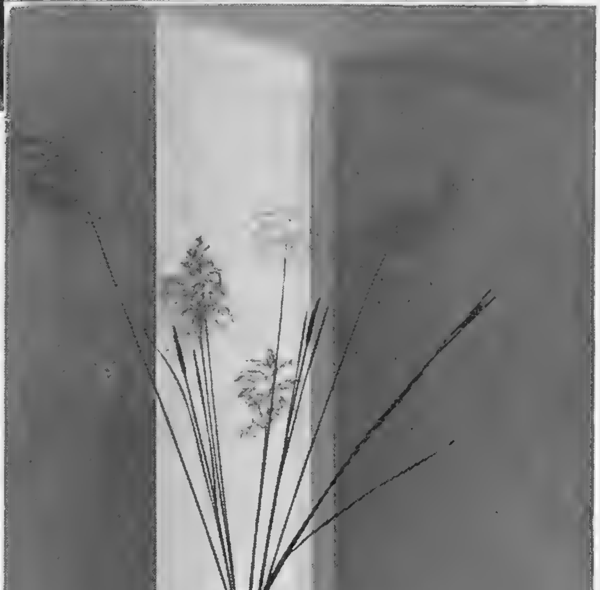
An indoor window box lit from inside by a strip light concealed by the plate-glass front

for structural alterations to install some simple effective lighting for your flower arrangements. A handy electrician can work wonders with some light points and a few yards of flex. It is not by any means the elaborate effects which are the best. The important thing is to group the lighting and the flowers well, and to use both in the right places.

Even a home-made lighting unit can give a new interest to flower arrangements. Take a square glass tank, one of the fish tanks which many china shops and florists sell. Fit the base of it into the top of a wooden box about six inches deep or proportionate to the size of the tank. A carpenter will make you a box for a mere song if you have difficulty in finding one to fit.

Paint the box outside, and inside fit a light point with the flex threaded through a small hole in the side.

Stand your tank with its flower arrangement over the box and you have a charming effect. A tinted bulb makes it even better.



A dramatic effect is obtained by the use of this floodlit panel as a background to a simple arrangement of flowering grass stems and rushes

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You will be delighted with the improvement in the general condition and appearance of your hair and scalp which 'Danderine' will bring. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists and stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

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FOR THE HAIR

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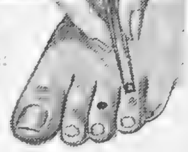
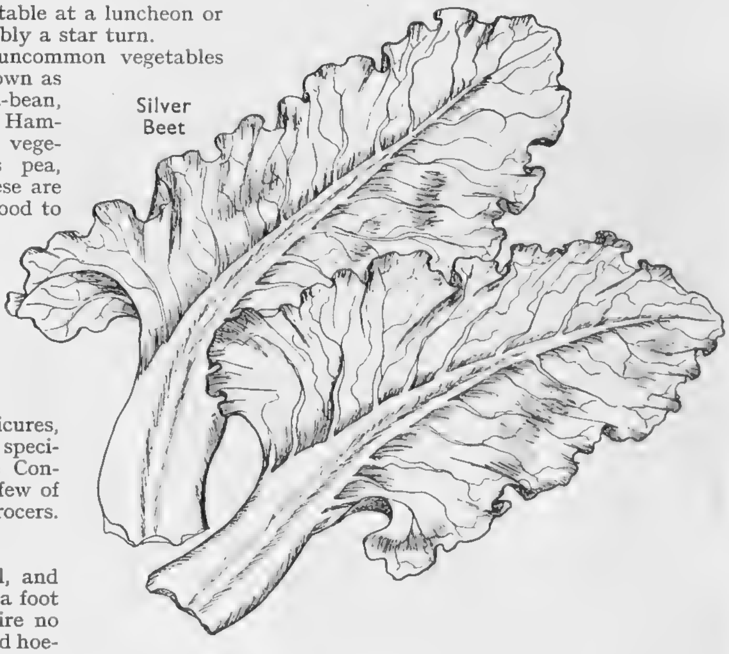


How to Grow and Cook Some Uncommon Vegetables

Any uncommon vegetable at a luncheon or dinner party is invariably a star turn.

There are various uncommon vegetables which are as easily grown as cabbages. The pea-bean, the Chinese cabbage, Hamburg parsley (a root vegetable), the asparagus pea, silver beet and calabrese are all easy to grow and good to eat.

Hamburg parsley forms roots the size of a large carrot which have a most curious and delicious flavour. So much is this vegetable appreciated by various epicures, that consignments are specially ordered from the Continent for them, by a few of the best London greengrocers.

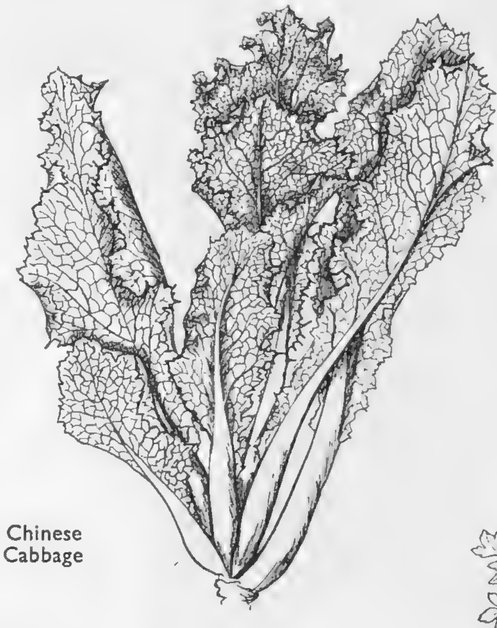


Silver Beet

Seed is sown in April, and after thinning to quite a foot apart, the plants require no further attention beyond hoeing between the rows.

The leaves grow about eighteen inches high and the roots are ready to lift in late October.

Grated raw the consistency is that of ground almonds. For a salad, mix with mayonnaise sauce and serve in tangerine oranges cut in half with the pulp scooped out. The roots are cooked in the same way as carrots, but the flavour is too good to ruin by peeling before cooking. When cooked rub off the skins and serve with a cream sauce.



Chinese Cabbage

I cannot understand why Chinese cabbage is not in every garden. This vegetable looks like a lettuce and can be eaten raw or cooked. All through the winter when lettuces can be grown only under glass this perfectly hardy substitute remains in its prime. We have rows of it, and instead of cutting the whole plant the leaves are gathered as required.

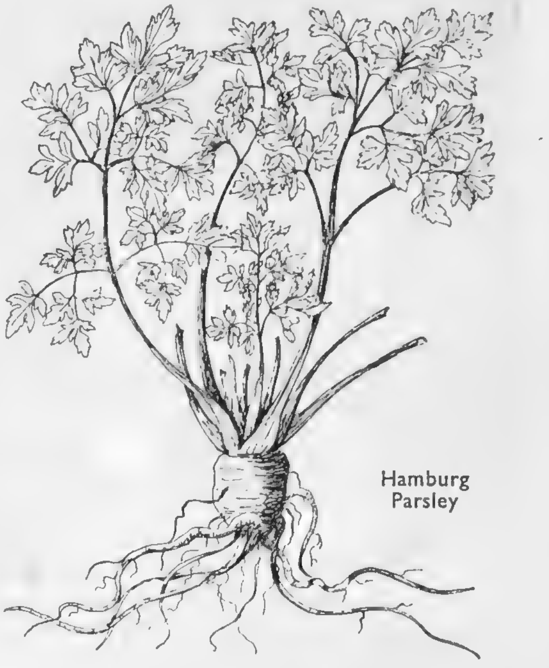
They are the size and texture of large lettuce leaves, but the edges are prettily crimped. They can be eaten raw in a salad and they take only ten minutes or so to boil or steam, and should be served with melted butter.

The pea-bean has been described by one well-known epicure as the most delicious vegetable hardy enough to grow in these islands. This bean is grown in the same way as the scarlet runner. The habit of growth is more slender, but it is even more prolific than the scarlet runner. The pods should be gathered when the peas can be felt but before they are too large. Slice peas and pods together and boil quickly, or steam and serve with a cream sauce of melted butter.

The asparagus pea has such a quaint appearance both growing and when cooked that it invariably attracts attention. It is sown in April or raised under glass in boxes in March, and makes a bush-like growth about two feet high and as much through; the myriads of flowers are chestnut coloured.

The pods are four-sided and are gathered when about an inch long. Boil until tender (about ten minutes), and serve with melted butter.

(*Continued on page* 118)



Hamburg Parsley

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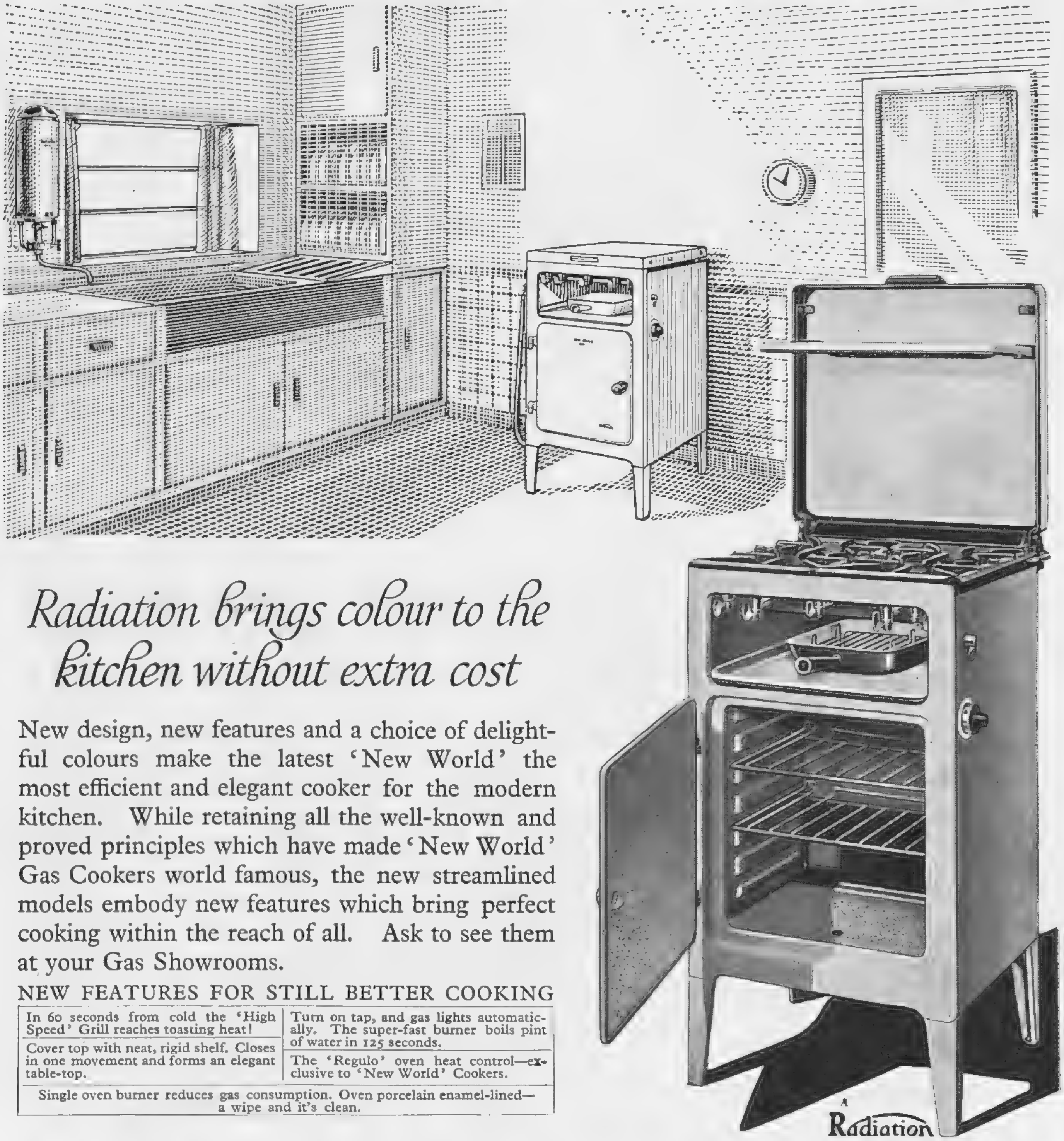

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How to Grow and Cook some Uncommon Vegetables

Silver beet is a native of Sicily, but perfectly hardy in this country if sown in spring. Sown in autumn a few boughs have to be placed over the rows for protection. It is not the leaves but the mid-ribs that are eaten. Well grown, the plant grows nearly two feet high with mid-ribs as broad as a hand. The flavour of these mid-ribs is first-rate. They should be stewed in stock and served with a good white sauce. Unlike the beet grown in every garden, silver beet does particularly well in heavy soil. Seed is sown in April and the plants thinned to eighteen inches apart.

Calabrese makes heads like cauliflowers, but they are a rather dark green instead of white. They have a better flavour than cauliflowers but they take decidedly less cooking. Ten minutes is usually long enough for steaming them. The heads should be served whole. If over-cooked they go to a mush and the flavour is ruined. Serve with melted butter or a good sauce, such as Bearnaise.

ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE.

Country Waistcoat, Country Gloves

(*Continued from page* 64)

FRONTS

With No. 9 pins cast on 2 sts. Work in pat., casting on 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 46 sts. Then 4 sts. at beg. of every row until 62 sts. Work until side edges measure 2 ins. Change to No. 12 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. every armhole end row five times. Work 7½ ins., decreasing 1 st. every third row at front edge until 24 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row four times.

Work another Front with shaping at opposite edges.

BINDS

With No. 12 pins, cast on 9 sts.

1st row: Knit.

2nd row: K. 2, P. 5, K. 2. Work two strips 19 ins. long for armholes. Cast off. Work one strip 86 ins. long for outer edge. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Fold edgings in half lengthwise and sew to armholes and outer edge of waistcoat, leaving five spaces on right side for buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

Paris Fashions

(*Continued from page* 58)

and skirt tied with pink elbow bows, the black *broderie anglaise* cut out to show its blue slip, the recurring peplumed and bustle theme at this house take you back to Jane Austen.

Sultry south sea island flower prints, trick printed crepes and satins—disporting ballet dancers, cherubs, merry widows—make the contemporary evening dresses.

Afternoon dresses have flat tight bodices, draped, with cowl necks, or shirt style, have turnover collars. Their skirts are pleated, gathered, flared, almost always full. Jumper dresses abound, sleekly basqued or peplumed, sometimes tucking and shirring around into a bustle. Many are plain black crêpe, many have flowered crêpe or tie-silk tops, dark woollen pleated skirts. The waist is, without exception, small and tight.

Grey, navy, blue-green, aquamarine, emerald, black, yellows, lavender, saxe, slate and air force blues, beige, a deep pinky fuchsia are the colours to think about when planning your new clothes.

Here are some typical outfits seen at the Collections.

Yellow and black dress, with a yellow coat, black gloves, black hat. Accordion pleated navy cape over a navy dress with a full pleated skirt, a white jabot, white wrist frills. Black woollen coat, very full skirted, with an Eton boy collar, a large black bow, white cuffs. Black tulle afternoon dress with white piqué collar, bow, cuffs. Printed silk dress and jacket with a white piqué waistcoat. Black full-skirted crepe dress and jacket, a magenta hat. Tucked lavender batiste dress with a black long full coat. Apricot coat over a black dress. Grey woollen dress, full skirted, with a white jabot, white cuffs. Lavender pink coat over lavender, pink, navy and turquoise print blouse, navy skirt. Bright green short-fitting jacket over a high-waisted dress with printed top, pleated skirt, wide waistband. Lavender woollen coat and skirt, blouse printed in lavender shades. Brown jersey dress beneath an ice-blue pastel long coat. Grey suiting jacket and skirt with three-quarter sleeves, fuchsia blouse and gloves.

And here are some details to help your choice. Tighter boleros; new bertha boleros (page 63); redingotes lined with blurry prints of accompanying dresses; flat sailors worn high at one side to show bunch of curls; belts, gilets, with serrated edges; spot, star, bow, geometrical and daisy prints; transparent evening skirts showing knee-length underskirts; stiffened wavy peplumes on evening dresses, black velvet on white; black transparent net over white lace.

Very short smocks over very short shorts for beach wear; sectional coats, jade and black, ginger and bright navy; belts doing up at side; bright blue veils, cyclamen veils, woollen veils.

Black and champagne adroitly mixing in dress, hat, gloves; navy afternoon frock, trimmed magenta; flounces on hems of evening and day dresses; evening dresses with tiny sleeves; printed parasols to match dresses; white nursemaid streamers down back of small high-crowned black straw; hats made of gauze and veiling; hobble evening skirts; satin shoes with criss-cross ankle tie-ups; feather evening stoles.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 35)

opportunity afforded by the death of the child of one of her slaves! The child was given a sumptuous funeral, and was passed off as Marina's, whilst the other child was given to a slave trafficker, who later sold her to the Cacique of Tabasco, who had delivered her into the hands of Cortes.

On her part Marina was deeply impressed by the charm of the Spanish cavalier. His valour and undaunted courage, the manly, well-dressed and well-groomed figure, the elegant demeanour of a man of gentle birth made him appear as a semi-God to her. At the same time, close contact with such an attractive girl as she could not remain for ever platonic. He found in her the repose he so much needed.

The following dramatic episode fully explains the unquestionable trust that Cortes had in his fair secretary.

When the Spaniards pitched their camp at Cholula, they were coaxed by the natives into a position that would have been very favourable for a

(*Continued on page* 120)

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Lady Anne Hill, enjoying the comfort and service of the famous **L.N.E.R. Coronation Express.** She says: "Whether I'm travelling or staying at home, I always enjoy a plain Martini Vermouth before dinner. I consider it the ideal 'first course' and I'm sure it helps to keep one fit."

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Lady Margaret Douglas Home travels in the luxurious Air France Liner. She says: "I'm certainly air-minded and I'm Martini-minded too! It's such a healthy drink, I prefer it neat and find its stimulating effect invaluable, especially on a lengthy trip."

MV 25a

There are fashions even in drinks—and the latest in England and America is—Plain Martini Vermouth before the meal or with the hors d'œuvres. Fortunately, this is a fashion that leads to fitness, for I understand that the natural aromatic herbs which are blended with the rich matured wine are excellent for toning up the stomach and digestive organs. They ensure perfect assimilation of food and, incidentally, help to keep the figure youthful and slim.

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sudden attack, their friendliness disguising their real intentions. The presence of one of their countrywomen, so closely allied with Cortes, made them conceive the idea of gaining her on their side.

An Indian woman of great courage and determination took upon herself the task of approaching Marina, hoping to snatch from her the secret of the Spaniards' vulnerability. Like Judith she entered the enemy's camp, ready for any act of patriotic sacrifice. She expressed friendship and sympathy to Marina.

Marina made pretence of accepting the proferred hospitality, and "confessed" to Alabahba that it was fear that kept her with the Spaniards, and not affection, adding that she was only waiting for the opportunity to escape the humiliating position to which she was submitted.

All this sounded so plausible to Alabahba that she believed her. In good faith she revealed to Marina the Cholulan's preparations for the extermination of Cortes and his followers. Alabahba suggested that for that day Marina should return to the Spaniards' camp so as not to arouse suspicion, and arranged for a meeting for the next day. True to her promise, Marina appeared at the appointed time and revealed to Alabahba what appeared to be secrets, especially concerning the dreaded horsemen. In exchange, she was promised wonderful rewards from Montezuma himself. She was told that only a few Spanish hostages would be spared and they would be taken to Montezuma. At that prospect Marina feigned infinite joy. A second meeting was arranged.

At the appointed time there came instead of Marina some Spanish soldiers who pounced upon Alabahba and made her prisoner. When examined by Cortes she realised that in spite of all her sagacity and tact she had been only the dupe of Marina's cleverness.

From her prison she heard the roar of battle. The carnage was without precedent, and the outwitted Cholulans were completely defeated.

In the meantime Marina, having conceived a high respect for the unfortunate Alabahba, wished to free her from her imprisonment, but when she undid the door, she found the heroic Alabahba dead.

EVERY one of the historians and eye-witnesses who have left records concerning Malinche, for so she was called by the Aztecs, describe her as the inseparable companion of the conqueror. Whether in peacetime or at war she followed him as his own shadow. In moments of extreme peril, she was placed right in the centre of the contingent of troops, reputed to be the strongest, so that no harm could come to her. She was seen proceeding under a roof of shields that protected her from the rain of darts that, as they say, obscured the sky. Resistant and indomitable against any privation, she was the idol of the soldiers. One of them who has left a diary refers to her as "Our Dona Marina."

No need to say that she was considered a traitor by her countrymen, but all those who came in contact with her had ample opportunity of finding that, whilst the most genuine love attached her to her Spanish lord, she nevertheless used all her influence so that her fellow countrypeople should be treated humanly and charitably. She adopted this policy all through. Converted to the Christian religion, she encouraged the systematic policy adopted by Cortes towards the abolition of idolatry. Every temple that fell in their hands became the scene of an impressive drama. The valuable relics were booty shared among the army, and from the flames and smoke of the purifying fires, the Cross of Christ emerged, to remain for ever.

Any attempt to describe the events of this spectacular conquest would be impossible in a limited space. Cortes's perils, the gruesome sacrifices of the Spanish prisoners to the Aztec idols, the disaffection of the Mexicans for their Emperor, Montezuma's terror, his magnificent reception of Cortes, the Spaniards' glorious entry into the capital, and then Montezuma in irons in the Spanish camp, his heroic speech to his subjects; his death; Cortes's setbacks, the conflagration in the Causeway, the famine, pestilence and the horrors of cannibalism, the final battle and surrender of the Mexicans, are all chapters which, unfortunately, we must pass over. In every one of them the indefatigable Marina played her part.

TOWARDS the end, the joy of motherhood gave her an added interest in life. Within a short time her son was destined to be the one and only consolation after her great romance. The death of Cortes's legitimate wife did not lead him to regularise his union with his faithful mistress. Strangely enough, he married her to a Spanish nobleman, and her only compensation was a rich dowry, whereof the brilliance failed to counteract the dullness of an epilogue that no one would have anticipated.

And so Marina fades out of history, leaving in every Spanish heart a feeling of undying gratitude. Even the Mexicans, as the centuries have passed, have shown their lenient feeling towards her in a legend, where Malinche's soul, as a traitor to her country, was to suffer terror and remorse for three hundred years, after which an angel would open to her the doors of heaven.

END

People of Importance

(Continued from page 13)

followed. "Then you make a ———" something else, "out of straw, and tie it to the spars with tarred twine. There's a lot in the making and laying. Then, when you're a foot thick, you finish off with a——" But here I gave up.

That, I'm afraid, is all I shall ever know about thatching.

Back at the farm I was talking with Mrs. Barns, who was in the critical process of buying a new table-centre from an itinerant Indian, and more or less at the same time attending to clotted cream on the stove, chicks in an incubator, preparations for dinner, the cleaning of children, and a pair of Mr. Barns's socks. Who shall say that Mrs. Barns is not a person of importance?

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "There they are." And sure enough there they were—the distant notes of a huntsman's horn and the crying of hounds.

"It's time they killed," said Mrs. Barns on a sanguinary note. "We've lost as many as twenty-seven chickens and ducks in one night, and the hounds haven't been this way for weeks."

I instinctively rebel at blood sports, and in my ignorance suggested traps. Mrs. Barns looked at me reproachfully.

"Oh, Mr. Barns wouldn't like *that.* Besides"—she leaned closer in confidence—"we don't mind the hunt going over our land so long as it pays for any damage—although there are others who put barbed wire in the hedges. We like the hunt; in fact," Mrs. Barns confessed in a burst of confidence, "the whole place goes crazy about it. There's no doing anything with them. . . ."

There was not. From afar came ploughmen from their ploughs, hedgers and ditchers from their hedges and ditches, and watched the chase in thrilled silence from a hill-top.

As for me, I was afoot after the crying hounds, and didn't mind who knew it.

THAT evening, while Mrs. Barns was knitting a pink jumper for her last-born, the maid was staring into the fire and no doubt dreaming of silk stockings instead of mud-encrusted rubber boots, the children were in bed, and Mr. Barns tuned in on the radio, we heard something like this:

" . . . where a meeting of farmers was held. In his address, Mr. Jones pointed out that something must be done for agriculture as one of the most important industries in the country. 'It is time to take action,' he said. Exactly what action is necessary will be determined by a sub-committee in conjunction with the Marketing Board. . . ."

Mr. Barns grinned, and tuned into swing.

END

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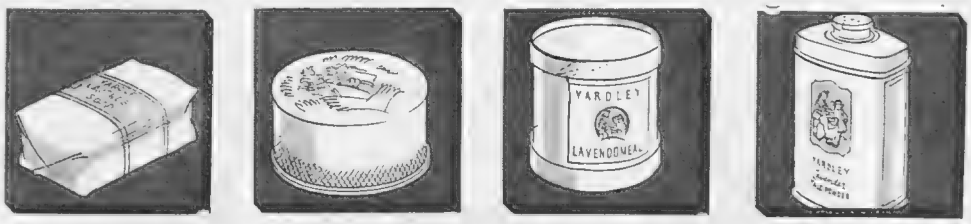

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M/CH/25

The Songs They Sang

(*Continued from page 29*)

and composed the immortal "Mademoiselle d'Armentières."

Once at a geisha dinner in Tokio I heard a song which I was told was a great favourite in Japan during the first Chinese-Japanese War. To a Western ear it sounded, musically, like a number of miserable cats singing a glee. The words translated to me told of a heroic Japanese midshipman, which made me remember that the words of our patriotic ditties may not sound so very good when heard in a peaceful atmosphere. During the Boer War the late Mr. Kipling wrote a poem called "The Absentminded Beggar," and the late Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote the music. I believe that the poem was written at the request of Lord Northcliffe for publication in the *Daily Mail*. How many recall:

When you've shouted Rule Britannia,
When you've sung God Save the Queen,
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth,
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine,
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South.
He's an absentminded beggar, and he may forget it all,
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him,
. . . .

The refrain of this song was: *so pass the hat for your credit's sake and pay, pay, pay.*

England paid. Income Tax went up from fourpence to sixpence in the pound, and England thought the end of the world had come. Years later, in the first post-War revue I saw, a Charlot production at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, I do not recall the title, there was a song called: "And That's Why the Income Tax is Six Bob in the Pound."

As a matter of fact, "The Absentminded Beggar" was not *the* song of the Boer War; if England had known the expression then, it would have been called too high-brow. What England wanted was:

A song with a flag in it,
By Kipling or Dagonet.

Kipling had done his best to order, but it was not of his best. "Dagonet" was the famous George R. Sims, whose "Mustard and Cress" in the *Referee* every Sunday was as much looked forward to as roast beef; but "Dagonet" was writing plays for the now defunct Princesses' Theatre in Oxford Street, or adapting French melodramas. The songs of the Boer War had to be found on the boards of the music-halls, full-blooded songs which made the gallery sing and the stalls hum. Buller had not been doing too well when he attacked the Boers from Natal, but the Dublin Fusiliers had won a victory:

Bravo, Dublin Fusiliers,
You're no craven mutineers,
You bravely stormed and won the Glencoe Heights,
Put three thousand crafty Boers to flight,
'Twas a grand and glorious sight,
Bravo, the Dublin Fusiliers!

There you are then, the stuff, as we said very much later, to give the troops, or rather those who stayed at home.

We liked songs about home and mother, long before we had them about June, moon and coon; we liked robust contraltos, in tights for preference, who stood four-square to the audience, and in the limelight sung:

Good-bye Dolly I must leave you,
Tho' it breaks my heart to go,
Something tells me I must leave you,
For the front, to fight the foe.
Hark, I hear the men are marching,
And I can no longer stay.
Hark, I hear the bugle calling,
Good-bye, Dolly Gray.

It swept England, it did. It was sung first, I believe, by a singer named Julia Mackay, who was the wife of a then famous writer on religious subjects, Guy Thorne, who, as Guy Ranger, wrote on racing.

The song came from the United States, but the words had to be changed to fit the Boer War. The words in the American version were: *I hear the boys in blue are* *marching*, which suggests that the song "Dolly Gray," almost *the* song of the Boer War of 1899, was originally a song of the American Civil War.

The excellent B.B.C. "Scrap Books" have made this generation familiar with many tunes, and the words of songs they would never had otherwise heard. I am interested in the reactions of the generation. Just before beginning to write this article, Miss Gertie Miller was brought to the microphone to make her wireless début and to sing the song which made her famous in a night: "Keep Off the Grass."

In the merry month of May,
When coos the dove,
Young men's fancy,
So they say, will turn to love,
But to flirt may cost you dear,
So I've been taught,
For she sheds an artful tear,
And then, you're caught,
Hi, little boys, hi, little boys
Take care, now
Keep off the grass, keep off the grass,
Quickly your heart you must harden,
If she should sigh,
Don't catch her eye,
But keep off the grass,
In the garden.

A twenty-year-old daughter said: "I don't think much of it." I wonder. That was a song which started a young mill-hand from the Gaiety at £5 per week, as she told us, to stardom, a marriage with the composer of the song, Lionel Monckton, and when he died the singer became Lady Dudley. Is the tune wrong? Well, anyhow, I cannot reproduce it here. Are the words dull to-day? Perhaps, but if they are, that is because we were more sophisticated when "Keep Off the Grass" brought errand boys whistling to the side-door, and made Guardsmen hum it while they tied their white ties. In the days when the Gaiety was providing so many attractive wives for the peerage, sensational breach of promise cases were not unknown, hence the archness of the words of "Keep Off the Grass." I mean the verse I quoted. The sighs and the tears warned the impressionable young men in the stalls. Yes?

Also, and I feel as if I were apologising, but I am not, there had been a very sensational betting case at the time "Keep Off the Grass" was launched in *The Toreador* at the Gaiety, so Miss Gertie Miller had a topical verse. No?

THERE were two men within my recollection of the Gaiety who had the Empire at their feet; I do not mean the Empire with the promenade, which was in Leicester Square, but the other, the far-flung one. The two men were George Grosmith, jnr., to distinguish him from his father who amused with a piano, and Seymour Hicks. Not only "the swells," the "mashers," the "nuts" of London, as they were successively called, but the men on leave from overseas, they all flocked to the Gaiety stalls to be entertained and instructed, instructed sartorially by the well-dressed actors named above. Grosmith represented a "silly ass" type, good-natured, brave, plenty of money; in fact he was holding a mirror up to any young man sitting facing him across the footlights.

I remember being taken to see *The Toreador* the night before I was sent to school in Germany. It was the time of the Boer War, and here was Grosmith so cleverly "made-up" that he looked just like an officer returned from South Africa. We were sitting in a box, close enough to remark the actor's sun tan, except for a patch below the top of the forehead, which would have been guarded from the African sun by the visor of an officer's cap. Well, here is Grosmith's song:

Everybody's awfully good to me, dontcherknow,
I'm just about as tired as I can be, dontcherknow,
If I go to Prince's, and there I chance to dine,
It's ten to one I meet some dear old Oxford
friend of mine,
And not only does he join me, but he
Orders all the wine.
Everybody's awfully good to me.

The Gaiety was the mirror of the times, no doubt of that.

(*Continued on page 124*)

THAT FIRST BLEMISH ON BABY'S DELICATE SKIN

THINK WELL BEFORE YOU TREAT IT!

A pimple may be just a trifling thing, or, on the other hand, it may be the start of a disfiguring eruption. To be on the safe side apply a touch or two of Cuticura Ointment and the blemish will soon heal and disappear. The same with "nappy" soreness, when the skin is chafed and inflamed, smarting and itching.

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The Songs They Sang

In the days of which I am writing now, the language of flowers existed, young men expressed their thoughts in bouquets; one could exclaim: "say it with flowers"—and mean it. In the same show, *The Toreador*, Miss Ethel Sydney sang something like this:

Every flower has a meaning more or less,
Which it isn't so very difficult to guess.
If you love a maiden dearly and you don't know what to say,
I advise you just to send the girl a beautiful bouquet.

In *Cavalcade* Noel Coward satirised the musical-comedy days and ways, very cleverly indeed, but one night when he and I were on our way to New York, he sat down at the piano in the Heath Robinson decorated cocktail bar in *Empress of Britain* and played some of his own music from *Bitter Sweet*. I asked Coward how he, of a generation younger than musical comedy, knew the technique of it. He said he had a complete library of old musical-comedy scores.

Seymour Hicks, the other well-dressed expert of the Gaiety stage, has written innumerable libretti of musical comedies, as well as straight plays and adaptations. His musical-comedy experience reaches further back than George Grosmith, and we find his songs dealing with a different type. We thought "G. G." sophisticated, or we thought we were, but Hicks was not the "masher" type, he was the gay darling of the gods, and one of his earliest Gaiety successes was:

There was once a country maiden who came to London for a trip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

Chorus:

O, Flo, what a change you know,
When she left the village she was shy,
But, alas, and alack,
She came back,
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.

A study of the musical comedies of the late Victorian and the Edwardian days would provide a very rewarding picture of those days. The songs they sang mirrored the mental outlook of the people.

The background of British literature is our poetry and our music, and our songs are the poetry wedded to the music, for poetry it is always, even if it is not great poetry. I remember the Company Sergeant Major, a tear in his eye, singing "Follow Me 'ome":

So it's knock out your pipes and follow me,
An' it's finish up your swipes and follow me,
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin'.
Follow me—follow me 'ome.

I do not know how many of Kipling's poems have been set to music, but I have yet to meet one which has been set to a tune worthy of the words. I am not a hunting man, so I do not know whether it is customary for such to rise to his feet and troll

D'ye ken John Peel,

but I do realise that the songs of the hunting field must represent a very definite section of society; perhaps not the section which sits down to bridge when the frost stops the hunt, but the yeoman section: the yeomen of England. The songs of Mayfair are more concerned with the "yes" men of England.

The songs of the British Public Schools also picture England as it was, an England perhaps more sentimental than it is to-day, but of that I am not quite sure. The Harrow school-song is both sentimental and philosophical:

Forty years on, when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day.
When you look back and forgetfully wonder,
What you were like at your work and your play,
Then it may seem not a feverish minute,
Strained the weak heart or the wavering knee,
Never a battle waged hottest but in it,
Neither the last nor the faintest were we.

The song of one of our greatest public schools was written by a man whose grandson was unable to be sent to that school because the family had lost its money. The grandson re-couped the family fortunes, and he told me with great and legitimate pride that *his* son was jolly well going to Blank.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 36)

biographies of the great English statesman.

As readers of Jelusich's *Caesar* will remember, this author has the uncanny gift of taking his central character and its contemporary surroundings out of their century and portraying them vividly in their purely human and timeless quality. Jelusich has been even more successful in employing this technique with Cromwell than he was with Caesar and for this reason alone his book is full of interest even for those who are not normally entertained by historical biographies.

And now from the past let us turn to the present and the future as exemplified by *Mediterranean Crisis* by Harry J. Greenwall (Nicholson and Watson, 5s.).

This book comes to us at a poignantly apt moment when the glare of burning Spain illuminates the dark menacing clouds which hang over the Mediterranean.

There can be no certainty that this tragic conflagration will not spread and engulf Europe, but Mr. Greenwall's reading of the position helps one to see the whole dramatic situation more nearly in its true perspective.

The author appreciates the vital importance of understanding the intentions of the big powers, and armed as he is with up-to-the-minute knowledge of the situation, he has written a book which must be read by every person who wishes to have a grasp of the issues at stake.

He shows us the significance of each technical move which has been made in the name of bluff and counter-bluff played by the Powers. He shows us what basis of justice lies behind the claims that Italy and Germany are making for colonies. He deals with the significance of the fall of Barcelona and his final chapter, dealing with events up to the end of January, takes us up to the moment when the curtain is about to rise on what may perhaps be one of the biggest dramas that civilisation has ever witnessed.

I do urge you to equip yourself with an appreciation of the factors most intimately affecting our immediate destiny and I can think of no more easy and interesting way of gaining this essential knowledge than by reading *Mediterranean Crisis*.

WITH crises uppermost in the minds of all of us in these uncertain days, it is I suppose only natural that this sensational word should be adapted to the title of many books, and on putting down *Mediterranean Crisis*, it was the merest coincidence that the next book I should pick up should be called *Crisis for Christianity* by William Teeling (John Gifford, Ltd., 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Teeling published a book two years ago which immediately aroused considerable controversy both in Great Britain and in the United States as well as on the Continent.

The author, who is himself a well-known Catholic, for many years closely in touch with Vatican and International Roman Catholic circles, was accused of criticising Vatican Foreign Policy without sufficient proofs or without dealing with his subjects in sufficient detail.

In *Crisis for Christianity* Mr. Teeling replies to this charge. He has decided that the part of the world where Christianity and Catholicism are the most in peril is North Central Europe—that is to say Germany and former Austria.

This book was published very shortly before the death of Pope Pius XI and of course much of the justification of Mr. Teeling's prognostications must depend upon the successor to His Holiness. The key to the future of Christianity is probably to be found in the outcome of the struggle between the new Pope and Hitler—for of course a struggle is inevitable.

Mr. Teeling has spent nearly two years studying conditions in Germany and Austria, almost exclusively as regards the religious aspect, and the knowledge he has gained and the facts he

(*Continued on page* 126)

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DANGER SIGNS *of nervous overstrain*

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has amassed have enabled him to produce this vital document.

It is impossible to write about contemporary man's associations with his fellows without being appalled by his amazing inhumanity and it is really like a cooling draught amid arid wastes to turn to Netta Syrett's autobiography, *The Sheltering Tree* (Geoffrey Bles, 10s. 6d.).

The whole charm of Miss Syrett's work is in its broad humanity—and it is indeed very charming. In her present book, which is the successor to fifteen beautifully-written novels, she describes her early experiences as a school teacher and her début as a novelist and scattered through its pages are innumerable delightful and human stories about the many celebrated people she has known.

As an antidote to that ultra-modern complaint the jitters, nothing could be more restful than this autobiography which is suffused in a glow of happy memories, begotten of a glad heart.

The only other book this month which is not a novel is *Twilight on Parnassus* by G. U. Ellis (Michael Joseph, Ltd., 15s.).

Actually this work sets out to be an examination of the work of the better-known novelists of the post-war period but it achieves something much more important; for, apparently without the author knowing it, the book becomes a survey of the cultural and social changes which finally resulted in the most distinctive phase in English literature since the eighteen-nineties. These changes and their effect upon literary standards Mr. Ellis has used as the basis of a stimulating and provoking contribution to criticism.

In the sections dealing with Wilde and the English Decadence he describes the first revolt against the middle-class patronage of letters, the effect of Wilde's trial, the growth of popular journalism and the rise of romantic imperialism with Kipling.

Against this social and cultural background, Mr. Ellis examines the literary phase begun before the War, but which was hailed as "Post-war ergo propter war."

All the moderns are there and with the War books Mr. Ellis marks a division between the phase which he claims was approaching its end with the publication of *Brave New World* and the rise of a fresh impulse in the work of Evelyn Waugh, William Gerhardi and others.

Scholarly, without being academic, *Twilight on Parnassus* is both a social picture and a critical survey and while remaining a serious study, it is leavened with considerable wit.

And now for the novels!

The first one is *The Constant Heart* by Eve Chaucer (Hutchinson & Co., 7s. 6d.).

Frankly I am not of that type of reader which finds its intellect stimulated by the story of a nursemaid who falls in love with a handsome sergeant, but I am persuaded that I am probably in the minority and certainly for the type of reader who likes this sort of thing *The Constant Heart* will provide just the sort of stimulus which is desired, for without doubt the story has a considerable degree of verisimilitude and the whole thing runs smoothly and swiftly.

But is it romantic!

And now from the sentimental to the sensational. *Holy Terror* by H. G. Wells (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is H. G. Wells at his most gripping.

It is the story (handled completely the right way) of a problem child handled completely the wrong way, and the disastrous results which accrued. Rud gloried in being the enemy of man and inexorably the playing of this part involved him in the turning of the tables.

H. G. Wells has given us a finely conceived character sketched with all the brilliance of the master and the background against which this character is presented and its effect upon the character itself made it quite impossible for me to put the book down and despite its 447 pages I sat up right through one night and read it with one prolonged thrill from cover to cover.

It was of course inevitable that the *Holy Terror* should be the Book Society's choice. It is also inevitable that it will be the choice of discriminating readers, for it is, as I have said before, Wells at his most gripping.

WHILE in a mood for crime let us look at *Dangerous Secret* by Marigold Watney (Hutchinson & Co., 7s. 6d.).

This is the story of the events following the death of a Scots lord who had left Lady Maureen, his only child, penniless.

With her only friend and one-time governess, she faces the world and finds it bleak.

Completely unused to hardship, or even having to think for herself, she accepts the proposal of Simon Randall, a self-made man, who appears kind.

It would not, I think, be fair to the author to give away more of this intriguing story, but for those readers who have an appetite for mystery and for those other readers who have an appetite for a love interest, Marigold Watney has catered with a simultaneous facility and the result is a romantic and exciting novel which is not a little mysterious.

Hoax Millions is the intriguing title of the new novel by F. E. Mills Young published by the Bodley Head at 7s. 6d.

Once again Miss Mills Young has written a novel strong in appeal to the human emotions in the style that made her famous.

Hoax Millions is the story of a simple country family who come into unexpected wealth.

Mr. Hoax, with a leaning towards Socialism, Mrs. Hoax with imperialistic tendencies and their family lead their unimportant lives in Devon where their daughter Elizabeth, cook in an Exeter family, wins the affections of her employer's son.

The arrival of a large legacy and migration to London bring great changes to the Hoax family and other lovers to Elizabeth including Lord Size, to whom she becomes engaged.

MISS MILLS YOUNG is in her element in tracing the fortunes of Elizabeth and Colin, and in finally, after many dramatic happenings, bringing them together again.

I am sorry to have told you the whole of the plot but perhaps after all it is not such a very serious matter as thousands of novelists have told it to you in slightly different ways before!

Last on my list this month is what is to my mind the greatest book of all, I refer to *All This and Heaven Too* by Rachel Field (Collins & Co., 8s. 6d.).

Based on fact far stranger than fiction it tells the true story of a woman's life and of the fantastic events with which she was involved—events which contributed to Louis Philippe's loss of the French throne.

It is a story in which the characters actually *live* the rôles they play in the book and it tells of a young French governess who became innocently involved first in dissension and scandal in the household of the Duc and Duchesse de Praslin and then in the murder case which rocked French society and echoed throughout the world.

From being an obscure governess, Henriette became the most talked-of figure in France. Imprisoned in the Conciergerie and put on trial for complicity in the murder she showed an unflinching courage and integrity and finally defeated her prosecutors.

Set free, she took refuge in the New World where she at last found release from her sufferings and where she married the Rev. Henry Field, teacher, editor and writer.

In telling the story of Henriette's remarkable life, Miss Field has been able to draw, not only on history, but on family legend, as well as on her fine creative powers.

The result is a book which immediately arouses the reader's responsiveness to its characters and the situations in which they find themselves placed.

I have read no more sympathetically handled story for many a long day and I only hope that you will derive as much pleasure from *All This and Heaven Too* as I did.

END

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Quick Cookery

New Salad

(Continued from page 70)

Shake a few drops of tomato ketchup into the centre of the circle.

Crème de Fruits

Stewed or tinned fruit.
Macaroons, cream.
Port wine, sugar.

Stewed or tinned fruit can be turned quickly into a really exciting sweet. Drain off the juice, squash the fruit through a sieve and add a little port, about a port glassful for four people, mixing it well in.

Crush with a rolling-pin some macaroons—you want nearly as many crushed macaroons as you have of fruit purée—and mix together, beating with a fork.

Taste, add soft sugar if necessary, pile the mixture into a glass or silver dish and keep cold.

Just before serving, decorate the top with a coating of whipped cream sweetened and flavoured also with a drop of port wine.

Pilaff Gratiné

(Continued from page 70)

When the rice is cooked, not too much, by the way, the grains should remain firm, put it into the pan with the liver and shellfish, stir thoroughly, adding a pudding-spoonful of tomato purée. Put all this into a buttered fireproof dish, sprinkle with grated cheese, adding a few tiny dabs of butter here and there.

Have your grill ready and as hot as it can be, and brown the Pilaff quickly beneath it.

Jamaica Tart

Puff paste, treacle, coco-nut,
Guava cheese.

Prepare a puff paste—a rough puff will do—and line a flat tart tin with it and bake it in the usual way weighted with beans or rice or something. When cooked, pour in a filling of treacle or golden syrup. and sprinkle the top with grated coco-nut, hiding all trace of treacle.

Put back in the oven to heat the treacle and prepare some fancy shapes cut from Guava cheese. Decorate with these and serve hot with or without cream.

Tournedos Diablé

(Continued from page 71)

about five minutes or more according to taste. A *tournedos*, however cooked, should be nicely browned outside and still pink in the middle.

Cheese Rolls

Lean ham, Cheshire cheese, mustard.
Pepper, fried bread, butter.

Chop roughly some Cheshire cheese and trim some slices of ham. Cut the ham into evenly sized pieces of about six inches by four. Spread each slice lightly with prepared mustard and put in the cheese. Roll over and tie with thread.

Fry the rolls in a little butter to brown the ham slightly and warm the cheese, but not long enough to make the cheese melt. Remove and drain well, and serve on pieces of fried bread, dusting the rolls with pepper.

Poulet Sauté Paysanne

(Continued from page 71)

herbs and pour on the egg and milk binding, stir well but do not let it boil.

Salade d'oranges

Oranges, pistachio nuts.
Rum, castor sugar.

Peel the oranges carefully and scrape away all the white pith. Now cut them into very thin slices with a sharp knife. Remove the pips and arrange the slices, flat, in a large dish. Sprinkle all over first with rum and then with castor sugar and keep in a cold place. Just before serving, sprinkle generously with very finely chopped pistachio nuts.

END

Science Looks at Love

(*Continued from page* 19)

gardenia, and sit in the club window after dinner, silently toasting in port or the old brandy, the countess or courtesan who was the one grand passion of a not uneventful life.

But Mark happened to be a public man. After the death of Duce-Fuehrer Julius Cæsar, Antony, in the division of the Roman provinces, took the East. His love affair with Egypt's queen—who had already had a dangerous affair with Cæsar—thus became a matter of high politics. Antony neglected his duties, repudiated his wife, planned to divide the rich provinces of the East among the sons of the Nile siren.

Rome declared war on lover and mistress. There was a fleet action off Actium. Cleopatra and her admiral lost their nerve, turned around, and made for the home port. Antony followed suit. Octavius destroyed his fleet. Antony fell on his sword. Cleopatra held an asp to her breast. So that love affair ended.

Octavius did not permit himself the luxury of unwise love affairs. He married, thrice. When a daughter and a niece lost their hearts just once too often, he set out to cure them. Off they were packed, exiles, to the island of Pantelleria, to reflect in enforced seclusion on the folly of a superfluity of love affairs.

THIS treatment for a lost heart may or may not be scientific. But it is the only age-old remedy, and is still in vogue. Young sons contemplating a union which alarms the family, have been deprived of money (this can approximate to incarceration; it is liable to immobilise the unfortunate lover), or sent off on a good long trip. Young daughters who have lost their heart to the ranch foreman, a charming blacksheep, a handsome gigolo, or some other ineligible, have been packed off to Europe, or America, or on a round-the-world trip.

The idea is that they will get over it. And it is astonishing how often they do. When Prince William Henry, who became William IV of England, was a midshipman, he fell in love with a girl he met in port. Admiral Digby, apprised by the tutor of what was happening, applied naval discipline: he stopped the prince's shore leave. The infatuated and infuriated prince was shipped off to America in the frigate *Prince George*. It was risky, because his father, George III, was still at war with the rebellious American colonies. However, the British still held "loyal" New York. The youth was let ashore. He was entertained. There were parties in his honour. In the company of pretty young women, the prince came out of his daze. By the time he continued his voyage, down to the West Indies, he had probably forgotten all about the "Madam Butterfly" left behind in the home port.

If one abandoned a necessary discretion, one could compile a long list of contemporary parallels. One would draw heavily on young men and women of patrician and plutocratic families—more of the latter than the former. The number of sons of rich, social-climbing families, who threaten to spoil everything by marrying the cute blonde, third from the right in the second row of the cabaret chorus—and the number of times father has to apply a double cure, one part of which consists in a cheque for the heart-broken young lady—runs annually into the hundreds in America. In England, since the War and the old Gaiety days, the young bloods seem to have left the girls to their elders and betters: who are always falling in love, and paying heavily for it.

Sometimes, love will have its way: as when the Countess of Ravensworth, in 1904, married her coachman, Wadsworth, a year after the death of the earl. Wadsworth made a model husband; and his comments to his friends indicate that the countess made a model wife. But when a woman loses her heart to a man, things do not always turn out so happily. For instance, if the shocked family of Bessie (*Continued on page* 130)

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Williams could have got a cure for love to her, they would have saved her from being drowned like a surplus kitten.

You recall Bessie Williams, *née* Mundy? She was one of the brides of that George Joseph Smith who made a business of marrying women, and, after getting hold of their money, or insuring their lives, disposing of the unwanted by-product in a lodging-house bath. Bessie, a spinster of thirty-three, living on £8 a month from a trust fund of £2,500, fell in love with Smith. He married her, got £138 out of her trustees, and left her. She was lucky that time.

Unfortunately, she loved the man. Her blind love survived a false, foul, and unnecessary accusation he made against her, to explain his desertion. One morning in March, 1912, she saw him again on a sea promenade at Weston-super-Mare. The meeting was entirely coincidental. She took him back gladly.

He wanted that £2,500. He feared her family trustees would defeat him by using the fund to buy her an annuity. He therefore drew up mutual wills on July 8, bought a tin bath on July 9; and three days later his wife was "accidentally" drowned in the bath, and her murderer had inherited her money.

Hers is not one of the love stories whose fragrance wafts faintly over the years. Only criminologists remember her name now. Her lover was squalid, and had no use for her. But women of royal blood and great beauty have made her error. Eleanora Duse gave her heart to Gabrielle D'Annunzio, who was younger than herself. He used her for "copy"—used her to make money for himself in his trade. She never recovered from that blow.

In essence, the ugly, tragic tale of Bessie Williams is woven of the same stuff as the legend of the nymph Clytie and the sun-god Apollo. Clytie saw the radiant Apollo, and loved him. The golden god scorned her. She sank and died, and the compassionate goddesses turned her into a sun-flower, so that she could be for ever happy, renewing her life each year, and gazing on her love all day long.

George Smith makes a strange substitute for Apollo, but to Bessie Williams he was the sun-god, and she lived through him, and died because of him. The myth tells us that Clytie's unwanted love only enraged Apollo: there is evidence that Bessie's clinging adoration infuriated Smith. One of these days, scientific research workers will dig to the bottom of this deep, dark mine, and give us learned literature on the psychology of unrequited love, with a side-note on its dangers in certain cases. But it will not make springtime reading!

IN a pleasant flat above the administrative offices of the Zoo lives a lean, bespectacled scientist who has achieved a happy marriage and begot a family. His name is Julian Huxley. Professor Huxley has taken time off from biology, physiology, zoology, and the administration of the Zoo, to think about love. His conclusions have led him to declare that, as dictator, he would make first marriages trial marriages for a period of a year. I have heard that Dean Inge—who picked his life mate right first time, and has enjoyed a thoroughly happy private life ever since—when made aware of Julian Huxley's view, said that while he respected Huxley as a biologist and zoologist, he thought he had, perhaps, where love and marriage were concerned, made the error of approximating monkey morality too closely to human morality.

I put the Huxley one-year-trial view to an attractive woman who married at eighteen, has three children, and, at thirty-two, has permitted herself to be divorced in order to marry another man, who himself is getting a divorce, and who cannot offer the woman who will become his wife anything like the comforts and security that husband Number One (thanks to his father) provided her with. She dismissed it in one word: "Bunk."

It was, she said, a typical clever man's academic nincompoopery. He knew nothing whatever about it. His knowledge of human beings was obviously defective and severely circumscribed.

"People mature at different ages," she said. "A mature woman does not need a year to know whether she has made a mistake. She should know in three months.

"But immature males and females—how can they know? They don't begin to realise, until they grow up, that there is something fundamentally wrong. Then they find they've made a mistake that they can't do anything about—or can and will do something about . . . It all depends on *when* they grow up. One can grow up at sixteen, or twenty-six. Some people never grow up."

Up to her marriage she had never been out alone with a man, never been at a party after 9.30 p.m. She thought it "grand to get married and have lots of children." Love was something that came after marriage—perhaps. The thing was to get married—suitably, of course.

So she married, and at the end of the first year she liked her husband more than she had liked him at first. At the end of five years, she liked him still better than she had at the end of one year: but she had also become aware that she had married a man who could never make her happy. She was his wife, his housekeeper, the mother of his children. He was never her lover, or even her companion or intimate.

The flaw in their relationship began to manifest itself. She could not pretend as patiently and adroitly as she had done: he was not so ready to devote time and attention to a woman who obviously did not love or admire him. They went their own ways.

In the end, she met the sort of man she should have mated with in the first place. But he also had made her mistake. He had married, immature, almost straight from college, a next-door-neighbour girl a year his senior. They were no more suited to one another than the first couple, but it took time for the fact to emerge in hard outline. He fell in love with the young woman who was falling in love with him. One had been married ten, and the other twelve years, yet both were still only half-way between youth and middle age. A dangerous situation!

"At the end of the first year I would have been shocked at the very suggestion that I might want to break my marriage," said the woman-who-had-grown-up-and-broken-loose. "After five years, I would not have done it, even if I had fallen in love. I should have thought: 'I can't do this to my husband, and, besides, I can't leave my small children.' At the end of ten years, I was through. It wasn't my fault, or my husband's fault. We never should have married. I had been married twelve years when I fell in love. But it took me another two years to face up to leaving everything and starting all over again.

"Love," she added, "is all very well when you are free, but it's hell when you've got a husband, three children, a home—and you know that most of the people one knows are going to say one must be a terrible woman to do what I've done."

THE one-year-trial would have been no use in these cases, because in the one case the husband was satisfied with his attractive wife, and in the other case the wife was thrilled with her attractive husband; while, for their part, neither the attractive wife, nor the attractive husband, had realised what was happening to them, what the years held for them, and neither was rational, determined, far-seeing, or hard enough, to make a break at the end of a year. It would have been rather like Britain re-arming against Germany after six months of Hitler. All human situations take time to ripen. . . .

But all these irregular and disturbing passions and desires must greatly annoy the rational mind. A grim, impatient scientist like Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, who wants to gas all major criminals, destroy industrial civilisation, and turn over control of human affairs to a board of scientists, would undoubtedly diagnose a large percentage

(*Continued on page* 132)

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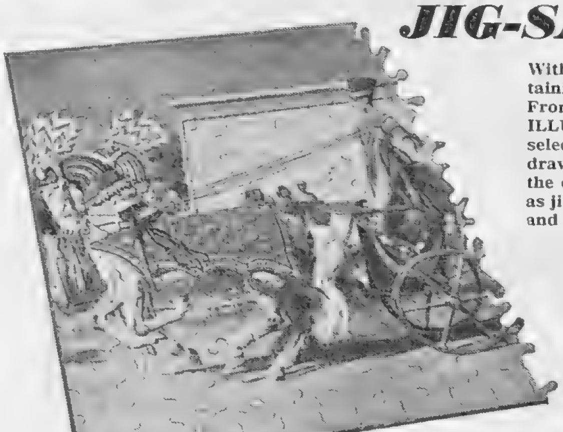

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of love affairs as so many cases of temporary mental aberration, and send the afflicted one into a clinic for a cure.

Establishing a balance is so difficult! There is so often one who loves too much, another who cannot love enough, or tolerate enough. And emotions continually make matters worse. One young English Don Juan had an affair with a lady. After a time, he considered it all over. She took another view. Meeting him by appointment to say adieu, she pulled out an automatic. She fired one shot into him, one into herself. Both the parties recovered. Some time later they married. The marriage was a failure. Now they are divorced.

Ninon de Lenclos managed these things better. That brilliant and charming lady made the mistake only once of loving too much. Emerging from her convent convinced that she was not destined for the contemplative life, she opened her Paris house to the gentlemen of France, fell in love, and gave herself to her lover.

He betrayed her. When she got over it, her desire for constancy had gone. It never returned; or, if it did, she concealed it admirably. The leading men of the France of Louis the Fourteenth surrounded her—men from all walks of life. She took only lovers who pleased her.

Few lasted more than a few months: but she was faithful to each while he was in favour. When the affair was over, it was over. The extraordinary thing about her was that she usually managed to make friends of her lovers. After a time, even the most reproachful of them came back to her salon, resigned to the fact that so far as love, Ninon's sort of love, was concerned, he was a book which she had read through, enjoyed, closed, and would never open again.

She retained her beauty for an astonishing length of time. She lived to be eighty-five. When the priests and bishops of Paris flocked to her house seeking to convert her, she remarked to a friend: "You know what a fortune I could have made selling my body: I could do even better now selling my soul!"

Napoleon loved only once. Josephine intoxicated him. The alluring Creole herself preferred handsome young aides-de-camp. The great conquistador's romance with Marie Walewska was a calm and mature affair. He wrote her no passionate love letters. She was the private-life wife of a man who, after the ardours of his first love, took women much as they came—few famous men have a longer list of mistresses.

But quantity means little in these affairs. Napoleon's list of over 100 women who had relations with him is excelled by Landru's list of 283—that enormous list which caused the Paris court crowd to burst into roars of laughter, envy and applause, when the prosecutor in his charge revealed it. Landru, a stoker's son, was very successful in attracting women: a shabby, bald, square-bearded, bowed-shouldered little man, but persuasive, an ingratiating talker, with an indestructible dignity.

We do not know whether he caused the hearts of his female victims to beat so very much faster. Women may not have fallen in love with him, but succumbed to a proposal or hint of marriage. But we know from the celebrated *Memoirs* that he could write a pretty love letter, tender and beguiling.

"You alone can with one word calm me and give me back the so great happiness of seeing those deeply dreamy eyes, whose memory haunts me day and night, clear and sparkling once more," he wrote to Fernande Legret, the "pretty little friend," as he called her, who was one of the few women to encounter the French Bluebeard, and survive.

THE divorce court statistics indicate that intellectuals are more successful in love than most other categories of citizen. Brainworkers seldom divorce. It may be that they are more rational than most: they learn to control their feelings: they don't marry young, or the first girl who makes their heart work overtime.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, for example, made an

admirable choice when he was forty: he might have made a mistake if he had married some girl who attracted him in the youthful days when he lived on his pay as an employee of the Edison telephone company in London. Lord and Lady Passfield (the Sidney Webbs) are archtypes of domestic felicity. The Ogilvies, of the B.B.C., are model married folk. One could prolong the list.

Poets and potentates appear to be extremely unreliable. They are constantly making themselves or somebody else unhappy. Shakespeare did not get along with his wife: in his will, he left her his second-best bed. Keats bestowed his love in the wrong quarter. Byron did not get much fun out of his love life. Frederick the Great made a loveless marriage and gave all his love to his sister. The Emperor Francis Joseph loved his beautiful Hungarian wife with great constancy, but she could not stand him, and was away most of the time, looking for a love of her own. They agreed at last that he ought to have an unofficial wife, and the Viennese actress, Katherine Schratt, blonde and gay, was chosen as his regular companion. The empress and the imperial family were most grateful to her. Emperor, empress, and Frau Schratt, appeared all together at Court. The old empress has gone, but Frau Schratt still lives out at Hietzing. Her memoirs, if she ever writes them, frankly, should be instructive.

FILM stars are more fortunate than emperors: they can divorce and marry again. A most respectable group, the celluloid princes and princesses. Consider a group of four.

Mr. Clark Gable is in love again, and is seeing about a divorce. The first wife of this dynamic middle-aged ex-lumber jack and telephone linesman, was the pretty teacher of dramatics who coached him for a film career. She divorced him a year after he signed his first considerable film contract. He then married a Texas widow of means, eleven years older than himself. This was in 1931. Some time later he became enamoured of the orchidaceous Carole Lombard. Miss Lombard herself, starting as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, had a glamorous-siren phase, but finally found her *métier* as a comedienne. Possibly Miss Lombard learnt to see the amusing side of life, and love, as the wife of the talented comedian, Mr. William Powell, who himself first achieved fame as a portrayer of sinister characters.

Soon Mr. Gable and Miss Lombard will marry and live happy ever after—one hopes.

The delectable Miss Joan Crawford seems less fortunate than Miss Lombard. At twenty-five, she married Mr. Ullman, jun. Mr. Ullman, sen.—better known as Douglas Fairbanks—had married again: this was his son by a first marriage. The marriage was hailed at the time as an ideal romance. However, something went wrong, and in 1933 Mrs. Fairbanks, jun. divorced her young husband. She then announced: "An actress should never marry. I am convinced of that. It is better to say now that I shall not marry and cause a small hurt, than to say 'yes' and cause a greater hurt later on."

However, along came a personable young man named Franchot Tone, a bachelor, a graduate of Cornell University, in professional status Miss Crawford's equal. Miss Crawford began to fall in love again. Her head may have warned: "This is unwise," but it was no use. In October, 1935, the thirty-one-year-old woman who had vowed to say "no," said "yes," and the two young lovers were wed.

"Till death do us part. . . ?" Well, it sounded wonderful at the time; but on July 20, 1938, the couple parted, issuing a joint statement which said: "We both regret our marriage had to terminate, but feel it is better for us to part, and we are parting on the most friendly terms."

On February 11, 1938, the thirty-five-year-old Joan Crawford filed a divorce suit against her husband, charging that he treated her "inhumanly," causing her great mental suffering and distress. In her bill of complaint she said that Franchot knew she had to work hard and

(*Continued on page* 134)

Lucky boy! Lives in the town but enjoys plenty of New Zealand "Sunshine"! It is this delicious sunshine butter that helps to keep him so healthy. His mother realises how good New Zealand Butter is because she knows it comes from a country of fresh green pasturelands on which the sun smiles twelve months in the year. She knows that by asking for "New Zealand" she *always* gets butter rich in those natural sunshine vitamins which every growing child—and every grown-up—needs.

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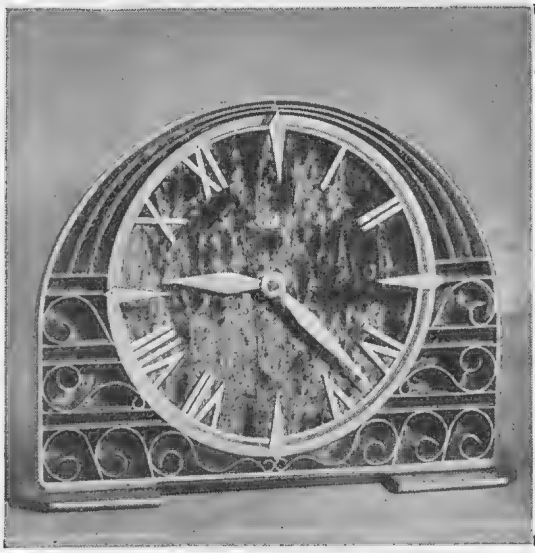

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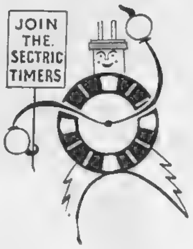

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study parts in the evening, but he often insisted that she should accompany him on social visits, and she alleged he became "sullen and angry" when she suggested he postpone his engagements.

Most young married women discontented with their husbands will doubtless note this with astonishment. Usually, it is the other way about—"he neglected me," or: "he went about with other women," or: "I wanted some life, but he wanted to stay at home."

This beautiful and talented young woman we know as Joan Crawford should not have married either of the attractive and talented young men she did marry, any more than Josephine Dillion Gable should have married the Oregon lumber jack whom she coached for the film factories, or most of the 5,000 people who got divorced last year in Britain, and most of the 150,000 people who got divorced last year in the United States, should have married the person each did marry.

As regards the two latter items, they might be substantially reduced if more young people paid heed to two at least of the seven rules drafted by another of these scientist investigators of the love-and-marriage phenomenon, Dr. Ernest R. Groves. Says this university professor: "Meet as many young people of the opposite sex as possible, don't fall in love with the first person who comes along"; and: "decide if he or she wears well."

It was an English judge, Mr. Justice Swift, who remarked: "If young people did not make imprudent marriages, this country could not go on."

A solemn thought!

END

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Never Really Ill, But Never Really Well

(Continued from page 56)

Appetite has to be provoked by a constant change of dishes. The housewife who succeeds in doing this and keeping to a budget is an artist. More often than not, she becomes so surfeited planning the menu that she, herself, loses all appetite, and should be taken out to dinner at least once a week by her husband, in gratitude.

Surroundings need never pall to-day when they can so easily be changed at week-ends, especially with the advent of April.

To emphasise this change, go primitive once a month. Give yourself a clockless day. Arrive at some new place, carefully selected on the map beforehand, banish all thought of what has gone before or what is to follow after, and live for twenty-four hours without a plan.

Breakfast when you wake, feed again when you are hungry, roam, or watch the clouds chase each other over the hill. But don't have a date, unless it is with the sea spray, meadows or bird song.

Be careful to reach bed early on Sunday evening for you will be drugged with sleep by your outing, but awake remade by the change on Monday.

Or, if you are a country bird and your best diversion springs from a visit to town, touring the shops, take your other life that way. There are no set rules as to place and manner when an escape from self is the objective.

Scope, in which to exercise abilities to the full, is often lacking. Neither friends nor job seems to provide it. See to this, for mental hunger and dissatisfaction have an undermining effect on health. There are so many societies and clubs, however, that every kind of interest can be satisfied, almost any contact made.

It is up to you whether you lie in a rut, surcharged with self, or live a really full life.

END

Yes-Girl

(*Continued from page* 45)

her against each other. There were no children to teach, and she thought she would make tracks for Padang, a bigger port, next day. After all, the bus drives were lovely.

A long, thin, fair young Dutchman named Jan woke her up in the night to warn her against his friends, and to say he couldn't sleep, and to tell her how careful she ought to be about a young girl's greatest treasure, and how ill comprehended he was by his wife. After a while she got rid of him by the exercise of great tact and limited sympathy. However, he spent the night on the veranda outside her room (guarding her as he supposed from his friends, innocently asleep in their own rooms) and really did not sleep at all. This misapplied night made him look upon her charms in a much less casual, here to-day and the devil take to-morrow manner. With the coming of breakfast the others had cooled off a bit, but he had reached boiling point.

He persuaded Cynthia without much difficulty to stay on for one more night, until on the following day he would have to sail on a nice white K.P.M. steamer in the interests of the cigarette trade. He wanted to persuade her to a great deal more. Here, pretty, gay, friendly and apparently uncritical, was the sort of girl he ought to have married. He tried over sentences in his head for a letter to his lawyer and a letter to his wife.

"I am not speaking English very good. Try to understand me," Jan urged Cynthia. "I am unhappy. You come away with me and I be happy and you be happy too, I know it, and later on we marry. My job is not very fine but I have prospects, and I have enough for look after you, and everything I have is all yours. We travel round together, when we are married we have a house, very fine house, if you want children you can have them, very fine children. Try to understand me. I am not rich, but I have enough and all I am having is yours. I love you. My wife is a very good girl, a very good wife, but she is not understanding me. When I get back from a trip and spend a few days with her in Soerabaja and I am wanting a little life after all these terrible dead places, she says, 'I want a quiet evening to-night, Janje.' I am so unhappy. You come away with me."

THEY walked around Sibolga, arguing. They went along the lovely waterfront and by the native streets with wide-opened, dirty, lamplit houses, past the Chinese temple, past the cinema. To Cynthia it was a nice town (though rather devoid of jobs for young ladies), and she tried to persuade him that travelling around the Archipelago must be a pleasant life.

"Yes—if there were someone with me. I can show you such beautiful things and such a wonderful fun. But for me, I have done it so often, and I am young and always lonely. These towns I am having to go to, for talking cigarettes, only their names are different. Well this is a good one. This has a cinema and a hotel. But what is there to do? And the other places, less—each with its Chinese shops every one of them the same, selling umbrellas and oil lamps and cheap Japanese shoes. And nothing else, no cinema, even, nothing in the evenings at all. Such a song we have about those places:

'Het is geen dorp, en het is geen stad,
Het is een——'

You understand? It is no village and it is no town, it is a—and then comes a bad word. And then it is 'O Sibolga!' or 'O Watampone!' or whether it is. This is a lovely kind of world, but it is terrible alone."

Then he started all over again trying to persuade her to come too, and she went on and on saying that certainly he had better get divorced, certainly he had better find another woman, and though she herself was not actually the right one, still he need not be downcast; to-morrow or the next day he would find a good one; there were abundance of fish in the sea. (*Continued on page* 136)

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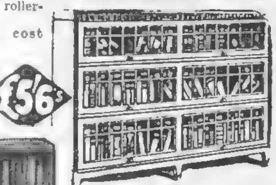

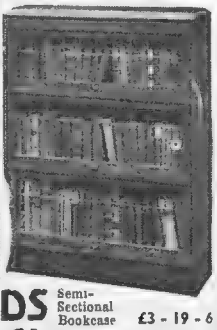

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She had often in her life delivered such soothing and reasonable comfort, and had occasionally found it to cause pain—to her great astonishment. It did so now.

"I am not wanting to think you a fish out of many, thank you—I am not talking English very good, but cannot you understand when I say I *love* you?"

Suddenly he began to tremble.

"O God, O God, why won't you come with me? I know we could be happy. Don't you like me—is that it? Don't you like me? Tell me the truth for God's sake if you don't like me."

They were sitting on the bench that overlooks the sea and that is not far from the hotel on the one hand and not so very far from the restaurant of Rahim's Batak friends on the other. Jan knew nothing of that coffee and rice and banana bar, but Cynthia had located it in the town, with her suggested host leaning against his lintel wearing clogs, pyjamas and a red velvet cap and playing a guitar. The place had looked dirty enough; but she chose to wonder for a second now whether or not Rahim's idea had been better than her own.

Jan's face in the moonlight took on that blinded look of one enclosed in his own extremity.

"Help me!" he cried, and then: "only if you want to. I want you to love me. I don't want you to be kind."

But of course she was kind. And he wrote to his wife and he wrote to his lawyer, as he had intended to, about a divorce. But then she said: "Don't post them yet, but see how we get on." And they embarked.

As it turned out they got on well. They lived very much in the present. At first they sometimes discussed the future; the past never. At least not hers; sometimes he did talk for a little about the various round or oblong or octagonal deals that life had served out to him. That was when he had drunk enough; you could never fairly say that he drank too much, although that enough carries with it a slight aspersion. The voyage was exciting for her, with the different but resembling places exotically named, and the different but resembling races, rather friendly and ready to laugh. Showing them to her, these things became exciting to him. He was never ill-tempered, seldom petulant, often gay and full of fun. He was good-looking with a faint suggestion of a weak and amiable shark. There was no means to prevent his buying her a profusion of silver filigree bracelets.

TWO months after they had first met they were walking together through a smaller town than Sibolga. Behind them was a covered-in market, but it wasn't market day. To either side were Chinese shops, all alike, selling umbrellas and oil lamps and cheap Japanese shoes. Now and then there was a native restaurant. Ahead was the sea. She was humming to herself: *"Het is geen dorp . . ."* She looked pretty and cheerful and composed. Jan didn't wonder at himself at all. He had been quite right. She was charming. Even now he half regretted that burst of prudence that had led him to end it before it could become complicated. Getting a tiresome letter from his wife and a would-be resurrection letter from Hetty by the same post had angered him for the moment against all women. She was a sweet kid though. All you could say against her was that there was something shifting and mysterious and at variance with her gay common sense about those greenish eyes that looked lovingly at you—and then ranged away. Also it hadn't seemed right that she had acquiesced so easily: why even now he might take her back to him if she went the right way to work. No, he didn't wonder at himself for having wanted her.

He would have wondered had he remembered the thankfulness and the delight, the almost reverence, the exultation, which he had felt at her promise to come with him. But he remembered only that he had been really a bit in love with her—and wasn't any more.

(Continued on page 138)

COPLEY'S KNITTING
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Charm personified, and infinitely becoming, this simple jumper-coat in 4-ply "Excelsior" or "Climax" wool is a "star" style with its gay criss-crossings. Perfect in White with coloured buttons, Moon Blue and Fuchsia Rose.

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He was holding her by her bare arm just above the elbow, walking her down to the nice white K.P.M. steamer to see him off.

"Feeling all right, baby? We had a swell time while it lasted. I won't forget you. No hard thoughts, eh?"

"None indeed," she said, laughing and added with a touch of friendly malice: "Did you ever post those letters to your lawyer and your wife?"

He dropped her arm and said crossly, defensively, "No, of course not. I never was meaning to send them really."

"What, never?"

He looked at her with unwonted suspicion. She had no business to be mocking him if she was. He said:

"Oh come now, how could I have really been wanting marrying you, picking you up that way in Sibolga and only having known you for a day? Be your age! You must have known and you must know I could never really have meant it."

He spoke with entire conviction. Her vague eyes flicked over him, still amused, but she assured him very nicely:

"Yes, I know."

When they got to the boat he asked her with anxiety and some warmth whether she had enough money? It struck him how little he knew of her.

"I like you, baby, I'll be glad to help you. Have you got enough money to be all right?"

She held out her big portmanteau bag, for the mere size of it had to be reassuring. It contained besides some cosmetics and such-like odds and ends a sandal wood elephant from Colombo and her entire capital of thirty-seven guilders.

"See—practically the Java Bank. I'll be all right for certain."

"Plenty money of your own?"

"Oh, yes."

She kissed him good-bye politely on board the steamer and turned back along the street. She was humming:

"*. . . en 't is geen stad. . . .*

"It is no village and it is no town. . . ." It would have been a good idea to have insisted on being taken to a larger place.

END

Club Life for Women

(*Continued from page* 39)

most modern and attractive of its kind. As a member you enjoy an impeccable social background, with sporting and political activities to whatever extent you wish.

For professional women, to whom a club offers endless social advantages, as well as personal convenience, The Lyceum, the Forum and the Sesame are clubs which specially devote themselves to the interests of women in the professions or the arts.

Out-of-town clubs offer many attractive possibilities, both social and sporting, to women who are in a position to reach them. Subscriptions to these are, moreover, considerably lower than to the West End clubs.

The London Aeroplane Club at Hatfield, has swimming and squash, an excellent clubhouse and restaurant as well as the principal feature, flying. The subscription is only three guineas a year.

The Heston Airport Club has a most attractive residential clubhouse, a delightful social atmosphere and, of course, all flying activities. The subscription is five guineas a year for a flying membership, three guineas for an ordinary membership.

Even if flying is beyond the scope of your interests, membership of either of the clubs offers possibilities of social and sporting interests, with the amenities of a country club added.

There are many clubs for women with special interests, and it is with these that the more serious-minded can find a whole new social and intellectual life.

There is, for example, the Hellenic Travellers' Club, with its Central Office in Albany Court. This, founded by Lord Bryce and Sir Henry Lunn

(*Continued on page* 140)

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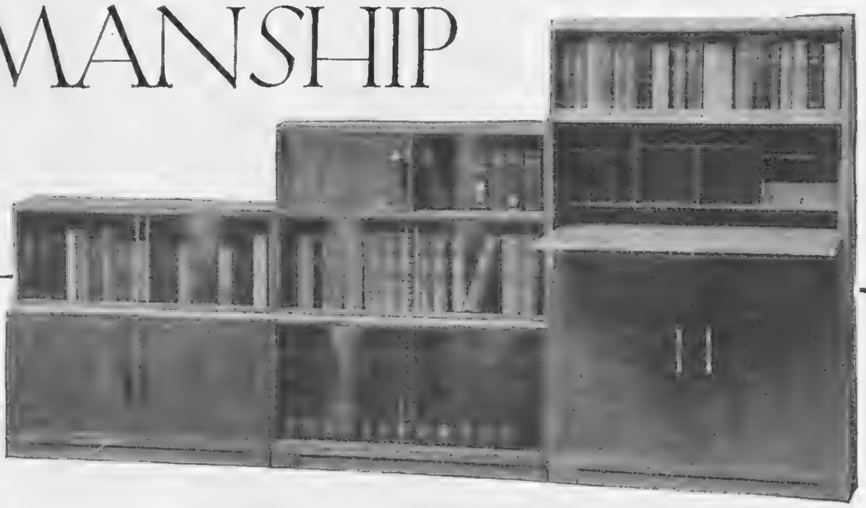

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thirty-three years ago, has successfully accomplished its purpose of arranging voyages to Greece, Mediterranean coasts and elsewhere for those interested in classical studies and archaeological research.

Then there is the Economic Reform Club, gaining ground as the centre for the elucidation and discussion of what its title implies. The social aspect of this club is well sustained by a series of functions which make even economics attractive.

END

Simple Simon

(*Continued from page 51*)

That night the dacoits attacked again. But they employed different tactics. Instead of trying a surprise rush they kept up a heavy fusillade from a distance.

The Pathans did not reply to this fire. They were crouched behind the barricade, their bayonets fixed. Much ammunition had been expended the night before; now not a shot must be wasted. Simple Simon's face was drawn and anxious, for the responsibility was his and he could see no way out of the trap.

They had taken the ammunition boxes off the mules and piled them on the floor of the cave. Simple Simon knelt behind the pile, his revolver in his hand. He tried to appear calm, but at the bottom of his heart he was horribly afraid.

They were trapped, and no matter how long they resisted there could be only one ending. Now the firing outside rose to a furious crescendo. This must be the prelude to a charge. . . .

And then, suddenly, there was a slackening in the storm of lead lashing the rocks. The dacoits were still firing, but not in the direction of the cave. A new enemy had arrived. A Very light showed a band of men like a wolf-pack racing down the opposite side of the ravine.

Simple Simon leant over the breastworks and listened intently. Somewhere in the darkness a man shouted, "Save yourselves, brothers. The men from Chota Miran are attacking in the rear." There were more shots and yells and then confused sounds of a running fight.

Tribesmen came running towards the cave. They shouted loudly that they had come from Chota Miran to rescue the convoy. Some of the sepoys shouted back in welcome. But the havildar grasped Simple Simon's arm and whispered in his ear, "Have a care, sahib. This may be treachery."

Simple Simon took no notice. He jumped on the breastworks and shouted to the approaching tribesmen.

"Well done, men of Chota Miran! You came to our aid in the nick of time. The money is still safe."

It was Feroz Khan the Cunning himself who answered. He was chuckling in his heart at the simplicity of the little sahib.

"Allah be praised we came in time, sahib."

He strode up to the breastworks, his men crowding at his heels. Their knives were ready for a swift rush. Feroz Khan's eyes fastened on the pile of ammunition boxes. In a moment he would give the word and the dacoits would be at the throats of the Pathans. . . . But what was the little sahib saying?

"We tricked the Rullah dogs. Even if they'd rushed the cave and slain us all, they wouldn't have secured the money. . . . This is all they would have found."

Simple Simon dragged a box from the pile and slid back the lid. Laughing, he rolled the box on its side. Feroz Khan's mouth fell open in amazement. It was sand, not coins, that poured upon the ground.

Simple Simon was laughing as he spoke.

"A good trick, was it not? The sahibs at Abbotshah had warned me of the cunning of the dacoits. We knew the convoy would probably be attacked when we neared Rullah. So we left the money in a safe hiding-place, and filled the (*Continued on page 142*)

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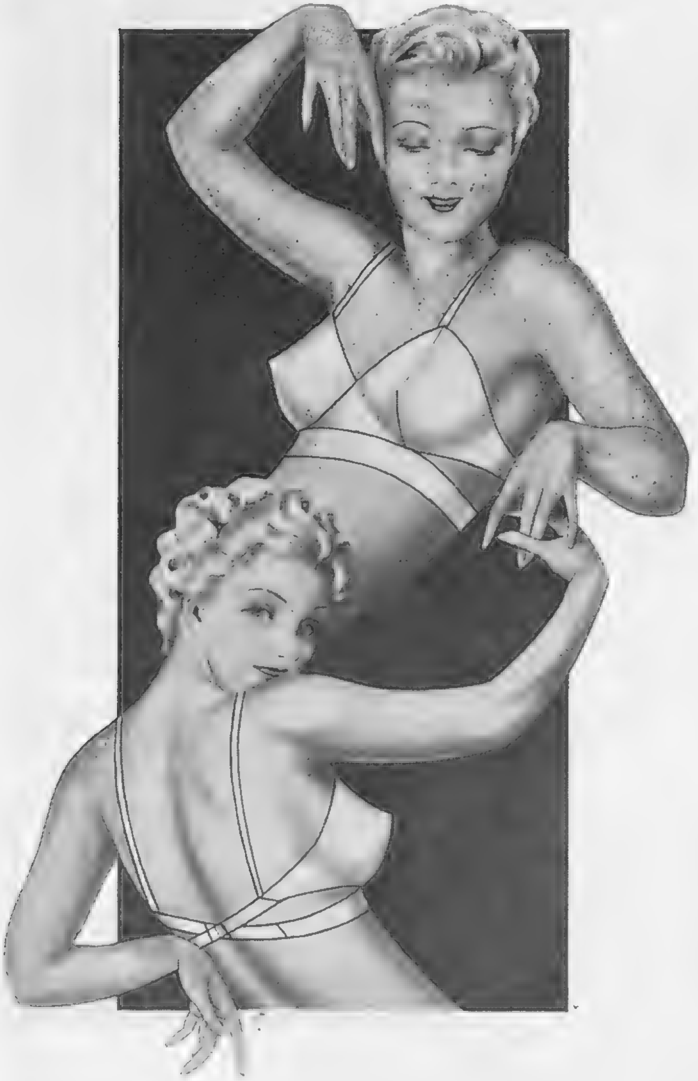

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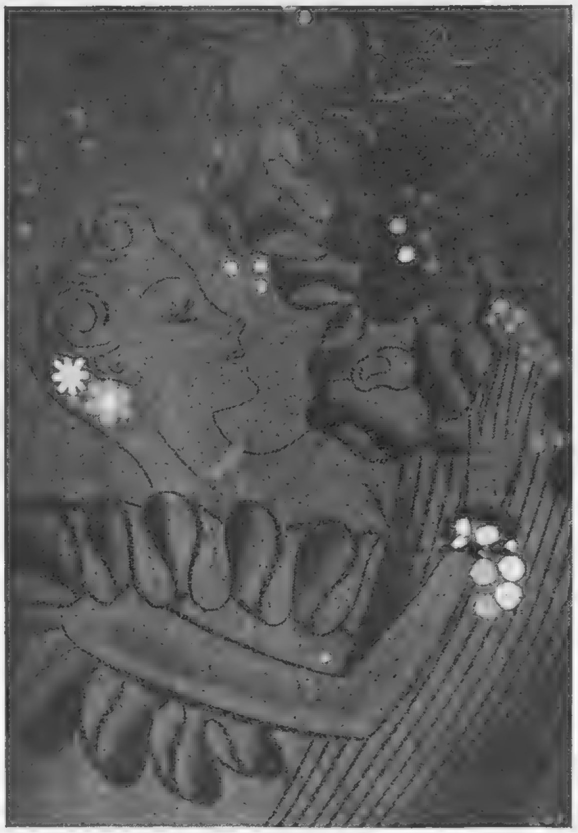

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boxes with sand so that they might think we still carried it. . . . Go now quickly to the Zat defile. Close by our last camping-ground there is a tall white stone—the money the Raj has sent you is buried beneath that stone."

"Beneath that stone, sahib?" Feroz Khan exclaimed.

"Yes," Simple Simon said.

The dacoits were already melting away. Feroz Khan salaamed and followed them swiftly.

There was a silence in the cave when they had gone. The Pathan havildar was the first to speak.

"By the beard of the prophet, sahib, that was a well-told lie!" he said. "Almost I could have believed you myself. But, sahib, by what magic did you place the sand in the box to deceive that fool?"

Simple Simon's smile was cherubic as he answered.

"By the magic of my own hands, havildar. I found the coins only occupied nine boxes; therefore, I packed the tenth with sand to balance the load for the mules. And now we must load up and proceed with all speed to Chota Miran."

THE convoy reached Chota Miran unmolested at dawn. About the same time, at the camping-ground in the Zat defile, a perspiring dacoit raised his head to yelp a question.

"Already we have dug deep enough to bury a camel. How much longer——?"

"Wait and see," said Feroz Khan the Cunning, but his voice sounded anxious.

END

See This at Earls Court

WITH the approval of His Majesty the King and the permission of the Admiralty, the public are to be shown at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Earls Court, a full-sized reproduction of the quarters aboard H.M.S. *Repulse*, which the King and Queen will occupy during their voyage to Canada and U.S.A. in May.

This great reproduction is now being constructed and furnished under the supervision of Admiralty officials.

Three Decks Shown.

It will consist of the after part of the fo'c'sle deck, shelter deck and flying deck, complete even to replicas of the two triple four-inch gun mountings, one on the shelter deck (which forms the roof of the royal apartments), and the other on the flying deck above that.

The apartments through which the public will thus be enabled to pass, and inspect minutely, are:

The King's sleeping cabin, the Queen's sleeping cabin, the royal dining-room, the King's day cabin, and the Queen's day cabin.

These apartments will be furnished exactly as when their Majesties occupy them. Accurate reproductions of the furnishings and furniture are being made. This includes twenty-four Hepplewhite chairs, upholstered in royal blue hide, which will be drawn from the royal yacht and installed in the dining-room on the *Repulse*.

In the King's day cabin you will see the writing table at which he will deal with State business during the voyage, and the telephone communicating with members of his personal staff, with other departments of the ship, and, if need be, by radio link with England.

Beneath Big Guns.

The *Repulse* facsimile, towering over its surroundings in the exhibition, will give its visitors the thrill of venturing into the grey walls of a great man-o'-war, beneath its mighty guns; and the enchantment of walking as freely welcomed guests into the private rooms of a royal home.

Naval ratings will be present to act as hosts and guides to the thousands of people who will enjoy this survey of a unique royal home, made possible by the kindly permission of the King.

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The Doctor of to-day never promises more than he can perform. Of some problems he would not hesitate to say : " Medical science has not yet found the solution." Because of this candour we trust him implicitly when he is able to tell us that there *is* a basic principle for nervous health. " No more effective treatment for shortening convalescence is known", he says, " than regular feeding of the nerves and blood with organic phosphorus and protein."

The secret of the wonderful recuperative effects of 'Sanatogen' is that it supplies concentrated doses of this organic phosphorus and protein in a form we can all assimilate.

When you are run-down 'Sanatogen' is the perfect emergency ration to feed nerves and blood. 'Sanatogen' will restore lost vigour and vitality; it will bring back full-blooded health and energy again. 'Sanatogen' will not work miracles—but it *does* work wonders !

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A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate *(Regd. Trade Mark)*

the Nerve Tonic Food
—and live up to life again !

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

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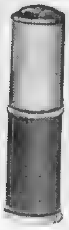
LALEEK FACE POWDER
Silk sifted, will not clog the pores. Peach, Rachel, Apricotte, Green, Sun Tan, Ochre Rose. Price **1'9**



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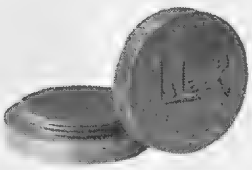

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THERE IS A 'LALEEK' PREPARATION FOR EVERY BEAUTY NEED

Obtainable from all leading Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, or direct from

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You may be interested to have a sample of Allenburys—the modern Food for Infants

★ SEND THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE AND A COPY OF OUR 175pp. BABY BOOK

Send to Allen & Hanburys Ltd. (Dept. A
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Please be sure to fill in your baby's birthday

Mrs. ....

of

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Baby's Birthday was..

Baby is expected about......................................
FSA/ HG/D

HOLIDAY IN ITALY
INSTEAD OF OPERATION
New Health Plan's amazing success

We print, by permission, this letter received on December 1st, 1938:

'*Ever since I began menstruation fifteen years ago I have had one day in bed every month suffering acute pain, and nearly a week feeling fit for nothing. My doctor eventually advised an operation.*

'*Since following your New Health Plan I have had four periods without the slightest trouble and felt perfectly fit all the time. The sixteen guineas I had saved for an operation will now go towards a holiday in Italy.*'

The New Health Plan is a wonderful, simple, FREE system for ridding you of periodic pain. In conjunction with the use of Lilia—the safe, soft, absorbent, soluble sanitary towel, cut for concealment, the Plan can do for *you* what it did for the writer of this letter. Please, if you value your happiness and health, fill in the coupon *to-day*.

To Miss D. Downing, (Dept. S/17), Sashena Ltd.,
Lilia Works, Bartholomew Rd., London, N.W.5.
Please send me (in plain packing)
(A) *The new Health Plan booklets, diet and exercise chart, 6 assorted Lilia towels and a suspender belt. (Enclose 1/- in stamps or postal order).*
(B) *Booklets, diet and exercise chart. (Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.)*
Please cross out item you do not require.

Name ....

Address ....

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LILIA
THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL
Standard Size: 6 for 6d. 12 for 1/- (with or without loops)
Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

Easter Holiday Parade

IT'S been a hard winter. Snow and crisis, tension and cold. I doubt if Easter has, ever since the War, found us physically and mentally so spent.

It is curious that there should be such hope in the anticipation of Easter, but there is. It may be that the stirring of new life in the earth itself has its reflection in our lifting spirits. There may be some deeper spiritual significance associated with what is, after all, a solemn anniversary. I don't know. One can be sure only of the fact that the Easter holiday marks for most people the beginning of a new year of hope and endeavour.

This Easter should be a time for reconditioning health and hope. There is good cause for the encouragement of hope in reviving confidence all round and every need to improve health, so that we can be ready for everything that comes.

A really stimulating holiday at a time like this can have a value difficult to estimate in cash.

This year, the opportunity to travel far afield is greater than it has ever been in the lives of persons of restricted means.

Circumstances combine this spring to make possible to those of average means a trip to a dominion, the knowledge of whose co-operation was a source of great inspiration to us so recently and may be again.

There may never be a time when you can travel to Canada so cheaply as this year. Between April 3 and 23, and again between June 26 and July 23, inclusive, the excursion return rate to Quebec is £27.

There are two good reasons for making an early holiday of it. First, perhaps, is the need to set yourself up after the arduous winter. Second is the fact that Canada can be very hot later in the season.

This will be no disadvantage to some, more especially since it is, in itself, perhaps a new and welcome experience, but if the trip is to be a short one, heat, which might otherwise add pleasantly to the novelty of the experience, can be a drawback and have a slowing-up effect.

A three-weeks' vacation to Canada will give you time to see plenty and the cost, if necessary, can be kept below fifty pounds.

As a round trip, returning to England from New York, you could hardly pick upon a holiday of more varied interest.

The World's Fair this year will make New York City more thoroughly representative of the United States than it has ever been. In the ordinary way you can no more say that you have seen America and the Americans if your travel has not extended beyond this great city, than you could say the same of Britain if you had only visited London.

You could go direct to New York for your holiday, on the world's fastest and most comfortable liner. You could see New York City and the World's Fair, and do a short trip north, into the peaceful New England, south to imposing Washington, or for a few hundred miles in any direction you like, and still be back in England in three weeks.

The third-class return fare on the *Queen Mary* this spring is £27, and no travel could be better in the sense of solid, simple comfort.

You can spend as much or as little as you please in New York. Just to wander the great canyons of the city, to ride on the elevated; to cross any of the numerous ferries which connect Manhattan with the mainland; to tour the dazzling shops, colourful Harlem, a boat trip up the beautiful Hudson River, a train ride to any one of the glorious beaches adjacent to the city will be enough to occupy the most exacting person at a modest cost.

Theatres and cinemas are cheap. Radio City—the world's greatest cinema, Broadway's most famous theatres charge for a seat about the same as you'd expect to pay in a London suburb. I'm not saying that you can't be extravagant in New York, there is more high life around you in that millionaire's stronghold perhaps, than anywhere in the world, but not all Americans are rich, and few countries cater better for the entertainment of the hard-up.

"MYSTIC"

FANCY YARN

There are 66 shades of this destinctive novelty wool in plain and multi-coloured designs. The choice is yours, and the time is yours—to knit this smart Suit *now*, for Spring. Templeton-designed, to ensure you certainty of shape and fit.

Ask for **Leaflet No. 572**, and also to see samples of "Ayrwave", "Ayrcrêpe" and "Opalsheen". All these wools are exclusive to Templeton's.

LEAFLET No. 572

● *In case of difficulty write to Dept. BG. 12 enclosing 4d. in stamps.*

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'AYR' WOOLS

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R.154.

Lips by Lenthéric

Miss Mamaine Paget wears Lenthéric's Deep Orchid

Lenthéric makes the subtler lipsticks for today. Colours are vivid and yet soft, and most precisely created for the season's fashion shades. Important is the fact that Lentheric lipsticks do not change colour on the lips. Texture is very *fine*, not dry or greasy.

With the fuchsia shades, and with black, wear DEEP ORCHID — red with an echo of blue — unbelievably becoming.

For the pink and white, dresden-china effect, wear HUNTING PINK — clear red — without orange, without blue — gay as its name!

With the new rich reds, wear Lenthéric's matching BURGUNDY — a colour like wine held to the light.

Black and gold case: 5/6. White cases: 4/6 and 2/6.

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'Our Electric Hot Water helps to make a happy home'

ANNE: *"You sound happy whistling at your work"*

GEORGE: "I'm piping because the water is" ♫♩

ANNE: *"Is what?"*

GEORGE: "Piping hot" ♪♫♩

ANNE: *"Whose idea was it to have an electric water heater?"*

GEORGE: "Who agreed to pay for it?" ♩♫

ANNE: *"Pooh! That's easy. We've never had hot water cheaper"*

GEORGE: "And who convinced you that because of that—er, thermostatic control it was bound to be cheaper?" ♫♪

ANNE: *"The man at the Electricity Showrooms, so there! And he convinced me how easy it would be to put in and how safe to use"*

GEORGE: "A child could use it" ♫♫

ANNE: *"I know one child who seems to enjoy using it"*

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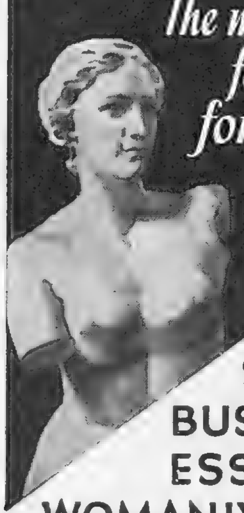
HOT WATER

Ask your nearest showrooms

Issued by the British Electrical Development Association, 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.



The VENUS de MILO

The most envied feminine form in the world!

A FIRM SHAPELY BUST IS THE ESSENCE OF WOMANLY BEAUTY

A PERFECTLY moulded figure has more allure and greater charm than even a beautiful face. Few women, however, possess truly graceful contours and only too often modern dress reveals with candour the outline of forms which are imperfect.

Scientific research has led to the discovery of a hormone treatment—the S-8 brand preparations—which offers woman a genuine help in her desire for figure perfection. These hormones exert a powerful though quite harmless influence upon the relaxed or undeveloped bust, correcting imperfections, thus restoring it from within to the graceful contours and firmness of youth in Nature's own way.

Various formulæ have been prepared to suit individual cases. Their application and effects are fully explained in a scientific and most interesting book richly illustrated. It gives other important information and prices.

Regd. Trade Mark

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Brand of Hormone Preparations

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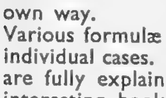
End FRECKLES

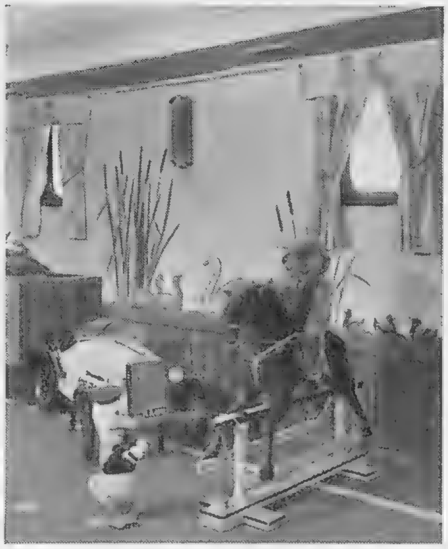


quickly, secretly and safely this new way while you sleep! Overnight in the privacy of your own home just apply a little **Tilson's** double-strength **Freckle Cream**, then watch freckles and other skin blemishes disappear. Your friends will be amazed, and you delighted. From **Boots** or most other Chemists and Hairdressers, or send P.O. 2/9—Tilson's Laboratories B.E.1/39 Balfour House. London. E.C.2.

MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY
6

STOPS SEA SICKNESS

Children at Sea



Showing the scheme of decoration and some of the toys in the playroom

THERE was a time when the prospect of travelling with children was formidable indeed. One can hardly imagine the mother of twenty years ago taking an ocean trip with her children for any reason but that of necessity. But all this is changed.

One meets everywhere with amity on the part of hotel and restaurant keepers to cater for the special comfort and happiness of the very young, but nowhere is this thoughtfulness more capably expressed than on the great modern ocean liners.

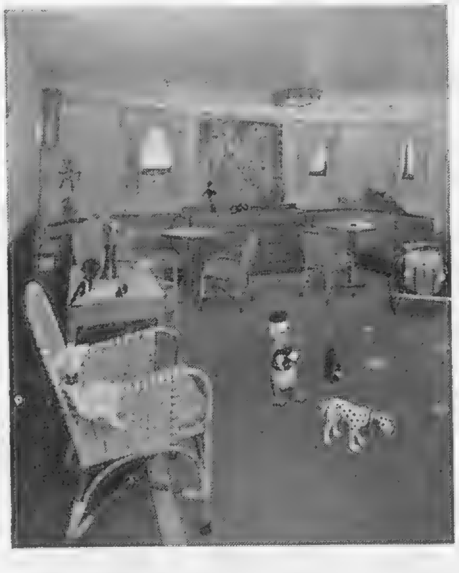
Shipboard life for children is no longer constrained, nor is there the slightest need for anxiety if through indisposition parents are unable temporarily to discharge their duties to the little ones of the party.

Nursery accommodation on board the new Shaw Savill and Albion liner *Dominion Monarch* is magnificent and typical of the comfort the modern liner offers in this regard.

Messrs. Hamptons were appointed to carry out the interior decoration and furnishing of this vessel, and the nursery quarters are outstanding among even the achievements of this great firm.

In the playroom the walls are gaily decorated with animal figures. The cane furniture is brightly coloured and there is a vast array of toys.

The friendliness and gaiety of this room and of the children's dining saloon is well calculated to pass the time pleasantly for little ones at sea, whether or not their parents are present.



A corner of the children's playroom on board the "Dominion Monarch" the new Shaw Savill and Albion liner, now on her maiden voyage

Afraid to go to bed—

ASTHMA

The case of the chronic asthmatic is pitiful... how he dreads evening . . . what an ordeal night brings . . . strangling paroxysms . . . unable to lie down . . . spasmodic sleep . . . nightly misery.

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INSTANT RELIEF IN Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough Hay Fever, Influenza, etc. Thousands have taken it successfully on their doctor's advice.

Obtainable all chemists—1/6 a tin or 1/9 post free. Send for Booklet "Are You Asthmatic."

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A6

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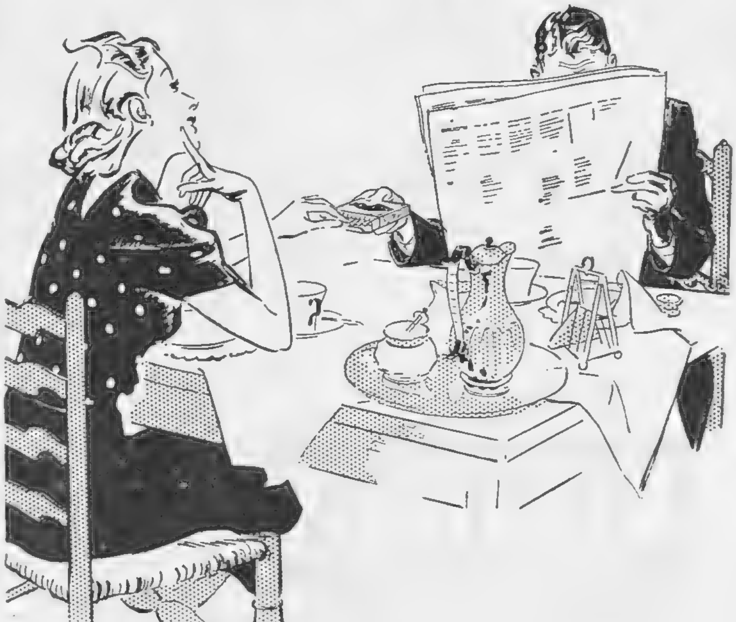
The price of silence



How easily the morning paper can come between a man and his wife. For men must read and women must chat! The solution of the problem is to hand over the cigarettes. Wills's Gold Flake, of course, for that's the cigarette women are smoking nowadays. They've discovered why Gold Flake have always been "the man's cigarette." They've learned to appreciate the flavour of the really fine Virginia tobaccos of which they are made. As the fragrant smoke ascends a quiet contentment reigns. Speech may be silver, but silence is Gold Flake!

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-
and, for the week-end, Flat Fifty box 2/5d.
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EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

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FLEAS etc. — even bugs

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Cartols: 2d., 6d., 1/-. Powder Flask 1/-

NEW TOOTH POWDER RENEWS ENAMEL

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glazurol remineralising tooth powder

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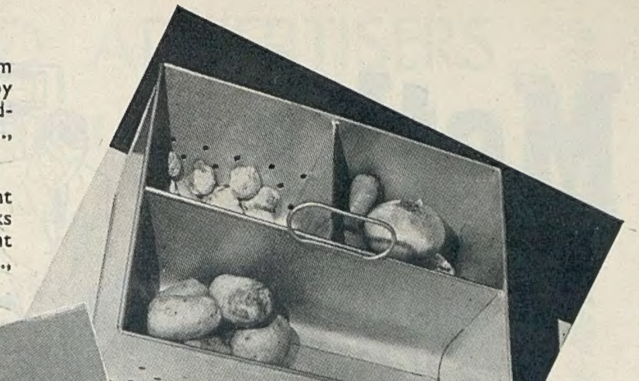
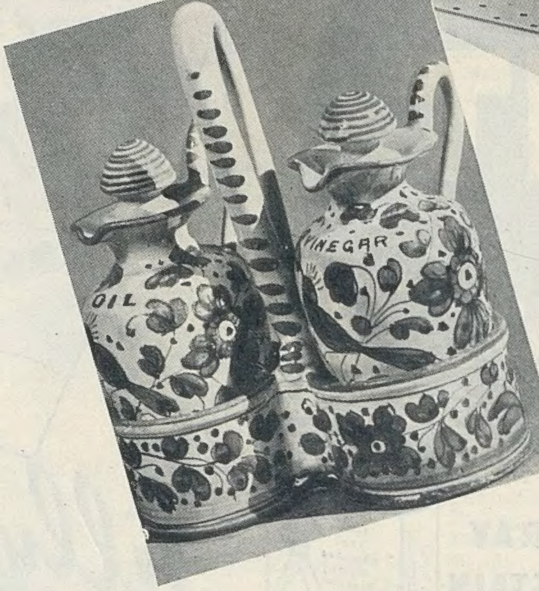


For kitchen meals, this bright pottery is delightful and looks gay on the dresser. The height is 7½ ins. and the price 7s. 6d., postage extra



The names and addresses where these goods can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to The Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Hints on Suction Cleaners

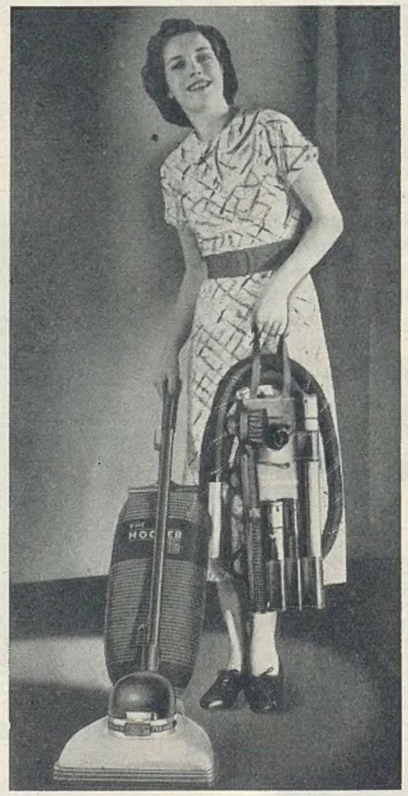
AROUND spring-cleaning time the chances are that you are contemplating the purchase of a new suction cleaner, or, if you have managed to exist so far without one, to rectify the error and to make life easy at last.

There are many machines to choose from and most of the reputable makes have some particular feature to recommend them. Your personal needs should dictate the final choice, but whichever way your decision goes there is one point upon which we would offer advice.

Do not be tempted to buy any machine but that which is protected by a reputable trading name. Do not, for that matter, be persuaded to buy anything but the best.

Mechanical things are tricky to buy. It is quite impossible at a low cost to give the public that perfection of design and high quality of materials that alone can ensure the long life and satisfactory service of a machine that is exposed to constant use.

Gadgets and trick attachments are useful and the best machines have them. But the not-so-good ones also make play with these fascinating points and it is not difficult for the inexperienced to be so preoccupied with them as to lose sight of the essential points which, in the long run, will prove the efficiency of the machine.



A very special feature of the Hoover beating, sweeping and cleaning machine is the kit by which all attachments can be carried around with the cleaner with the minimum of effort

Check up on the following points when you choose a new cleaner:

Make sure that it is easy to move around the house. That it will clean in out-of-the-way corners and under chairs and beds without involving you in acrobatics.

See that it works quietly and that all the attachments are practical and not just devised to catch the eye.

The best machines (the Hoover, for instance) beat, sweep and clean the carpets simultaneously. In one dustless, effortless operation it cleans the carpet to the roots, re-erects the pile and freshens the colours.

A very special feature of the Hoover machine is the arrangement by which the whole cleaning kit can be carried around the house with the machine. Every gadget is to hand when you need it and no effort at all is involved in taking the kit along wherever the cleaner goes.

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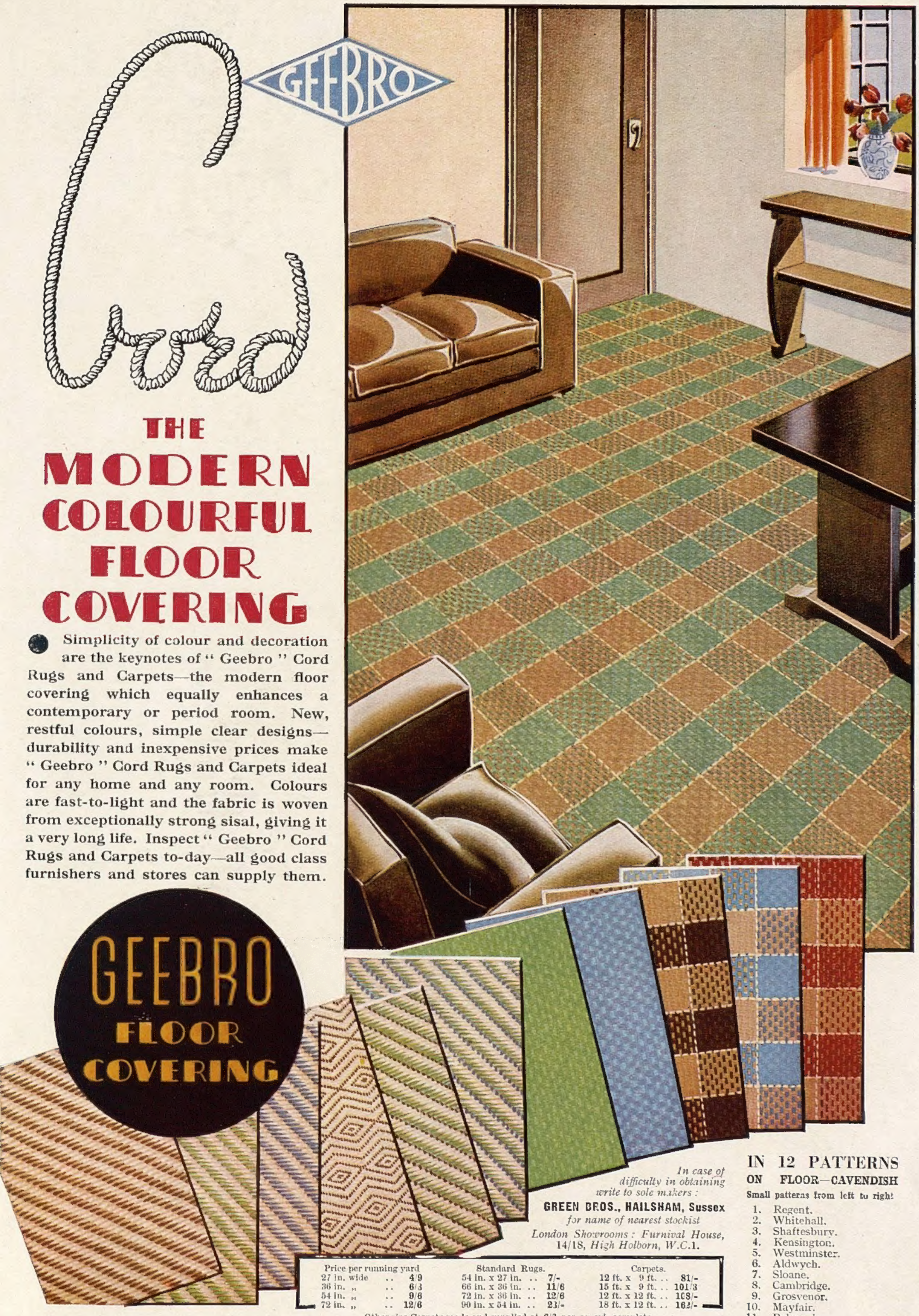

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